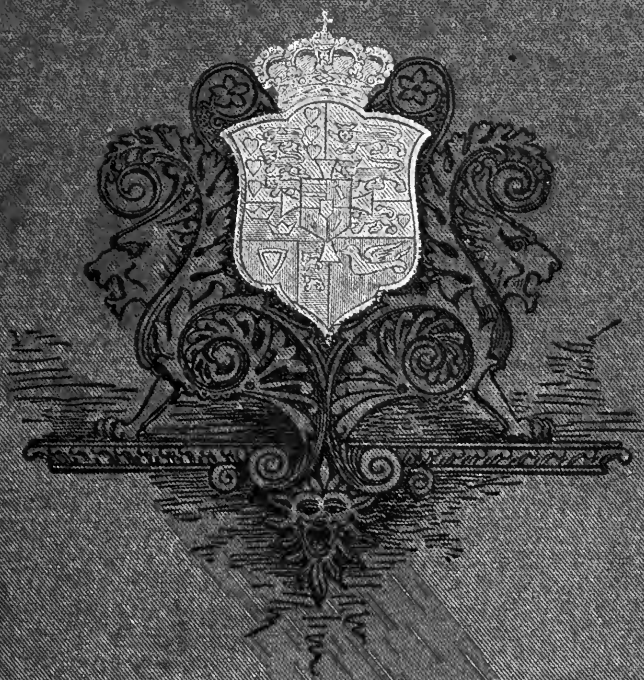
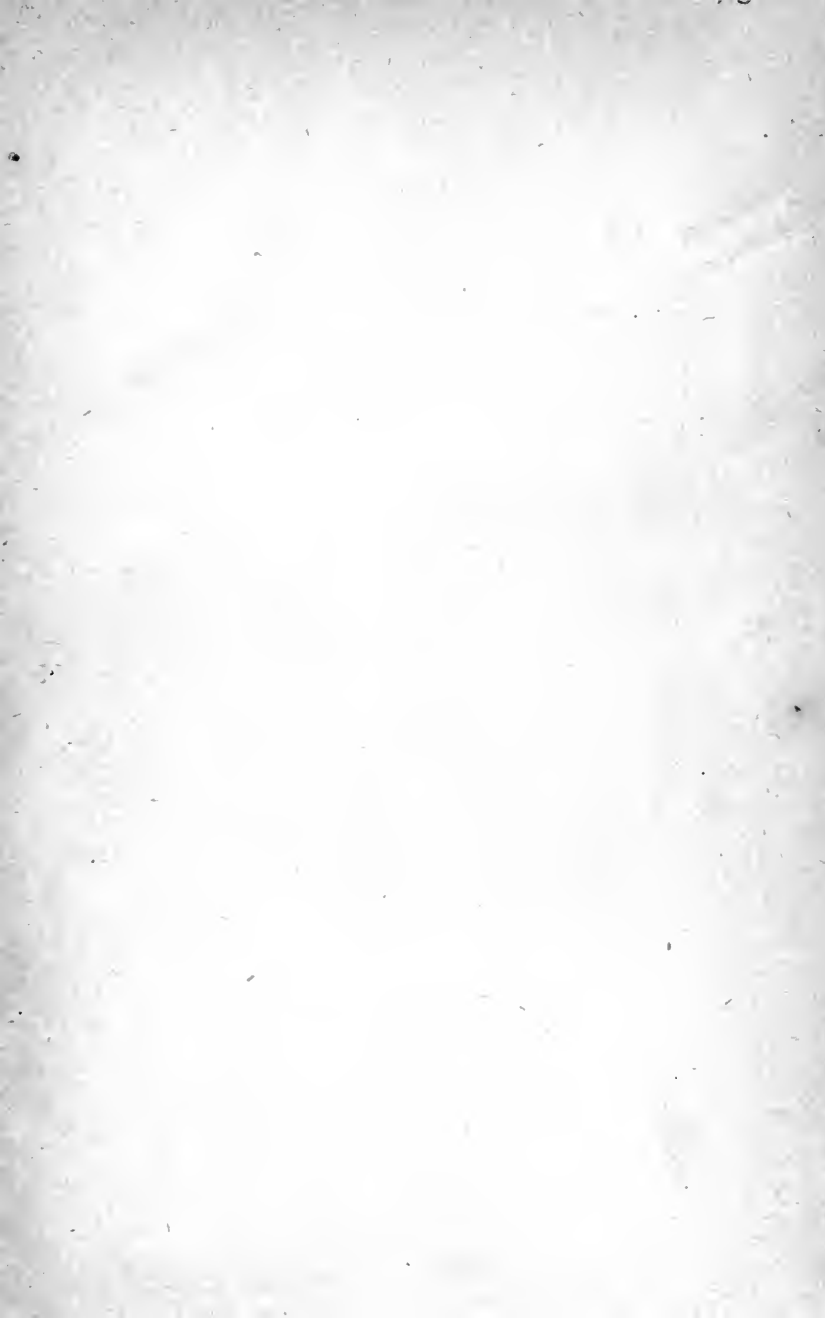


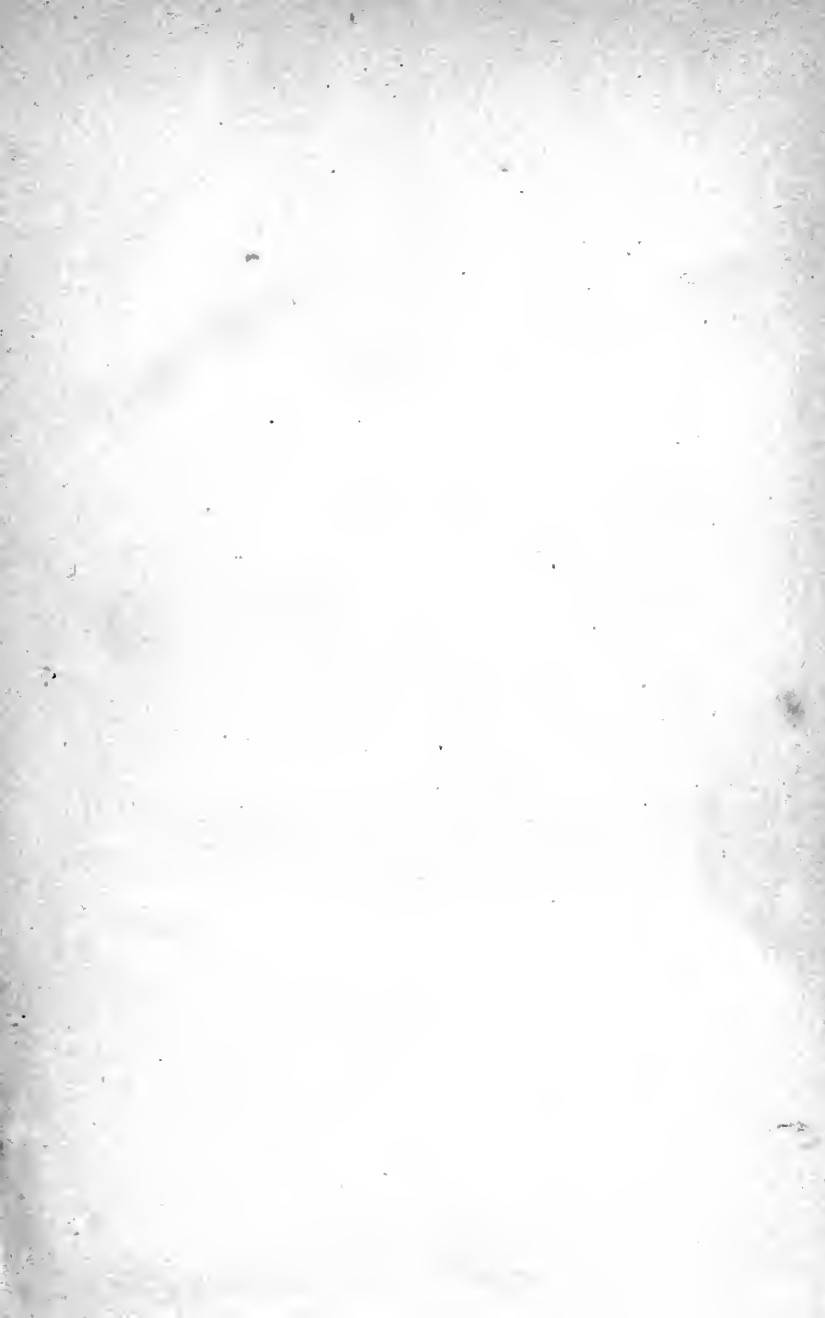
ANDERSEN'S WORKS



6-3
G.L. Voorhees
Library-No. 70



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



AMERICAN

1

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

IN SPAIN
AND
A VISIT TO PORTUGAL.

BY
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "IMPROVISATORE," ETC.

Author's Edition.

SEVENTH EDITION.



BOSTON :
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

Annex
DP
41
A544c
19002

CONTENTS.

IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
ENTRANCE INTO SPAIN	I

CHAPTER II.

BARCELONA	II
---------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

VALENCIA	28
--------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

ALMANSA AND ALICANTE	38
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY BY DILIGENCE OVER ELCHE TO MURCIA	45
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

MURCIA	52
------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

CARTAGENA	58
---------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.

MALAGA	66
------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

GRANADA	83
-------------------	----

CHAPTER X.

FROM GRANADA TO GIBRALTAR	118
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
A VISIT TO AFRICA	129

CHAPTER XII.

CADIZ	150
-----------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLA	157
-------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

CORDOVA	173
-------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

OVER SANTA CRUZ DE MUDELA TO MADRID	181
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

MADRID	187
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

TOLEDO	201
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

BURGOS	211
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

OVER THE PYRENEES TO BIARRITZ	218
---	-----

A VISIT TO PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

BORDEAUX.—RISTORI AS "MEDEA."—IN THE LAND OF THE BASQUES. —BURGOS.—TRIP ON THE CARS TO MADRID, AND THE STAY THERE.—ROMANTIC JOURNEY WITH THE COURIER FROM TRUXILLO TO BADAJOS.—THE BLOSSOM OF BEAUTY	228
---	-----

CHAPTER II.

MINEROS—MY NEW HOME.—ARCOS DOS AGUAS LIVRES.—THE LONELY PARK.—THE VILLA OF MARQUIS FRONTEIRA.—	
---	--

	PAGE
HOUSEHOLD LIFE.—A ROMANTIC STORY.—NIGHTLY QUIET.	
—THE SONG OF THE NUNS.—THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. JOHN	238

CHAPTER III.

LISBON.—CAMOENS.—CASTILHO.—KING FERNANDO.—RETROSPECT IN PORTUGAL'S HISTORY.—THE CORPUS DOMINI FEAST	246
---	-----

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH IN SETUBAL.—THE COUNTRY-PLACE DOS BONEGOS.—THE CLOISTER BRANCANAS.—IN THE COUNTRY.—ST. ANTHONY'S FEAST.—THE POET PORTELLA.—BULL-FIGHT.—THE "JESUS" CHURCH.—SILHOUETTE OF SETUBAL.—MONTE ARABIDA.—A SAND-FLIGHT.—BURIED CITY.—EVENING MOODS	255
--	-----

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO AVEIRO AND COIMBRA.—CINTRA'S BEAUTY.—FAREWELL TO "PINIEROS"	271
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.

A COUPLE OF DAYS IN LISBON.—ON THE STEAMER "NAVARRO" FROM LISBON TO BORDEAUX	283
--	-----



IN SPAIN.



CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE INTO SPAIN.

WHEN railroads were first opened in Europe, a cry was heard that now the old and pleasant modes of travelling were at an end — that all the poetry of travel had vanished, its enchantment lost. Just then, however, the enchantment commenced. We now fly on the wings of steam, and before us and around us behold picture upon picture in rich succession ; these are cast like bouquets to us — now a thick wood, now a town, now mountains and valleys. We have but to set out and dwell with all that is most beautiful, glide past what is uninteresting, and, with the speed of a bird's flight, reach our destination. Is not this like enchantment?

The mind expands, thought grows more rich and free,
Though words are poor to picture all we see :
'Tis joyful thus with crowds to whirl along.
Father in heaven, accept my grateful song.

Thus seemed all within me and without me to be chanting. Across Germany, through Switzerland, into France, we bent our way. The end of the journey was to be, for me, the beautiful, but hitherto seldom visited, Spain ; and with joy I descried the bluish Pyrenees.

At Perpignan, in France, there was an end of railways, but from thence it is only a few hours' journey into Spain. Of this journey I had heard the most terrific accounts. The diligences were described as vehicles of torture, — great heavy omnibuses, with an entrance only on one side, so that one could

not escape, when one was overturned in them, and they were always being upset.

Protestants in this part of the country were despised and persecuted as if they were heathens ; travellers were constantly exposed to the attacks of banditti ; and, as far as eating went, the food was not endurable. I had heard all this, I had read all this, and now I was to encounter it all. At Perpignan, where the railway stopped, I was also to enter upon the old-fashioned mode of travelling ; I was again to take my place in the poetical conveyance of the old poetic times ; but I am not poet enough to rejoice in these old times, I prefer the new with the comforts which it brings. I was, however, obliged to give myself up to these old times ; there was no help for it.

The diligence was to start at three o'clock in the morning : to be off at three in the morning means, to get up at two o'clock ; and if you are to rise at that hour, you may as well not go to bed at all. But I did lie down, and slept a little at intervals, started up, looked at my watch, and looked up at the starry skies. At length, at half-past two, I called up the people of the house, whose business it was to have called me, and having taken a draught of cold water, the only thing to be obtained at that hour, I and my fellow-traveller, Jonas Collin, wended our way to the diligence office, — a large, dark room like a stable, in a narrow street. A light placed on a barrel disclosed to us six diligences jammed up together : there was not much room for the numbers who were to take their departure from this place.

Now came one traveller, now another ; no one knew each other, none spoke to each other ; one sat down on an upset wooden case, another sat on a trunk, a third disappeared amongst the harnesses lying against the walls, and many more than one were lost to view in the dark corners around. The carriages were being laden with luggage and human beings, while twelve horses with jingling bells, promising good speed, were attached to each. I got a place in the *coupé*, with a lady and her daughter, both Spaniards, and with enormously large crinolines : if they had gone to Skagen,¹ the mother alone would have covered the whole of the northern part of the little

¹ The Skaw.

promontory. I felt as if I sat by the side of a balloon that was being inflated.

The postilions cracked their whips, and we set off, swinging from side to side in the narrow streets, cut over the draw-bridge, through the fortifications — environs that might be painted as theatrical scenery for a drama of the Middle Ages. At last the wide, open high road lay before us. The Señora was asleep; she was dreaming, probably, of her beautiful Spain, where she had loved, and been loved, for she had a daughter. I also dreamt of Spain — dreamt with open eyes and waking thoughts, wondering what might turn up for me.

The daughter neither slept nor dreamt, but all her thoughts seemed to be centred in a small *sac de nuit*, or large knitted bag, which she held in her lap; she was constantly lifting it and moving it, and I was quite annoyed by it, after I had become accustomed to the crinoline.

What could there be in that bag, and what might there be on the other side of the Pyrenees? These two thoughts lay strangely coupled together in my mind.

A very bright lamp in front of the carriage lighted up the road and its bordering rows of pines and plane-trees. A little farther off stood, like marks of interjection, cypress-trees — drooping umbrellas they have been called, and here, in the cloudless light atmosphere, the name seemed appropriate. Now, however, we are beyond heavy rains and drizzling rains, and umbrellas may be closed, for we are entering the summer lands of Spain. The light from the lamp glared upon the umbrellas — that is to say, the cypresses — but did not extend farther; the Bible's "Tohuwabohu," the chaotic, was beyond them in the black darkness, the inclosure of our world ended in the mysterious, and of what might be behind that we knew as little as I knew of what lay in my neighbor, the young damsel's extensive bag. But I could fancy that in this the most valued was neither silver nor gold coined into money, nor costly ornaments, nor some piece of Parisian finery to be smuggled over the frontier. No; a poet's eyes penetrated the secrets of the work-bag, and I saw there a man, a good-looking man, a good friend most likely, in photography; from his frizzled hair down to the point of his nicely-polished boots ex-

ceedingly well dressed, though in his own proper person, probably, still handsomer. I incommoded him, being so close to the side of his lady-love, and he incommoded me in his case, the enormous bag: now it struck against my stomach, now it lay upon my breast, as the young Spanish damsel assumed various plastic attitudes, holding fast her treasure; while mamma was sleeping, and executing roulades such as sleepers give forth when it is inconvenient to put any restraint on their breathing.

A star in the east, out over the Mediterranean, shone so wonderfully bright, and looked so large, that I was uncertain whether I really saw a star or a light-house. I had long wished to begin a conversation with the young Spaniard, trusting to my Spanish wealth of words, which consisted of about a hundred common expressions, being brought into speaking order—and I have a little talent for this sort of work. But what light-house was called in Spanish I knew not, and so I commenced with what I did know—"Estrella!" And that word fell like a spark, and kindled the fire of conversation on the part of the Spanish girl. She spoke, and her words flowed like waters spouting from a fountain; but I did not understand a syllable that she said. When day dawned I beheld the sea, and then I exclaimed, "El mar!" Thereupon commenced another attempt at conversation.

"Inglés?" she asked.

"Danés!" I replied; and we began to chat—that is to say, I gave the cue, and she spun out the thread of the discourse. I said, "La poesia de la España—Cervantes—Calderon—Moreto!"

I only mentioned names; and, as each name was uttered, her eloquence increased, so that her mamma was at length awakened, when her daughter informed her that I had been speaking in the most interesting manner about Spanish literature; but it was herself who had been speaking—for I could not.

A piece of Alpine land, a majestic snow-clad mountain, towered before us; the rising sun cast suddenly its brilliant rays upon the white snow, the hill-top looked like red-hot iron, and the whole mountain became, as it were, a mass of flame.

When the sun had risen higher, and the glowing tints upon the snow had faded a little, we could discern the base of the hill ; and the valley, so lately dark as night, assumed a hue of violet red. It was a peerless view—it was an introductory scene, in colors, to the Spanish drama which was now commencing for us.

The road became more and more steep, and most of the passengers got out of the diligence. We walked, in the fresh morning air, a long way upward, amidst naked masses of rock, and, before I was aware of it, we were out of France. The postilions cracked their whips, the carriage rolled on. What had become of the lofty Pyrenees ?

We were in Spain, in the first Spanish country town—in Junquera ! The custom-house visitation, which had been described to us as rough and inquisitorial, we found very slight, and conducted in the most polite manner ; I found also that there had not been abandoned the custom honored in the older time, of proffering a fee to the officials—indeed, that seemed to be the main point. We drank our chocolate in the open street ; the luggage was again stowed away on and about the carriage, and the passengers were squeezed in as before. But the spaces seemed to have become still smaller, and the seats harder, and we had the sun in our eyes. The Señora's large bag became still more inconvenient to me, and so did the crinolines. We drove through pools of water, and through streams ; there were scarcely any bridges to be seen, and even when there was one, the diligence passed through the water below, all the same ; the water dashed up on all sides ; the heavy carriage rolled and swayed about, but happily it did not upset—it held on its way, like a ponderous elephant running a race.

At Figueras there was breakfast set out ; and this was the first time that all the travellers by the diligence had been able to see each other. There was a good-natured Englishman ; it was said that he was a genius-gatherer—or gardener ; he transplanted men—an occupation not easy to understand. I only repeat what his travelling companion, a gay Frenchman, said of him. The Englishman was rich ; he had read that

there were always, amidst the lowest class of the poor, a number of persons born to excel in the arts and sciences, and he was now hunting for these ; he was trying to find such phenomena, and to lift them over the hedge of adversity, place them in the extensive gardens of education, and plant there a tree that might be a credit to him and his discrimination. If he saw, in a field, a young shepherd lad cutting notches in a stick, he immediately fancied the boy was destined for a sculptor, and to become a Phidias by the next Easter ; if he saw a boy in the street scratching with chalk a figure on any boards or paling, he looked on him as a youth of great talent, and had him placed at a drawing school ; if the son of his laundress wrote a few lines in rhyme to the green-grocer's apprentice, thanking him for an old waistcoat that was still wearable, the boy was a poet, and must be removed to a position more open to his genius. It was all very charming and fanciful, but very absurd.

The breakfast-table groaned under the weight of the viands which loaded it ; roasted and boiled meat, and fish — a capital breakfast — and this in Spain, where we had been told that there was nothing to be got to eat ! Magnificent fruits, excellent wine ; and I had neither the contents of a sauce-boat spilled over me, nor a dish of fish upset down my back, as lately had been my fate ; but I suffered from my fair neighbor's large bag, which held her beloved, for it fell upon my shins. That wretched bag was always bothering me — it was her delight, but my bane !

Breakfast over, we were all stuffed again into the carriage, and twelve fresh mules attached to it, with their jingling bells ; our *mayoral*, which means conductor, was also fresh and new, and he plied the whip with energy : our new *zagal*, the mule driver, was most restless in the performance of his duty, immensely active, and quite a will-o-the-wisp in his movements ; now up on the carriage, now down on the road ; then up again, just to spring down ; pulling the mules to one side, or backing them, pitching lumps of earth at the most distant, always shouting his "*Thiah !*" and calling every mule by its name — there were Citana and Caballero, Masanasa and Catolina ! He scolded them, he abused them, and roared long sentences

at them, which the mules understood, perhaps, but I did not. The mayoral shrieked with him, "Thiah ! thiah !" and the carriage swung about, shook, creaked, but got along pretty fast — that cannot be denied.

Our speed was not slackened until we approached the little town of Bascara, where we had to cross the broad, deep river Fluvia. It was a very rapid stream, but there was no bridge over it. A diligence that was a short way ahead of us was already struggling in the midst of the river ; another diligence was standing on its margin, while the passenger were getting out in expectation of finding a boat to take them over, but our overladen diligence tried its luck to reach the other side. The mayoral became quiet ; none of us expressed any fear. I found it something novel and amusing, and had no idea of danger ; which, however, there was, as I heard afterward at Barcelona, for just here, where we crossed, a diligence had been upset in the river a short time before, and two of the passengers had been drowned.

Several peasants from Bascara came to our assistance ; none of them had anything but a jacket on, and in this costume they worked away, guiding and directing all : some holding up the carriage, some holding the mules fast, and before them went the pilot who knew the ford. The water was up to their chests, and we had to lift up our feet inside the carriage, that they might not get wet ; but, happily, all went well this time.

When, late in the day, we had left the little town of Medina behind us, and were approaching Cirona, the high road seemed more of a thoroughfare, and became more and more lively. One might have fancied that it was a festival day in the town, or at least market day. Picturesque dresses, good-looking people we saw ; the females gayly laughing and chatting ; the men, in many-colored mantas, riding on mules, and smoking their paper cigars, which they well knew themselves how to roll up. We entered the town by a tremendously long bridge, which was so narrow that only one carriage at a time could cross it ; therefore there was much backing and fuss among the meeting carriages : the well-packed diligence seemed to be respected, however, for all other conveyances drew aside

for it, and even in the long, confined streets, advancing carriages and carts were warned out of its way.

We soon reached our destination, and quitted the pinched-up, dust-receiving diligence for the railway's flight, the modern times' magic speed, which was again to begin here. Yes, it really seemed witchcraft to many an old Señora, who made the sign of the cross before placing their feet on the steps of the carriages, and crossed themselves again before they took their seats in this demoniacal conveyance, which travelled without horses.

How pleasant it was to sit comfortably in one of these railway carriages! The seats were so soft, one could stretch one's legs, and had room to draw one's breath. The railroad was quite a novelty here; therefore there was a crowd of people at the station, and among them was a drunken man with a handsome new umbrella. He wished to go by the train, but he was not allowed, in the situation in which he was, and the gens-d'armes had to drag him away from one of the carriages, which he insisted on entering; he became furious at this, and as he could not thrash the soldiers, he vented his anger on his new umbrella, flung it against the stones, broke it, tore it, and quite destroyed it.

A number of old and young priests came into our carriage, and others; they were all smoking paper cigars. The signal whistle was heard, the old ladies crossed themselves, and we were off. The Pyrenees lay behind us, a glimpse of green woods was before us, and this glimpse expanded as the landscape became more and more flat; splendid pine-trees lifted up their evergreen tops, and the land looked like a well-wooded park all the way to the Mediterranean. We neared the sea about sunset; it lay before us, a blue and endless expanse; large waves were dashing up the sands close to the railway, and when the moon arose it hung like a clear, beaming light in the transparent southern atmosphere.

How charming it is to traverse thus a land one has longed to behold, to skirt thus the ever-rolling sea, in the bright moonshine! Ah! how can one find words or music to express such delight! As to me, I could only breathe in my own heart a silent hymn of praise — a hymn of thanksgiving to God.

It was on the seventh of September that, as a child, I first entered Copenhagen ; it was on the seventh of September, many years afterward, I first set foot in Italy ; and now, on the same day and month, Spain opened upon me. It was strange, but chance, as it is called, so willed it. I had been detained a day at Lyons, waiting for my luggage, which had gone astray on the railroad ; at Perpignan I had to wait two days, in order to obtain a place in the *coupé* of the diligence, and so my seventh of September still held good.

I was in a foreign land, yet I felt myself at home : it was the sea which caused that home feeling — the glorious sea ! It rolled up from the coast of Africa with its swelling waves, like the German Ocean on the coast of Jutland, its bluish-green waves reminding me of a summer evening under the rocks of Möen.

Station followed station ; all the carriages filled as we went on, and it was past ten o'clock at night before we reached Barcelona. The wooden shed at the stopping-place was crammed with people, more than one half of whom had nothing to do there. Heavy trunks, light boxes, and carpet-bags were all thrown out together. The old custom, which so long prevailed among ourselves at home, that, at every town where there was a stoppage, it was necessary to look after one's luggage, was in practice here in Spain. There was a crowd, a crush, a squeeze ; outside there were omnibuses enough, some close to the passage out, some farther off behind the wooden building. Every vehicle had its porters ; one seized a trunk, another a carpet-bag, and rushed off with them to their respective carriages, without taking the trouble to see if people's goods were gathered together. There was a screaming and an uproar ; boxes and all manner of baggage were being carried off to various conveyances, while the owners were attempted to be stuffed into some other omnibus, although each omnibus was going a different way ; people had literally to fight for their own luggage ; things got battered about and almost destroyed — it was like a regular scene of pillage. Luckily for me, I had a Danish friend, Herr Schierbeck, residing at Barcelona, and he helped us through this turmoil of

arrival, insisted on our baggage being safely placed on the outside of a carriage, into which he saw Collin and myself: but it was really a work of violence to achieve this, and it is difficult to understand how none of our belongings, indeed how we ourselves, were not lost in the midst of all this confusion, uproar, and tumult.

We went pretty fast in our lumbering, creaking vehicle. The gas lamps were brilliant. We passed through wide streets, with buildings like palaces, to the crowded promenade "*La Rambla*;" the shops were brilliantly lighted, all was bustle and life. We betook ourselves to the hotel "*Fonda del Oriente*," where two rooms with alcoves and balconies, and with a good supper awaiting us, had been bespoken for us. Our friends left us to take some repose as well as food, and we found ourselves very comfortable.

The door leading to the balcony stood open; there were gayety and animation in the broad street below us, with its walks bordered by rows of trees. The air was clear and delicious, the skies were of the softest blue, and the moon sailed like a globe of light through space which seemed to extend high above even it. From the adjacent streets came the pleasant, lively sound of castanets. I could not go to sleep, although I was anxious to do so, in order that I might rise very early to see by daylight this, to me, foreign town—Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia.

CHAPTER II.

BARCELONA.

EARLY in the morning I was awoke by music ; a regiment of soldiers, stretching far and wide, were marching towards La Rambla. I was soon down, and in the long promenade which divides the town into two parts from Puerta del Mar, from the terraced walk along the harbor, to Puerta Isabel Segunda, beyond which the station for Pamplona lies. It was not the hour for promenading, it was the early business time. There were people from the town and people from the country, hurrying along ; clerks and shopkeepers' assistants on foot, peasants on their mules ; light carts empty, wagons and omnibuses : noise and clamor, cracking of whips, tinkling of the bells and brass ornaments which adorned the horses and the mules ; all mingling, crying, making a noise together : it was evident that one was in a large town. Handsome, glittering cafés stood invitingly there, and the tables outside of them were already all filled. Smart barbers' shops, with their doors standing wide open, were placed side by side with the cafés ; in them soaping, shaving, and hair-dressing were going on. Wooden booths with oranges, pumpkins, and melons, projected a little farther out on the foot-paths here, where now a house, now a church wall, was hung with farthing pictures, stories of robbers, songs, and stanzas, "published this year." There was much to be seen. Where was I to begin, and where to end, on Rambla, the Boulevard of Barcelona?

When, last year, I first visited Turin, I perceived that I was in the Paris of Italy ; here it struck me that Barcelona is the Paris of Spain. There is quite a French air about the place. One of the nearest narrow side streets was crowded with people ; there were no end of shops in it, with various goods —

cloaks, mantillas, fans, bright-colored ribbons, alluring to the eyes and attracting purchasers ; there I wandered about wherever chance led me. As I pursued my way, I found the side and back streets still more narrow, the houses apparently more adverse to light ; windows did not seem in request ; the walls were thick, and there were awnings over the courts. I now reached a small square ; a trumpet was sounding, and people were crowding together. Some jugglers, equipped in knitted vests, with party-colored swimming small-clothes, and carrying with them the implements of their profession, were preparing to exhibit on a carpet spread over the pavement, for they seemed to wish to avoid the middle of the street. A little dark-eyed child, a mignon of the Spanish land, danced and played the tambourine, let itself be tumbled head over heels, and made a kind of lump of, by its half-naked papa. In order to see better what was going on, I had ascended a few steps of the entrance to an old dwelling, with a single large window in the Moorish style ; two horseshoe-formed arches were supported by slender marble pillars ; behind me was a door half open. I looked in, and saw a great geranium hedge growing round a dry, dusty fountain. An enormous vine shaded one half the place, which seemed deserted and left to decay ; the wooden shutters hung as if ready to fall from the one hinge which supported each in their loose frames : within, all appeared as if nothing dwelt there but bats in the twilight gloom.

I proceeded farther on, and entered a street, still narrow, and swarming with still more people than those I had already traversed. It was a street that led to a church. Here, hid away among high houses, stands the Cathedral of Barcelona : without any effect, without any magnificence, it might easily be passed by unheeded ; as, like many remarkable personages, one requires to have one's attention drawn to them in order to observe them. The crowd pressed on me, and carried me through the little gate into the open arcade, which, with some others, formed the approaches to the cathedral, and inclosed a grove of orange-trees, planted where once had stood a mosque. Even now water was splashing in the large marble basins, wherein the Moslems used to wash their faces before and after prayers.

The little bronze statue here, of a knight on horseback, is charming ; it stands alone on a metal reed out in the basin, and the water sparkles behind and before the horse. Close by, gold fishes are swimming among juicy aquatic plants ; and behind high gratings, geese are also floating about. I ought perhaps to have said swans, but one must stick to the truth if one wishes to be original as a writer of travels.

The horseman of the fountain and the living geese were not much in accordance with devotion ; but there was a great deal that was ecclesiastical to outweigh these non-church adjuncts to the place. Before the altars in the portico, people were kneeling devoutly ; and from the church's large open door issued the perfume of incense, the sound of the organ, and the choral chant. I passed under the lofty-vaulted roof ; here were earnestness and grandeur ; but God's sun could not penetrate through the painted windows ; and a deep twilight, increased by the smoke of the incense, brooded therein, and my thoughts of the Almighty felt depressed and weighed down. I longed for the open court outside the cathedral, where heaven was the roof—where the sunbeams played among the orange-trees, and on the murmuring water ; without, where pious persons prayed on bended knees. There the organ's sweet, full tones bore my thoughts to the Lord of all. This was my first visit to a Spanish church.

• On leaving the cathedral, I proceeded through narrow streets to one extremely confined, but resplendent with gold and silver. In Barcelona, and in many Spanish towns, the arrangement prevalent in the Middle Ages still exists, namely, that the different trades—such as shoemakers, workers in metal, for instance—had their own respective streets, where alone their goods were sold. I went into the goldsmiths' street ; it was filled with shops glittering with gold and splendid ornaments.

In another street they were pulling down a large, very high house. The stone staircase hung suspended by the side of the wall, through several stories, and a wide well with strange looking rings protruded betwixt the rubbish and the stones ; it had been the abode of the principal inquisitor, who now no longer held his sway. The inquisition has long since vanished here, as nowadays have the monks, whose monasteries are deserted.

From the open square, where stand the queen's palace and the pretty buildings with porticoes, you pass to the terrace promenade along the harbor. The view here is grand and extensive. You see the ancient Mons Jovis ; the eye can follow the golden zigzag stripe of road to the Fort Monjuich, that stands out so proudly, hewn from and raised on the rock : you behold the open sea, the numerous ships in the harbor, the entire suburb, Barcelonetta, and the crowds in all directions.

The streets are at right angles, long, and have but poor-looking, low houses. Booths with articles of clothing, counters with eatables, people pushing and scrambling around them ; carriers' carts, droskies, and mules crowded together ; half-grown boys smoking their cigars ; workmen, sailors, peasants, and all manner of townsfolk, mingled here in dust and sunshine. It is impossible to avoid the crowd ; but, if you like, you can have a refreshing bath, for the bathing-houses lie on the beach close by.

Though the weather and the water were still warm, they were already beginning to take down the large wooden shed, and there only now remained a sort of screening wooden inclosure, a boarding down from the road ; and it was therefore necessary to wade through the deep sand before reaching the water with its rolling waves, and obtaining a bath. But how salt, how refreshing it was ! You emerged from it as if renewed in youth, and you come with a young man's appetite to the hotel, where an abundant and excellent repast awaits you. One might have thought that the worthy host had determined to prove that it was a very untruthful assertion, that in Spain they were not adepts at good cookery.

Early in the evening we repaired to the fashionable promenade—the Rambla. It was filled with gay company ; the gentlemen had their hair befrizzled and becurled ; they were vastly elegant, and all puffing their cigars. One of them, who had an eye-glass stuck in his eye, looked as if he had been cut out of a Paris "*Journal des Modes*." Most of the ladies wore the very becoming Spanish mantilla, the long black lace veil hanging over the comb down to the shoulders ; their delicate hands agitating with a peculiar grace the dark, spangled fans. Some few ladies sported French hats and shawls. People

were sitting on both sides of the promenade in rows, on the stone seats, and chairs under the trees ; they sat out in the very streets with tables placed before them, outside of the cafés. Every place was filled, within and without.

In no country have I seen such splendid cafés as in Spain — cafés so beautifully and tastefully decorated. One of the prettiest, situated in the Rambla, which my friends and I daily visited, was lighted by several hundred gas lamps. The tastefully painted roof was supported by slender, graceful pillars ; and the walls were covered with good paintings and handsome mirrors, each worth about a thousand rigsdalers. Immediately under the roof ran galleries, which led to small apartments and billiard-rooms ; over the garden, which was adorned with fountains and beautiful flowers, an awning was spread during the day, but removed in the evening, so that the clear blue skies could be seen. It was often impossible, without or within, above or below, to find an unoccupied table ; the places were constantly taken. People of the most opposite classes were to be seen here : elegant ladies and gentlemen, military of the higher and lower grades, peasants in velvet and embroidered mantles thrown loosely over their arms. I saw a man of the lower ranks enter the café with four little girls. They gazed with curiosity, almost with awe, at the splendor and magnificence around them. A visit to the café was, doubtless, as great an event to them as it is to many children for the first time to go to a theatre. Notwithstanding the lively conversation going on among the crowd, the noise was never stunning, and one could hear a solitary voice accompanied by a guitar. In all the larger Spanish cafés, there sits the whole evening a man with a guitar, playing one piece of music after the other, but no one seems to notice him ; it is like a sound which belongs to the extensive machinery. The Rambla became more and more thronged ; the excessively long street became transformed into a crowded festival saloon.

The usual social meetings at each other's houses in family life, are not known here. Acquaintances are formed on the promenades on fine evenings ; people come to the Rambla to sit together, to speak to each other, to be pleased with each

other ; to agree to meet again the following evening. Intimacies commence ; the young people make assignations ; but until their betrothals are announced, they do not visit at each other's houses. Upon the Rambla the young man thus finds his future wife.

The first day in Barcelona was most agreeable and full of variety ; the following days not less so. There was so much *new* to be seen — so much that was peculiarly Spanish, notwithstanding that French influence was perceptible in a place so near the borders.

During my stay at Barcelona, its two largest theatres, *Principal* and *Del Liceo*, were closed. They were both situated in the Rambla. The theatre Del Liceo is said to be the largest in all Spain. I saw it by daylight. The stage is immensely wide and high. I arrived just during the rehearsal of an operetta with high-sounding, noisy music ; the pupils and chorus-singers of the theatre intended to give the piece in the evening at one of the theatres in the suburbs.

The places for the audience are roomy and tasteful, the boxes rich in gilding, and each has its ante-room, furnished with sofas and chairs covered with velvet. In the front of the stage is the director's box, from which hidden telegraphic wires carry orders to the stage, to the prompter, to the various departments. In the vestibule in front of the handsome marble staircase stands a bust of the queen. The public green-room surpasses in splendor all that Paris can boast of in that portion of the house. From the roof of the balcony of the theatre there is a magnificent view of Barcelona and the wide expanse of sea.

An Italian company were performing at the *Teatro del Circo* ; but there, as in most of the Spanish theatres, nothing was given but translations from French. Scribe's name stood most frequently on the play-bills. I also saw a long, tedious melodrama, "The Dog of the Castle."

The owner of the castle is killed during the revolution ; his son is driven forth, after having become an idiot from a violent blow on the head. Instinct leads him to his home, but none of its former inmates are there ; the very watch-dog

was killed : the house is empty, and he who is its rightful owner, now creeps into it, unwitting of its being his own. In vain his high and distinguished relatives have sought for him. He knew nothing of all this ; he does not know that a paper, which from habit he instinctively conceals in his breast, could procure for him the whole domain. An adventurer, who had originally been a hair-dresser, comes to the neighborhood, meets the unfortunate idiot, reads his paper, and buys it from him for a clean, new five-franc note. This person goes now to the castle as its heir ; he, however, does not please the young girl, who, of the same distinguished family, was destined to be his bride, and he also betrays his ignorance of everything in his pretended paternal home. The poor idiot, on the contrary, as soon as he sets his foot within the walls of the castle is overwhelmed with reminiscences ; he remembers from his childhood every toy he used to play with ; the Chinese mandarins he takes up, and makes them nod their heads as in days gone by ; also he knows, and can show them where his father's small sword was kept ; he alone was aware of its hiding-place. The truth became apparent ; protected by the chamber-maid, he is restored to his rights, but not to his intellects.

The part of the idiot was admirably well acted ; nearly too naturally — there was so much truthfulness in the delineation that it was almost painful to sit it out. The piece was well got up, and calculated to make ladies and children nervous.

The performances ended with a translation of the well-known vaudeville, "A Gentleman and a Lady."

The most popular entertainments in Spain, which seem to be liked by all classes, are bull-fights ; every tolerably large town, therefore, has its *Plaza de Toros*. I believe the largest is at Valencia. For nine months in the year these entertainments are the standing amusements of every Sunday. We were to go the following Sunday at Barcelona to see a bull-fight ; there were only to be two young bulls, and not a grand genuine fight : however, we were told it would give us an idea of these spectacles.

The distant Plaza de Toros was reached, either by omnibus

or a hired street carriage taken on the Rambla ; the Plaza itself was a large circular stone building, not far from the railroad to Gerona. The extensive arena within is covered with sand, and around it is raised a wooden wall about three ells in height, behind which is a long, open space, for standing spectators. If the bull chooses to spring over the barrier to them, they have no outlet or means of exit, and are obliged to jump down into the arena ; and when the bull springs down again they must mount, as best they can, to their old places. Higher above this corridor, and behind it, is, extending all round the amphitheatre, a stone gallery for the public, and above it again are a couple of wooden galleries fitted up in boxes, with benches or chairs. We took up our position below, in order to see the manners of the commoner class. The sun was shining over half the arena, spangled fans were waving and glittering, and looked like birds flapping their bright wings. The building could contain about fifteen thousand persons. There were not so many present on this occasion, but it was well filled.

We had been previously told of the freedom and license which pervaded this place, and warned not to attract observation by our dress, else we might be made the butts of the people's rough humor, which might prompt them to shout " Away with your smart gloves ! Away with your white city hat ! " followed by sundry witticisms. They would not brook the least delay ; the noise increased, the people's will was omnipotent, and hats and gloves had to be taken off, whether agreeable to the wearers or not.

The sound of the music was fearful and deafening at the moment we entered ; people were roaring and screaming ; it was like a boisterous carnival. The gentlemen threw flour over each other in the corners, and pelted each other with pieces of sausages ; here flew oranges, there a glove or an old hat, all amidst merry uproar, in which the ladies took a part. The glittering fans the gayly embroidered mantles, and the bright rays of the sun, confused the eyes as the noise confused the ears ; one felt oneself in a perfect maelstrom of vivacity.

Now the trumpet's blast sounded a fanfare, one of the gates to the arena was opened, and the bull-fight cavalcade entered.

First rode two men in black garments, with large white shirt fronts, and staffs in their hands. They were followed, upon old, meagre-looking horses, by four *Picadores*, well stuffed in the whole of the lower parts, that they might not sustain any injury when the bull rushed upon them. They each carried a lance with which to defend themselves ; but notwithstanding their stuffing, they were always very helpless if they fell from their horses. Then came half a score *Banderilleros*, young, handsome, stage-clad youths, equipped in velvet and gold. After them appeared, in silken attire, glittering in gold and silver — *Espada* ; his blood-red cloak he carried thrown over his arm, the well tempered sword with which he was to give the animal its death-thrust, he held in his hand. The procession was closed by four mules, adorned with plumes of feathers, brass plates, gay tassels, and tinkling bells, which were, to the sound of music, at full gallop, to drag the slaughtered bull and the dead horses out of the arena.

The cavalcade went round the entire circle, and stopped before the balcony where the highest magistrate sat. One of the two darkly clad riders — I believe they were called *Alguazils* — rode forward and asked permission to commence the entertainment ; the key which opened the door to the stable where the bull was confined was then cast down to him. Immediately under a portion of the theatre appropriated to spectators the poor bulls had been locked up, and had passed the night and the whole morning without food or drink. They had been brought from the hills fastened to two trained tame bulls, and led to the town ; they came willingly, poor animals ! to kill or be killed in the arena. To-day, however, no bloody work was to be performed by them ; they had been rendered incapable of being dangerous, for their horns had been muffled. Only two were destined to fall under the stabs of the *Espada* : to-day, as has been mentioned, was only a sort of sham fight, in which the real actors in such scenes had no strong interest, therefore it commenced with a comic representation — a battle between the Moors and the Spaniards, in which, of course, the former played the ridiculous part, the Spaniards the brave and stout-hearted.

A bull was let in : its horns were so bound that it could not

kill any one ; the worst it could do was to break a man's ribs. There were flights and springing aside, fun and laughter. Now came on the bull-fight. A very young bull rushed in, then it suddenly stood still in the field of battle. The glaring sunbeams, the moving crowd, dazzled his eyes ; the wild uproar, the trumpet's blasts, and the shrill music, came upon him so unexpectedly, that he probably thought, like Jeppe when he awoke in the Baroness's bed, "What can this be ! What can this be !" But he did not begin to weep like Jeppe ; he plunged his horns into the sand, his backbones showing his strength, and the sand was whirled up in eddies into the air, but that was all he did. The bull seemed dismayed by all the noise and bustle, and only anxious to get away. In vain the Banderilleros teased him with their red cloaks ; in vain the Picadores brandished their lances. These they hardly dared use before the animal had attacked them ; this is to be seen at the more perilous bull-fights, of which we shall, by and by, have more to say, in which the bull can toss the horse and the rider so that they shall fall together, and then the Banderilleros must take care to drive the furious animal to another part of the arena, until the horse and his rider have had time to arise to another conflict. One eye of the horse is bound up ; that is done that he may not have a full view of his adversary, and become frightened. At the first encounter the bull often drives his pointed horn into the horse so that the entrails begin to well out ; they are pushed in again ; the gash is sewed up, and the same animal can, after the lapse of a few minutes, carry his rider. On this occasion, however, the bull was not willing to fight, and a thousand voices cried, "El ferro !"

The Banderilleros came with large arrows, ornamented with waving ribbons, and squibs ; and when the bull rushed upon them, they sprang aside, and with equal grace and agility they contrived to plunge each arrow into the neck of the animal : the squib exploded, the arrow buzzed, the poor bull became half mad, and in vain shook his head and his neck ; the blood flowed from his wounds. Then came Espada to give the death-blow, but on an appointed place in the neck was the weapon only to enter. It was several times either aimed at a wrong place, or the thrust was given too lightly, and the bull

ran about with the sword sticking in his neck ; another thrust followed, and blood flowed from the animal's mouth ; the public hissed the awkward Espada. At length the weapon entered into the vulnerable spot ; and in an instant the bull sank on the ground, and lay there like a clod, while a loud "viva" rang from a thousand voices, mingling with the sound of the trumpets and the kettle-drums. The mules with their bells, their plumes of feathers, and their flags, galloped furiously round the arena, dragging the slaughtered animal after them ; the blood it had shed was concealed by fresh sand ; and a new bull, about as young as the first, was ushered in, after having been on his entrance excited and provoked by a thrust from a sharp iron spike. This fresh bull was, at the commencement of the affray, more bold than the former one, but he also soon became terrified. The spectators demanded that fire should be used against him ; the squib arrows were then shot into his neck, and after a short battle he fell beneath the Espada's sword.

"Do not look upon this as a real Spanish bull-fight," said our neighbors to us ; "this is mere child's play, mere fun !" And with fun the whole affair ended. The public were allowed, as many as pleased, to spring over the barriers into the arena ; old people and young people took a part in this amusement ; two bulls with horns well wrapped round, were let in. There was a rushing and springing about ; even the bulls joined the public in vaulting over the first barrier among the spectators who still remained there ; and there were roars of laughter, shouts and loud hurrahs, until the Empressario, the manager of that day's bull-fight, found that there was enough of this kind of sport, and introduced the two tame bulls, who were immediately followed by the two others back to their stalls. Not a single horse had been killed ; blood had only flowed from two bulls ; that was considered nothing, but we had seen all the usual proceedings, and witnessed how the excitement of the people was worked up into passionate feelings.

It was here, in this arena, in 1833, that the revolutionary movement in Barcelona broke out, after they had commenced at Saragossa to murder the monks and burn the monasteries.

The mass of the populace in the arena fired upon the soldiers ; these fired again upon the people ; and the agitation spread abroad with fiery destruction throughout the land.

Near the Plaza de Toros is situated the cemetery of Barcelona, at a short distance from the open sea. Aloes of a great height compose the fences, and high walls encircle a town inhabited only by the dead. A gate-keeper and his family, who occupy the porter's lodge, are the only living creatures who dwell here. In the inside of this city of the dead are long lonely streets, with box-like houses, of six stories in height, in which, side by side, over and under each other, are built cells, in each of which lies a corpse in its coffin. A dark plate, with the name and an inscription, is placed over the opening. The buildings have the appearance of warehouses, with doors upon doors. A large chapel-formed tomb is the cathedral in this city of the dead. A grass plot, with dark lofty cypresses, and a single isolated monument, afford some little variety to these solemn streets, where the residents of Barcelona, generation after generation, as silent, speechless inhabitants, occupy their grave-chambers.

The sun's scorching rays were glaring on the white walls ; and all here was so still, so lonely, one became so sad that it was a relief to go forth into the stir of busy life. On leaving this dismal abode of decay and corruption, the first sound we heard appertaining to worldly existence was the whistle of the railway ; the train shot past, and, when its noise had subsided, we heard the sound of the waves rolling on the adjacent shore. Thither I repaired.

A number of fishermen were just at that moment hauling their nets ashore ; strange-looking fishes — red, yellow, and bluish-green — were playing in the nets ; naked, dark-skinned children were running about on the sands ; dirty women — I think they were gypsies — sat and mended old, worn-out garments ; their hair was coal-black, their eyes darker still ; the younger ones wore large red flowers in their hair ; their teeth was as glittering white as those of the Moors. They were groups to be painted on canvas. The city of the dead, on the contrary, would have suited a photographer : one picture of that

would be enough ; for from whatever side one viewed it, there was no change in its character : these receptacles for the dead stood in uniform and unbroken array, while cypress-trees, here and there, unfolded what seemed to be their mourning banners.

One of the last days that I was in Barcelona, it had rained hard during the night, and in the morning it happened that I had to go to the banker's. The water had not run off sufficiently ; it was actually over my galoshes. I came home completely drenched ; and while I was changing my clothes, I was informed that the inundation had reached the Rambla, and that it was increasing. There were screams and hurrying of feet. I saw from our balcony that heaps of gravel and rubbish were laid down before the hotels, and that up on either side of the more elevated promenades, there flowed a stream of a yellowish coffee color—the paved part of the Rambla was a rushing rising current. I hastened down. The rain was almost over, but its disastrous effects were increasing ; I beheld a terrible spectacle—the water's fearful power.

Out among the hills the rain had fallen in such torrents, that the tearing mountain streamlets had soon swollen the little river which runs parallel to the highway and the railroad. At an earlier stage of the inundation there had been no outlet to the sea—now the raging water had forced a passage : it poured into what was once the moat of Barcelona, but which latterly had become choked up with rubbish and stones, it being intended to build upon it, as the town was to be enlarged. Here again the outlet was exhausted ; the water rushed on ; it rose and flowed over every obstacle ; the railway was soon under water ; the highway was buried under the overwhelming flood ; the fences were broken down, trees and plants uprooted, by the impetuous waters, which rushed in through the gate of the town, and foamed like a mill-dam, darkish yellow in color, on both sides of the walk ; the flood swept off with it wooden booths, goods, barrels, carts, everything that it found in its way ; pumpkins, oranges, tables, and benches, sailed away ; even an unharnessed wagon, which was filled with china and crockery ware, was carried off to a considerable distance

by the rapid stream. In the shops themselves people were up nearly to their waists in water ; the strongest among them stretched cords from the shops to the trees on the higher parts of the Rambla, that the females might hold on by these while they were passing through the raging torrent. I saw, however, one woman carried away by it ; but two young men dashed after her, and she was brought back to dry land in a state of insensibility. There were shrieks and lamentations, and similar scenes took place in the adjacent narrow streets ; the inundation forced its way, dashing over everything, surging into lofty billows, and flowing into the lower stories of the houses. Shutters were put up, and doors were fastened to try and keep out the water, but not always with success. Some portion of the under stonework of the bridge was removed, that the water might find an exit that way ; but this did very little good ; it became, in fact, the cause of great evil. I heard, some time afterwards, that several people were carried off by this eddy, and lost in the depths below. Never have I beheld the great power of water so fearfully evinced ; it was really terrible. There was nothing to be seen but people flying from the rising flood ; nothing to be heard but wailing and lamentation. The balconies and the roofs were filled and covered with human beings. On the streets trees and booths were sailing along ; the gens d'armes were exceedingly busy in trying to keep order. At length the inundation seemed to be subsiding. It was said that in the church on the Rambla, the priests, up to their waists in water, were singing masses.

In the course of an hour or so the fury of the torrent decreased ; the water sank. People were making their way into the side streets, to see the desolation there. I followed them through a thick, yellow mud, which was exceedingly slippery. Water was pouring from the windows and the doors ; it was dirty, and smelled shockingly. At length I reached the residence of Dr. Schierbeck which was at some distance ; he had no knowledge of the inundation which had just taken place. In the many years during which he had resided at Barcelona, the rain had often caused the mountain streams and the river to overflow, but never to the extent of the impetuous torrent which had now occasioned so much mischief, and so much

dismay. As we again threaded our way through the streets, we were disgusted with the filthy mud which the water had deposited in them, which looked like the nasty refuse of sewers. The Rambla was strewn with overturned booths, tables, carriages, and carts. Outside of the gate the work of destruction was still more prominent. The road was quite cut up in many places; the waters rushed down, and formed cataract upon cataract.

Carriages with people from the country were drawn up in ranks, the passengers were obliged to come out if they wished to enter the town. Large joists of wood from a neighboring timber-yard were strewn all about, as if cast by some unseen mischievous agents, playing at a game of chance. Passing along the principal highways, clambering over prostrate trees and other impediments, we reached at length the railway station, which looked like a dwelling of beavers, half in the water, half on land. There was quite a lake under the roof; the yellow water for a long way concealed the metal grooves of the railroad. Our return was quite as difficult as our walk from town had been. We fell into holes, and crept up on the wet earth; roads and paths were cut up by new streams; we had to wade through deep mud, and reached Barcelona quite bespattered with it.

Never before had I any idea of the power of such a flood. I thought of Kühleborn in the tale of "Undine." I thought of the story which might be told by a little mountain streamlet, usually only a tiny rivulet, shaded by aloes and cacti, its nymph being a playful child; but as the little Spanish girls in reality do, springing up at once into young women, willful and bold, repairing to the large town, to visit it and its population, to look into their houses and churches, and to see them on the promenade, where strangers always seek them: to-day I had witnessed its entrance.

I had now been almost a fortnight at Barcelona, and felt myself at home in its streets and lanes. "Now to Valencia!" I said to myself; and the thought of that lovely country was as pleasing as Weber's music. I intended to go by the diligence. The voyage of the steamer along the coast of Spain

had been described to me as exceedingly disagreeable, the vessels as dirty, and not at all arranged for the convenience of passengers ; if the weather were stormy, it was obliged, with great difficulty, to land the passengers ; the steamer did not, in such a case, enter any harbor, but people had, in the open sea, to jump down into the rocking boats, and the weather might be so bad that even these might not venture out to take the passengers ashore. We were now in the middle of September ; the certainty of calm weather was past. During the last few days, there had been a strong wind blowing ; and into the harbor of Barcelona so rough a sea had been rolling, that the waves had dashed up against the walls.

In going by the diligence, one might see something of the country, and therefore that mode of conveyance appeared to me the best ; but my countryman, Schierbeck, and every one else to whom I spoke on the subject, advised me not to undertake the land transit. It was a long, fatiguing journey, they said ; I should be suffocated with heat in the over-crowded diligence ; the roads were in bad condition ; the conveyances often stopped at places where was no sign of an inn — perhaps not a roof under which to seek shelter. The diligence from Madrid was two days behind its time ; I knew by experience how few bridges there were, and how rivers had to be passed through ; I had just witnessed at Barcelona the power of destruction which the mountain streams might acquire : to go by the diligence was, therefore, for the time being, to expose one's self to the greatest inconvenience, if not to absolute danger of life. The road between Barcelona and Valencia lay through a certain place where the swollen mountain streams often caused disasters ; it was only a few years before that an over-laden diligence was lost there, and it was supposed that the rush of waters had carried it out to the open sea — the Mediterranean.

Even until a few hours before the departure of the steamer I was balancing in my own mind whether I should go by it, or undertake the land journey. Every one advised the sea trip ; the steamer *Catalan*, which was about to start, was reckoned one of the best and speediest ; the machinery was first-rate, by the captain's account : so I determined on the voyage. Dr. Schierbeck, and our friend Buckheiser, from Hamburg, accom-

panied us on board ; it was past midday before the anchor was raised, and, rocking heavily, the steamer bore away for the open sea.

For a considerable way outside the harbor, the water was tinged with a yellow coffee-color, from the inundation which had taken place on shore ; then suddenly it resumed the clear greenish-blue tint of the sea. Barcelona lay stretched out to its full extent in the bright, beautiful sunshine ; the fort Monjuich, with its yellow zigzag, stony path, stood still more forward ; the hills looked higher, and over them all towered one still more lofty, strangely jagged like the fins of a fish — it was the holy Mount Serrat, whence Loyola came.

CHAPTER III.

VALENCIA.

I LOVE the sea!" that is to say, when I am on it, and it is calm — a bright blue expanse, forming a mirror, in which the lofty heavens above are reflected. I love it "in its wildest storm" — that is to say, I must be standing on terra firma to love it in this guise, otherwise I should be excessively annoyed by it. It was not agitated by a storm now, but it was neither bright nor smooth; the wind was rising into a breeze; the ship rolled, and I could not venture down to the cabin where dinner was served. My travelling companion, Collin, got on better: he was even able, after having eaten his dinner, to betake himself to his hammock and smoke a cigar. I sat on deck — sat as if I had been in a swing, and I do not like that movement; but there are many things one does not like to which one must submit.

Out on the horizon clouds were gathering; they assumed the forms of mountains, with sharp outlines, and took, at sunset, a blended red and yellow color. Soon a single star was seen to twinkle in the sky, then more and more came glittering forth in the clear air; it was a fine evening: the whole of the rich, hilly coast was to be seen, contrasting its dark-blue tints with the luminous sea. I did not sit alone; a young German from Mannheim was on board; he was going to Madrid, and had chosen the voyage to Valencia, as the railroad was destroyed between Barcelona and Saragossa. There was so much youthful feeling in him. He was delighted with the sea, which he had never known before — delighted with the view of the beautiful coast; he expressed his pleasure freely and naturally; and when he heard who I was, for he knew my works, I had all at once a lively young travelling friend, who was kindness itself to me. He was most anxious to make me comfortable

wrapped his woolen shawl round my throat, and laid his cloak over my feet, for the wind was cold, and the rolling of the vessel forbade my seeking my own warm things, which had been carried down to the cabin beneath.

Sympathy is a wonderful thing ; it cannot be bought by money, it cannot be obtained by the offer of one's whole heart : it must be a voluntary gift ; it falls like the manna that fell from heaven in the wilderness. Here, this manna certainly fell ; whether it might last for days, or weeks, or have a longer life, I could not determine ; but, of course, its endurance was not to be relied upon.

The wind began to abate, the sea became calmer ; and it was charming to look down on the dark-blue water. The shining fishes glanced like gems ; they glanced like the blades of knives in the rays of the sun. The silver-white foam upon the sea seemed to emit light ; the far-away clouds assumed shapes near the horizon, which looked as if we had land close ahead. The distant white-crested billows seemed like long white structures, that appeared and vanished. It was past ten o'clock before I went down into the cabin, and slept during a part of the night watch : the sea was tolerably tranquil.

At dawn of day I was again upon deck. Thick rain-clouds hung over the sea toward the north. The coast of Spain was lofty, naked, and wild ; the more distant mountains, dark, dreary, and deserted looking ; but when the sun arose, it dyed the clouds with purple and gold, it spread a violet blue tint over the dark hills, and changed the sea — as it were — into a blood-colored fluid, so pure, so shining, that it seemed as if we were gliding over a watered silk carpet ; and when the whole power of the sun came out, and the wide sea lay in a dead calm, it seemed as if we were sailing through fields of air.

A number of dazzling white houses along the shore announced our approach to a large town. On the side of the hill, the Roman town of Saguntum was pointed out to us ; there now only remain of its enormous walls, towers, and amphitheatre, but low ruins, overgrown by a wilderness of

cacti. *Murviedro* is the name of the town which has been raised over all this ancient grandeur. Soldiers are quartered in the fort above it. The railway from Madrid to Valencia is, in its progress to Barcelona, only finished as far as this. We could, from the ship, see the locomotive with a long veil of steam, and long line of carriages moving in close to the sea-shore. We would soon reach Valencia, for we were now at its suburb, the village of Grao, which lies at the distance of about a half a mile from the town ; we could go to it by a later train, or by one of the many "tartanes," that are kept here : these are carriages with awnings over them ; they are larger than droskies, and less than our bread carts, but higher than these, and furnished with cushions.

At the landing-place we were assailed by numbers of ragged, dark-brown boys, and wild-looking, dirty porters, who pushed each other aside, and, almost fighting their way up to us, tried to pounce on our baggage to carry it to the Custom-house. But a Spanish fellow-traveller, with whom we had made acquaintance on board the steamer, took charge of us, got our luggage packed into one "tartane," ourselves into another, and sent us off to Valencia. Passing through a flat, fruitful country, that reminded us of our Danish home, we drove along a sheltered highway, where knotted olive-trees, as if they had been our willows, bent over high reeds ; but the reeds here were bamboos. The white-washed cottages we saw on our way had roofs thatched with reeds or straw, like ours at home ; only the long embroidered mats that were hung before the open entrances told of a southern land.

Between the ruins of Saguntum and Sierra di Santa Ana, the most southern point of land stretches from the stony hills down toward the sea. "La Huerta," a garden, — as the rich fruit-bearing and wine-growing plain around Valencia is called, — is an unusually well cultivated country, which from the time of the Moors has been watered by a net-work of brick inlaid ditches or trenches ; deep wells are to be seen, where a horse turns the wheel that causes the water to pass into these aqueducts ; low, thick vines grow over the warm, reddish soil ; citron and apple-trees form lovely groves, where slender palm-trees elevate lofty screens against the overpowering sun.

A massive bridge, the dried up bed of a river, ancient walls, and a city gate of hewn stone, were the first we saw of Valencia ; narrow, unpaved streets, with awnings from house to house, led to a small square where were kept a couple of empty diligences, and we were in FONDA DEL CID. The dark angular stairs and passages, the lofty but sparsely furnished rooms, the whole of the arrangements and waiting, evinced that we were no longer in the half French Barcelona, but a good way in Spain. The breakfast-table was set out, the dishes were good, the grapes were as large as plums and delicious in taste, the melons melted in the mouth like snow, the wine was strong and exhilarating, and the weather warm enough to bake us. We felt the heat exceedingly : even though over the open doors leading to the balcony were hung large mats, made of reeds, to keep out the rays of the sun, they still had great power. People were sitting in their balconies, gasping for air, the ladies trying to obtain it by the use of their fans. On each balcony sat a whole air-seeking family ; by going out at the window you suddenly found yourself in society ; social life flourished here on all the walls, and at every story. In the square below, all was silent and deserted ; the burning sunbeams were glaring on it, and one felt no inclination to go down and cast a shadow.

The dinner-bell was rung, and we found the table groaning under a load of viands. Among these were snail-soup. There were several plates with snails, like our small ones, in their shells ; it was these especially that in the brownish soup were so repulsive to the appetite ; then followed cuttle-fish steeped in oil ; but there were also many excellent dishes, fit to eat.

The change from day to evening was quite a sudden transition. At one moment the clouds were as red as crimson, in the next all this bright coloring had faded away, the stars came forth, the square below us was plunged into darkness. In the house opposite to us there was a lantern shining like the bright lamp over a barber's sign ; a young man came out playing on a guitar. He disappeared in a narrow street, but the sound of the guitar, on which he was playing Spanish airs, was for some time audible : but soon a dog began to bark, then

another ; and presently there was nothing but barking over the whole quarter — such as might perhaps be heard at home in Nyhavn when one cur commences, and all the dogs on board the different ships join in the yelping and barking concert. This was our first day in Valencia.

My inspection of the town began early the next morning. The sun's rays were already so scorching, that it would be terribly warm during the day I knew from the experience of the preceding day. We were in the middle of September, yet the heat was almost unbearable ; what must it not be in the middle of summer ! It had rained during the night ; the streets were full of little pools of water and heaps of mud. The square before Fonda, where also stood the palace of the archbishop, seemed basking in the sun. With a wide jump, one reached a small lane where the cathedral was hid away among houses. That hero, the Cid, when he had conquered Valencia, took from its high towers a bird's-eye view of the town and its surrounding neighborhood ; with the same view almost all travellers commence their survey of the city. I preferred first to make myself acquainted with the town, and afterwards, from that elevated spot, to look down on the places I knew.

I strolled through the church, and came out at a handsome street, which led to a large square crowded with people on foot and on mules. They were mostly peasants, powerful figures, in picturesque costumes : they wore a kind of pantaloons, *zuragnelles*, which reached only to the bare knee ; leather sandals were laced round blue stockings. They wore red belts and grass-green jackets ; their chests were naked, but over their shoulders were flung the striped " manta ; " a head-dress something like a turban covered the head, and over that again was the broad-brimmed hat : all this looked extremely well. For the rest, this tribe did not bear a very respectable character. The knife, it was said, was rather too unsparingly used among them. In earlier times there had always been strife between them and the townspeople, who seemed to belong to another race, of which fact their fair hair gave presumptive evidence. The frequent assaults and murders that only a very few years before took place in the town and its im

mediate neighborhood, attributed to these country people, are fortunately now prevented by the Spanish gens-d'armerie, who have introduced order and security, so that one can pass now, on the darkest night, through the most lonely streets of Valencia, with perfect safety.

The women that I saw were not so pretty as those of Barcelona. Some few wore the long dark mantilla, but most of them were wrapt in yellow or other bright-colored shawls. On the whole it was a gay costume. Every little shop or booth displayed the brightest and best embroidered articles they had ; and heaped up from the very ground were piles of various wares, among others herbs, vegetables, and fruits, especially gigantic onions and grass-green melons. Baskets full of small common snails, of the kind that the previous day we had had in our soup, were offered for sale in front of *La Lonja de la Seda*, — the silk exchange, an extremely peculiar building, with two colossal windows as large as city gates ; they admit light into an immense hall, whose roof is supported by spiral-formed columns lofty and slender, like palm-trees. Shining yellow silk lay in large bundles on the floor, and on counters.

From this stirring and lively part of the town, I passed to a more quiet quarter, where half a score of boys were sweeping the streets with sprigs of myrtle in bloom. On both sides of the street stood handsome mansions, with gardens in which were fountains and hedges of roses. Striped awnings hung over the balconies, and from one of these peeped out two young girls, the prettiest I have yet seen in Spain : their eyes were like dark flames ; their charming mouths said, in a single smile, more than any poet could have said in a long poem — Byron and Petrarca forgive me !

I came to a large square with inclosed gardens ; there were lovely flowers, palms, gum-trees, in short, all the most beautiful productions of a tropical land. There were plenty of tar-tanes to be had, but one sits in these vehicles under a cover, and sees nothing ; therefore I preferred walking, and I actually made my way, under the burning sun, out at the gate and over the bridge to Alameda, the promenade of Valencia. This promenade extends along the dried-up bed of the Guadal-quiver, and passes by numerous gardens filled with orange-trees,

and where plane-trees and palms cast their grateful shade over the white-washed country houses. Here were roads and paths in abundance, but only a very few human beings were to be seen. The sunbeams had become so overwhelmingly warm, that one was tempted to hollow out for one's self a cap from the fresh cool gourds, and wear it on one's head instead of a hat. I threw myself at last into a tartane, and stretching myself out upon its hard cushions, under its sheltering roof I jogged on to my airy room in *Fonda del Cid*.

I found that the diligence had just arrived from Barcelona, the conveyance by which we had thought of travelling. It was so redolent of disagreeable odors, and so thickly covered with dust, that it seemed like the ghost of the smart-looking vehicle we had seen only two days before. The horses were dripping with water ; the carriage was a mass of dust ; and the passengers issued from it like the suffering inmates of a hospital, some wearing slippers, for with the long journey their feet had swelled in their boots ; others without their coats, which were hung over their arms : their hair was matted with dust, and the very wrinkles in the faces of the thinnest were crammed with it. They were in a sad plight ; and the poor outrider, who had all the time been fastened to his horse, was in a miserable condition. Four days previously he had mounted the horse at Valencia, and proceeded at a gallop — always at a gallop — in dust and in heat ; it was only at the stations that he stopped for a minute, and this merely to mount a fresh horse : and so on till he reached Barcelona. He was allowed an hour or two there to take breath, and then off again back to Valencia, burned by the fiery sun, half choked by the dust — without rest — exhausted. And now he was again at Valencia, and could put his feet upon the ground, but he seemed hardly able to walk : his face was like that of a mummy, and his smile was the smile of a sick person to whom people say, " You look a little better to-day," but who knows that it is unmeaning talk.

Connected with Valencia are several of the old Spanish romances about the Cid — he who in all his battles, and on all occasions when he was misjudged, remained true to his God,

his people, and himself ; he who in his own time took rank with the monarchs of Spain, and down to our time is the pride of the country. As a conqueror he entered Valencia : here he lived in domestic happiness with his noble and heroic wife Ximene, and his daughters Doña Sol and Doña Elvira ; here stood around his bed of death all who were dear to him — even his very war-horse, Babieca, he ordered to be called thither. In song it is said that the horse stood like a lamb, and gazed with his large eyes on his master, who could no more speak to him than the poor horse himself could speak. Through the streets of Valencia passed at night the extraordinary cavalcade —

TO SAN PEDER DE CORDOÑA,

which the departed chief had desired. The victorious colors of the Cid were carried in front : four hundred knights protected them ; then came the corpse. Upright upon his war-horse sat the dead, arrayed in his armor with his helmet and his shield, his long white beard flowing down to his breast. Gil Diaz and Bishop Jeronymo escorted the body on either side, then followed Doña Ximene with three hundred noblemen. The gate of Valencia toward Castile was opened, and the procession passed slowly and silently out into the open fields, where the Moorish army were encamped. A dark, Moorish woman shot at them a poisoned arrow, but she and a hundred of her sisters paid the forfeit of their lives for that deed. Thirty-six Moorish princes were in the camp, but terror seized them when they beheld the dead hero on his white charger : —

And to their vessels they took flight,
And many sprang into the waves ;
Two thousand, certainly, that night,
Amidst the billows found their graves.

And the Cid thus won, after he was dead, goods, tents, gold, and silver — and the poorest became rich, so says the song of the Cid in Valencia.

And now stands, with its enormous square stones and jagged wall, the old gate through which the dead rode on that night of dread and destruction to the Moors. I stood in the

shade of that gate, and was thinking of the hero and his war-horse when, strangely enough, quite a different vision was recalled to my mind. Just as I stood there came a boy, shouting in his glee, riding the most miserable nag I had ever seen ; the animal was literally skin and bone, and looked the picture of hunger : my thoughts naturally wandered from the Cid's noble war-horse to Don Quixote's Rosinante ! Both still equally live in the world of poetry and romance ; and there, the names of Babieca and Rosinante will always survive.

At a very early hour on the third day after our arrival here, Collin went to Murviedro ; but I preferred driving about the streets of Valencia, to see if I could find anything very peculiar or characteristic. I had armed myself with a pencil and paper, but I found nothing extraordinary. Yes, indeed, I did find something ; but it might as well have been found at home in Copenhagen, or in any other town. Before the door of a shop, which seemed to be as wide as the whole of the interior, hung an immense article of dress. It looked like an alarm bell, but was composed of linen, expanded by iron wires, or canes. It was the garment which is nowadays called crinoline, and in which the female sex all look equally stout — young girls as well as old women ; it looks like an open umbrella fastened round the waist, something with which neither nature nor nature's Creator has anything to do. This expansive petticoat hung there ; and as its gigantic proportions occupied the whole front of the shop, all sorts of goods were attached to it — children's socks, neckties, ribbons, fans, and all manner of things. The crinoline was a sign-board for the shop. I fell into a train of thought at this sight. My ideas wandered to the future. Yes, in the course of a thousand years, women will not wear crinoline ; its very name will never be mentioned. It will only be noticed in some very ancient works, and those who read them, and see the pictures of the ladies of our days equipped in crinoline, will cry, — “ Merciful Heavens ! What a ridiculous dress ! ”

They will read, perhaps, of its origin, which will then be a tradition. They will read of the empress, young and beautiful who, in her girlish bashfulness, adopted this costume, to

conceal from the world that she was about to become a mother. She was very clever and very pretty, and every one thought they would be the same if they imitated her ; so they all took to crinoline — the fat and the thin, the tall and the short : it was a frightful sight ! How she must have laughed at them, that young and lovely inventor ! And it was patronized in her country — in the neighboring country — in my country ; and the cry was, “ It is so pretty — it is so becoming — it is so cool ! ”

Purchasers flocked to this shop in Valencia. I drew the mighty attraction, and it is so large that it quite obscures **any** thing else in Valencia.

CHAPTER IV.

ALMANSA AND ALICANTE.

WE are going to travel again. It was night when the tartane came to the door, to take us to the station. The train was to start at dawn of day. Not a light was to be seen, but the stars were shining in their full magnificence. The narrow crooked streets were as dark as pitch ; not a human creature was stirring, until, after a long tedious drive, we reached the railway station. Outside of it, on the bare ground, some lights and lamps were burning : here were small buffets where were sold water for drinking, anisette, and very fine fruit. We found ourselves amidst a crowd. People with goods and people without goods were hurrying up — peasants enveloped in burnoose-looking mantas, reeking with cigars ; girls and elder dames, with crowds of children, sat gazing around them with wonderment. People became quite adepts in waiting and dawdling about. It was very long past the hour named for departure, before we could even get the conveyances opened to admit us. But when, at length, we *did* make good our entrance into a first-class carriage, we found it quite a nice little room, with sofas and soft cushions.

And now we started ! Day broke ; the skies looked red, and the air became transparently clear ! We were flying through a land of sunshine, in which lofty palm-trees waved their green fan-like branches in the glowing atmosphere, and pretty white villas lay amidst bowers of orange-trees. Vines grew as if woven over the ground. The slightly rippling waters of the canals yielded a subdued, pleasing sound. The whole landscape, taking a bird's-eye view of it, looked like an enormous carpet, embroidered with all the sorts of fruits that ever painter thought fit to transfer to canvas. We stopped an immense time at every station, but that gave us an opportunity of seeing the many-colored dresses of the people.

At the old Moorish town Jativa,¹ which, with its citadel, is exceedingly picturesque, we bid adieu to the gardens of Valencia, and pass from its fruitful oasis into a wilderness of stones. The sun was burning fiercely, and it seemed as if the stony ground, which had retained the warmth of the sun from the preceding day, let it now stream forth in the already too hot air. At vast distances from each other lay solitary dwellings, with fortress-like walls — defenses against wild beasts and bad men. Not a tree was to be seen: the only green visible were some cacti, which, in the clefts of the rocks or at the back of fallen walls, pushed themselves forward like fungi. Heavily laden wagons, drawn by six or eight mules, harnessed the one before the other, gave some little life to this otherwise dead, scorched desert. It was as if boiling water had overflowed the whole region — as if the burning sun had blighted every blade of grass, and had not even left their ashes behind.

Suddenly we stopped at a large station. The road here branched off in two directions: one led to Madrid, and the train followed it without delay; the other led to Alicante, which was to be the termination of our day's journey. It was just ten o'clock in the morning, and we had to wait until six in the evening before the Madrid train would arrive, by which we were to proceed. However, we had to eat, to sleep, and to look about us; and with these three occupations the time might be got through. Here, at the station, was a very good restaurant, kept by a Frenchman; and close by there was, for the convenience of travellers, an Oriental-looking, shady building, having cool, lofty rooms, where one could draw one's breath — in fact, put up for the night, if one wished it: and as to anything remarkable in the neighborhood, we had only to take a short walk to reach the little country town of Almansa, so well known in the history of the war.

The streets were straight, very broad, and without pavements: the houses were low, with whitewashed, slanting walls, holes for windows; here and there a shutter which could be closed, but not a single pane of glass was to be seen

¹ The letter J is pronounced like K: thus Jativa, Ka'tiva; Loja, Lokka; Tajo, Takko.

in the whole long street. The wide door-way was concealed by a reed mat ; where that was put to one side, you could see into the poor, half-dark room. There sat its inhabitants at work ; outside they could not have worked — the sun was too overpowering. Every cottage opened upon a small green plot, either shaded by a vine, or at least adorned with some flowering plant. Dark eyes, dark hair, and brownish yellowish skins, had the few human beings I met in the streets, which sloped down toward a steep rock, on the summit of which arose the ruins of a fortified castle. Down below where I stood, in a sunshine which was like flames of fire, lay the church, and a couple of buildings composed of heavy hewn stone, with arms carved over the gateways.

Noble families had once resided there. Now, the halls stood empty and deserted, the walls were split and crumbling away, deal boards hung loosely over the broken windows. Amidst this desolation and solitude, even at midday, you come to a monument — a pyramid with a lion hewn out of stone — a souvenir of the battle of Almansa, when the town won the glorious name of "*Fidelissima*."¹ Then was this heated stony plain a bloody field of carnage ; several thousands lay there wounded, thousands more lay dead, but the conqueror bore a hundred and twelve standards from the field. All this has been long since forgotten in story and in song : the sun and the wind, with their destroying touch, have careered over this enormous stone table, in which, as in a mosaic, Almansa is inlaid ; the blood of warrior and conqueror, so freely shed, have been effaced from the soil.

Having seen all that was remarkable in the town, I had to wend my way back through the wide, sun-scorching street, always ascending between the blinding white houses ; it was like passing through a Hindu funeral pile, or a slow long-lasting *Auto da Fê* ; and when at length I reached my room, with its closed windows, and its cool reed mat over the floor, I had a perception of what it must be to come from the heated sandy Desert of Sahara into the shade of an oasis. I sank down, drew a long breath — and had it been possible for me to think, my thoughts would have been, — I am in the land of

¹ April 25, 1707.

the sun, my blood is so thoroughly warmed that I shall be able to dispense with a stove the whole of next winter at home in the north. What an advantage ! what a saving ! The hot sun-kiss of Spain, with its heated air, had entered into my lungs, and inflamed my blood. I could think only of the sunshine, I could dream only of the sunshine ; and so one becomes acclimatized. Blood-red skies blazed like a procession of torches, as we started on our journey from Almansa.

The train hastened on, but it was midnight before we reached Alicante. Around all was darkness ; only at the different stations blazed a couple of gas-lights. People got out of and got into the carriages ; everywhere reigned uproar and disorder. I reflected with some anxiety on our arrival at the station at Alicante ; we had no one there, as at Barcelona, to take charge of us. How should we get on ? But our good star was in the ascendant. We had a proof of the Spanish people's kind consideration for strangers. A young Spaniard from Seville was in the same carriage with us, and at one of the stations there joined him a young officer, whose home was at Alicante. He was vivacity itself, and would talk to us, although our conversation was a strange mixture of French and Spanish, carried on principally by mutual guessing. We spoke of the comforts and discomforts of travelling, of the road police, of life in Alicante : he wished to know my position and my employment ; and when I told him that I was a poet, and that one of my first dramatic works had been the Spaniards in Denmark under Zamora, and he knew of that affair and the flight of the Spaniards, we became quite like old friends. I expressed my delight with his beautiful country, and at all the kindness we had met with.

We soon reached the station at Alicante. There was a frightful crowd, but our young friend called three sentinels who were on duty ; nevertheless one took a trunk, another a carpet-bag, and the third made way for us to pass to the tartan, which the officer himself had fetched. The throng of people went to one side ; they took us, doubtless, either for very distinguished persons, or for prisoners who were being conveyed to prison. It was all one to us ; we reached the

carriage : our two Spanish friends shook hands with us, and told us what we had to pay the driver, who took us to *Fonda del Bossio*, which was situated in one of the broad principal streets near *Alameda de la Reina*.

In the dark street, light streamed from lamps at the *Fonda* ; a wide staircase led up to the airy rooms covered with reed mats ; all the windows were open, but there was not a breath of wind stirring. They brought us splendid fruits — firm, juicy muscatel grapes, and sparkling wine, genuine Alicante. The sound of the sea was our music ; the stars of heaven, an illumination. It was a summer night such as I had never before known ; and next day was a summer morning, succeeded by a summer night ; and many, many such there were in sunny Spain.

The next day we were to see Alicante ! Whitewashed, flat-roofed houses with balconies, were the principal features of the place. Two or three of the streets were paved. *Alameda* looked like a fragment clipped from one of the Boulevards of Paris, and so small a bit that it would not have been missed. Its trees gave but little shade, yet people were sitting there on the stone benches looking at the promenaders. Here came a couple of Swedish sailors ; they spoke boldly and freely in their mother-tongue ; they knew that no one understood them. There passed, in a gay silk dress, and lace mantilla, a very pretty young lady : she tripped along on her small feet ; she managed her splendid fan with the utmost grace, she managed her eyes with good effect — she was a lady of high standing.

“ See that wench ! see that wench ! ” cried the sailors.

“ She is a beautiful frigate ! ” exclaimed the one.

“ She is firing signal shots ! ” said the other.

Near *Alameda*, out by the sea-shore, one comes upon a low but long building, a sort of bazaar for butchers, fishermen, and fruiterers. On the walls hung bloody hares and rabbits, with meat in larger and smaller pieces. In the fishermen's hall lay, on counters and in tubs, fish and aquatic animals of all colors, forms, and sizes ; among them eels, and clumsy, ill-shaped dark fishes. There was a constant buzz of voices,

parleyings between the sellers and the purchasers. From the meat and the fish markets, we passed to that of the vegetables ; oranges lay here in heaps like potatoes with us ; colossal onions and grapes hung round the pillars, and seemed to spring out of the dry wood. Outside of this place stretched the principal streets of the town, with fine buildings, among which the town-hall stood prominently forth, with a turret in each of its four corners. The cathedral was situated but a few steps from this, hidden, however, amidst confined lanes. The road passed through a damp arch, and half-dark piazza, which inclosed some sickly-looking plants and trees. The arches of the church were crowded too much together, and the light fell too sparingly amidst the heavy, mouldy air within. How often have I not in Spain, in the churches where devotion should be called forth, felt anxious to kneel with the congregation before the invisible God ; but in them I breathed an air that was not from heaven ; I wandered in a twilight that was created by man. Here is deposited in a press, under lock and key, the cloth wherewith the holy Saint Veronica wiped the Saviour's face when He was on His way to be crucified at Golgotha. I hastened from the interior of the church out to the Almighty's free, sunlit air ; I saw happy people around me, and perceived life and animation. Girls, elder women, and children stood on their balconies or at the doors of their houses ; here were plenty of subjects for an artist's pencil.

The rays of the sun could not penetrate to the base of the high houses ; the balconies met, so that neighbor could shake hands with neighbor from house to house. The beams of the sun shone more powerfully out upon the open square ; it seemed as if they imbibed more strength from the white walls of the houses, from the yellow dust upon the streets, and from the dry rocky walls around the town. There was not a tree, not a bush to be seen : the atmosphere itself was so dry, that the mouth and throat lost their natural moisture ; and if you wished to go over the sun baked port to one of the open bathing-houses on the shore, you must first gather up all your strength, and then, under the protecting shade of an umbrella, seek the sea, whose rolling waves can alone restore elasticity to your slothful, half-broiled limbs.

Along the beach, just under the flaming yellow rocky slopes, devoid of all vegetation, stood large wooden sheds wherein were kept some lions and hyenas ; if they had escaped from their confinement they would have thought themselves again in their sunny Africa. Past this place toward the road drove one carriage after another, filled with ladies and gentlemen in the national agricultural costume composed of velvet and silk ; they struck their castanets, they played the mandolin, and singular-looking, long-necked stringed instruments.

For the first time we heard next day of the Danish Consul, who, at about the distance of a mile from town, had been celebrating a people's festival. Ladies and gentlemen, in the garbs of the common people, had by torch-light danced until a late hour at night in the open square near the sea. What a pity that we had not known of this before ! In the town itself there was nothing to indicate this outpouring of its inhabitants. It was Sunday evening. Alameda displayed a crowd of promenaders ; there were military, civilians, ladies in dark mantillas and with glittering fans, damsels and grown up women with embroidered handkerchiefs on their heads. Military music played until midnight, troops of children danced in circles in the midst of the turmoil, all the benches were filled with gossiping groups ; it was like being present in a rustic ball-room. The gas-lights shone brightly under the dark trees. Down toward the sea, on the contrary, all was lonely and deserted ; not a single light glimmered there. I saw the large, clear stars, I heard the dashing of the waves ; but the music from Alameda reached even there. Thoughts of home came crowding on my mind, with recollections of our Danish summer nights, of the dances under the beech-trees, near the open sea-shore ; it was not homesickness that I felt. No — I was happy, for I **was** at home in my thoughts and feelings.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY BY DILIGENCE OVER ELCHE TO MURCIA.

ALICANTE is one of the principal stations for steamers along the Spanish coast.¹ It would have been more convenient for us to have gone by steam hence to Malaga, and from thence by land to Granada ; but then we should have had to have given up Murcia, which had been described to us as a most interesting town. There we should meet with Moorish reminiscences, there we should see Gitanos, and there we should find the most picturesque costumes in Spain. On the road to it, we should pass through the most tropical portion of the country, and be able to see the celebrated palm-groves of Elche, the largest in Europe. We could not give up all this. To be sure, connected with the journey were the most fearful histories of attacks and pillage. The country from Alicante to Murcia, and from thence farther on to Cartagena, was of as notorious ill repute as the Sierra Morena mountains themselves. However, our Consul, and every Spaniard to whom we spoke on the subject, assured us we had nothing to be afraid of ; that the police-road was excellent, and all the roads perfectly safe : we might travel with open purses in our hands ; no one would take a doit.

Genuine Spanish diligence travelling we were now to try. We took our places. Precisely at two o'clock in the morning, the tartane was at the door, and rumbled off with us through gloom and darkness to the large office where the diligence was kept. You might, until it was ready to start, wait in the narrow dismal street, or go inside, where a lamp and half a candle feebly illumined the nearest objects. The miserable light fell most prominently upon a scantily clad old gentleman in the

¹ The Spanish steamboats touch at Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, and Algeciras ; the French steamers between Marseilles and Algiers call only at Alicante.

inner office, that is to say, on a chest, puffing his cigar vigorously, and handing out wooden tickets, and receiving money from those of the passengers who had not yet paid their fare. Two armed men had stretched themselves on the bare ground, and an old woman, wrapt in a many-colored mantle, was sleeping on some well-filled sacks that were lying near. Trunks, chests, harnesses, and bundles of fagots were huddled together in the large room, which appeared larger in the darkness ; a couple of glowing cigars far back, showed that there were more space and more people than one saw.

The clock had struck four, ere the goods and the travellers were stowed away in the narrow, heavy, jolting machine that now, with a creaking noise, was set in motion, drawn by ten mules laden with jingling bells. I cannot say that we set off at once, as we had been accustomed to do before in Spain ; we went slowly, step by step ; the driver seemed unwilling to leave the dusty streets of Alicante. Here and there we knocked against a portion of the pavement. One might have thought that it was laid only to give the carriage and us a lively shock from time to time, when our heads came in close contact with the cover of the rumbling conveyance. We drove past Alameda, the lights were extinguished ; we drove past our hotel, where all seemed in deep repose. My fat Spanish neighbor was already sleeping, sleeping before we had left the very streets of Alicante, where in the deep twilight the houses looked like large whitewashed reservoirs in a town where water was scarce.

As it became more light, and the landscape could be better discerned, it assumed the appearance of a gray painting. The road was remarkably wide—ten carriages could have driven side by side on it. Sometimes it was stony and level, sometimes steep and cut up. The horizon was skirted by dark, bare hills. The whole country seemed as if adapted to assaults and robbery ; there was not a living creature to be seen. Scattered far and wide stood a solitary building, large and rambling, with stone cisterns for rain-water ; it was sold by the glass, was tepid and grayish white, and, even mixed with anisette, it tasted like medicine.

The road became worse and worse, and quite bore out the

most frightful descriptions that can be read of Spanish highways. It seemed as if we were driving over a wide dried-up village pool. The *mayoral* lashed the mules, the *zagal* shouted and whistled "Thiah!" and thundered forth a string of names which appeared a necessary appendage to the journey! The heavy, overladen vehicle in which we sat leaned terribly to the right, but regained its balance by its wheels suddenly sinking into a hole on the left. Happily it did not upset; it was too well accustomed to these jolts. Sometimes the carriage gave a hop over a little hillock of earth, so that the passengers were nearly thrown into a most uncomfortable state. Now, we were driving through wide, stagnant pools of water with unseen deep ruts; now, over stony slopes that protruded themselves into the road. We expected every moment to be upset, but that certainly did not happen; we went so fast that it was only the centrifugal power that kept us right.

And this neglected, terrible road led to a country that was a perfect paradise, an oasis of beauty, like Armida's enchanted garden. We were approaching Elche; we saw the valley with fruit-laden trees, and its extensive palm-wood, the largest and most beautiful in Europe. Enormous palms elevated here their upright trunks, covered, as it were, with layers of scales, surprisingly thick, and yet still slender in their great height. Dates hung in large thick clusters, upon stem after stem, under their green leafy screens. The whole of the underwood was composed of pomegranate-trees, where the bright-red fruit shone among the dark leaves; the pomegranates also hung from large green waving festoons; here and there stood a citron-tree, whose fruit looked pale yellow, contrasted with the vermilion pomegranates. We were in the home of luxuriance, a circle for the sun-beaming Sakuntala.

There is but one Elche in Spain.

The whole of this day's journey had opened to us a vista, a state of nature, which reminded us of views in the Holy Land. We had driven over scorched stone steppes, and quenched our thirst with the cisterns' tepid water; the sun's rays had burned us as they burn in the valleys of Palestine; in the heated air we had enjoyed the shades of the palm-trees as

King David enjoyed them, and as the disciples knew them in their wanderings.

Valencia's rich *campagna* may be called a garden of fragrant herbs. The environs of Elche are an Eastern park ; it is Spain's bouquet of palms — a bouquet miles in circumference. The town itself contains about two thousand inhabitants, and was, in the time of the Romans, larger and more important ; the sea then came far up, and Elche had a harbor. We drove for a short way alongside the yellow brownish walls ; they were covered with a drapery of creeping plants in rich fresh bloom. In the little *venta* where the diligence put up, we drank our chocolate, and after an hour's rest the mules shook again their jingling brass ornaments ; we were squeezed again, as before, into the diligence, which was now to proceed to *Orihuela*, whose fruitful *campagna* stands in such high repute among the Spaniards, that they say, — "Whether it rains or not, corn will grow at Orihuela."¹

The handsome buildings in the town, the immense cavalry barracks, the archbishop's palace, and the cathedral, I certainly saw, but I do not remember them. I perfectly remember, however, the inn here where we dined ; it was not to be forgotten. The court-yard, the rooms, the kitchen, the whole establishment, was as thoroughly old Spanish as could be. From the street you entered a yard crammed with all kinds of ancient vehicles, — gigs, tartanes, carriages from the era of that valiant knight Don Quixote, of blessed memory. The diligence stood here like a noble elephant in this menagerie of conveyances. Turkey-cocks, cats, and other living creatures, crowded the crooked path that led to the entrance of the house, which was adorned by a dusty, half-withered vine, on which hung rags and parings of fruit. The wide door-way had neither a door nor a mat ; the rooms were overcrowded with people at tables holding eatables ; the flies buzzed in enormous swarms, swaying about like large dark veils. Not a vacant chair or bench was to be found ; one had to seek for a seat outside, and to be thankful to get a stone or an inverted tub, and to place yourself on it, sheltered by an umbrella from the hot rays of the sun.

¹ Lluvo o no Lluvo, trigo à Orihuela.

The kitchen was the central point from whence the other rooms diverged. The fire-place was all in a blaze: there were roasting and frying going on; women, the one uglier than the other, old and young, were hard at work scraping nuts, cutting up meat, cooking, waiting on the people; and yet all proceeding with a slowness, a laziness, an indifference, exceedingly provoking to a hungry person. The hostess, a young, fair woman, fat to a degree, issued her commands in a deep bass voice; she seemed possessed of considerable strength, and could doubtless have forced a man down on his knees. She would have made a first-rate model for the youthful wife of a bandit. She did not seem to care that a new batch of travellers had arrived, that the diligence had only a short time to stop there, and that we were all in want of food. Several times she was requested to attend to our wants, but she never even answered us. She seemed as if she saw nothing and heard nothing; she thought fit to become merry, and began chattering to a couple of favorite guests who were regaling themselves in all comfort. When, after having waited about an hour, I seized her arm and insisted on her letting me have at least a glass of wine, she stared in amazement at me, gave me a sort of half-gracious nod, and said, —

“Wait till your turn comes!”

And I was obliged to wait. We were all obliged to wait, until the mules with their jingling bells were again put to the diligence, and the mayoral cracked his whip; then two old women started forward at her signal glance, spread a cloth upon the table, and placed one roast after the other before us. Madame stood in the middle of the floor, with her arms akimbo, and assumed such a commanding, overbearing look, that it was absolutely amusing. She might have been painted as the public-house sign.

We entered the carriage, and set forth; but the road was, if possible, still worse than that we had already known. We encountered hole upon hole — hurried over convex and concave, over ruts and hillocks. It was no comfort to us that at a short distance off they were forming a good road, which would be ready for use in a few weeks. The Queen of Spain

was at that time at Seville. She was visiting for the first time the southern provinces of the country. As she was expected at Murcia, the authorities were anxious that Her Majesty should find the roads good, and they were working hard to improve them. Certainly she would never imagine what former poor travellers had gone through.

The dark naked hills seemed to recede more and more toward the horizon ; the fields were overgrown with colossal cacti, covered with their ripe reddish-yellow fruit ; and on the heights near stood the dazzling red *pimientos* — Spanish pepper — the bright-colored shells spread out in the sun to dry.

About two hundred men were working hard on the new railroad. We sat and gasped for air, and longed for a drop of water ; it was brought to us in a large clay vessel, which had been lying concealed under the shade of the cacti ; the water was warmish, and had a very bad taste. The sun's rays gave us a continuous hot bath ; I do think we were not far from being boiled. The tartanes stopped quietly on the road, the horses in them slept, the drivers slept, the people in the inside stretched themselves on the cushions ; and if any one was thinking of the Bible at that moment, it must have been about the men in the fiery furnace. Not a bird was winging its way through the glowing, heated air ; and all the fiery elements around seemed to have concentrated themselves in two large brilliant eyes, which gazed at me as I entered a low, flat-roofed house, amidst the dusty, clumsy, elephant-sized cacti. A half-grown girl, apparently about twelve years of age, of real Murillo beauty, very scantily clothed — this, probably, was owing to the heat — sat there with a heavy bunch of ripe grapes in her hand. Passion and self-indulgence were expressed in that Bacchante image. Well, we were in the warm lands !

There was not a breath of wind stirring ; the very dust had not power to raise itself from the road ; and beneath, in the bed of the river, there was not a drop of water. The river had been, as the Spaniards say, bled, and to such a degree that its life seemed extinct. Here, as at Valencia, the water, by skillful artificial means, was made to irrigate the *campagna*, which is thus rendered a fruitful garden ; vines, maize, beans,

and love-apples grow in the woods, amidst mulberry and pomegranate-trees. We drove through the empty bed of the river, alongside of tall bamboos, and bridges we ought to have passed over rose above us, like old triumphal arches.

Before us, in the centre of this large fruit-garden, we beheld Murcia : the slender spire of the cathedral towered far above the other buildings, as if it were standing up to bid us welcome.

CHAPTER VI.

MURCIA.

WE drove through unpaved streets, past the fashionable promenade of the town, La Glorieta ; and the diligence stopped at a *huespedes*, that reminded us of the wretched inn at Orihuela. A young dirty *pepita*, with fresh white flowers in her dark greasy hair, made up to us, and offered to take us to two rooms with balconies. The fiery red petticoat, the bright yellow handkerchief, and the white worked collar, told that, however far from clean her neck and arms were, she was proud of her beauty. Cocks and hens flew at her approach as she crossed the court-yard ; and when she heard that we had taken apartments elsewhere in the town, she mounted the frail, low balustrade before the stable in the yard, and struck her castanets, and cast meaning glances at us, until we were out of sight of these fire-works.

A thin old man seized next upon our boxes and valises, bound them all together, and set off with them at a gallop. We soon reached the cathedral, and behind it, on the Plaza de San Leandro, we entered the hotel that had been recommended to us ; namely, "Antigua casa de hospedage de la Cruz." It was not a fonda of the first class, but it was the best place in Murcia for a stranger to place himself. Here we found excellent accommodation at a reasonable price. We had two large rooms, with balconies looking out on the Plaza, and a side street. We had brought letters to the host, Don Juan de la Cruz, and his wife, but we were told that these two no longer kept the hotel, which was now under the charge of some of their relations, young, good-natured, and very well qualified people. They asked whether we wished to be served according to the French or the Spanish fashion ; we chose the latter, and were quite satisfied with it. We got, in

abundance, roasted peacocks and quails, splendid fruit, and good wine ; and for all this — for living and lodging — we only paid daily sixteen reals, about nine Danish marks.¹

We resided on the Plaza just behind the splendid cathedral ; the tones of the organ and the chanting of the mass reached us, but outside all was lonely and still. We saw a few priests in their rich robes proceed across the Plaza, accompanied by a couple of choristers in red tunics, with wide lace collars. The church was, of course, the first place we visited. In its original state, as a Turkish mosque, the whole building must have been of great magnificence ; in the lapse of ages, however, it has undergone many changes, and has suffered from the addition of tawdry ornaments. The grand principal entrance has been overladen with architectural designs or bass-reliefs, and heavy stone statues crowd the passage. Though the Moorish spire has also had several of its horseshoe-formed, narrow windows walled up, and replaced by other apertures, yet these are somewhat in the Moorish style. Low inclined planes, leading upward, form a convenient ascent from the street to the bells in the heights above. Loudly they sing out in the breeze over town and country !

What most interested me in Murcia was the gypsy tribes that are settled there ; as at Granada, they occupy a suburb themselves. It was not quite safe to venture among their habitations alone, people said ; the knife is in too free use among them. In all parts of Europe, wherever the gypsies are now found, they are a roving, lawless race ; they are such in Hungary, in England, and up in Norway, where they are known as "Fantefolk : " only in Spain they seem to find a home. Without education, wandering in paganism the Gitanos, an Egyptian horde, hunted about, were permitted, like other wild animals, to live and seek their food.

Next day I was to go to the suburb of Murcia where they resided, but I was told that I would not find that place exclusively devoted to their race, for during the last years Christian families had also lived there ; and some gypsy born, had settled themselves in the town. The Spaniards and Gitanos

¹ Nine Danish marks are about eighty cents.

even intermarry now. The march of progress was driving romance from the field.

From the quiet neighborhood of the church, where we were living, we passed to a more stirring quarter, where the Alameda was situated. Here beautiful weeping willows drooped their leafy branches over the dried-up river bed. A large stone bridge led over to a Plaza filled with people, where there were noise and bustle enough. Peasants in their picturesque garbs sat upon their gayly ornamented mules, with their wives or their sweethearts behind them. Children of three or four years of age were playing about, and being tanned in the sun ; one had the peeled skin of an orange round his throat : that was his distinction. Laurel-trees and flowering oleanders grew here literally in the gutters ; and in these was water, clear water, which found its way to the dried-up depth of the large river. We were here, however, not on the way to the gypsy suburb, we were told, but we found it. If I could draw, I would have brought home some sketches from this place.

Close to a small thatched house, where there was a dust-covered oleander-tree in full bloom, stood a dark-haired lad, as brown as if his skin had been dyed with walnut-juice : his eyes were black and sparkling, his features quite those of a gypsy. He was engaged in sharpening a large knife, and was assisted by a little nut-brown girl, in an orange-colored petticoat ; one sleeve was wanting to her white under-garment, but it was a dainty little child's arm that we saw. She turned the grindstone, and put her tongue out after me as I passed her.

We took the shortest way home, through the long principal street, Calle del Caballeros : the sun was so powerful, that we ourselves looked like gypsies. Not far from the church stood a building, which we took for a café, fitted up with the elegance we had seen in Barcelona. Here were airy halls ; stone pillars supported the roof ; a large awning was spread over the garden, where, amidst flower-beds and fountains, were placed seats and small tables, on which lay books and newspapers. Collin and I walked in, and asked for refresh-

ments. The waiter smiled, and said that we were in a club-house, the Casino of the town ; but added that we might remain there, read the newspapers, and amuse ourselves : we were strangers, and that was enough, — he must only first inform one of the directors ; and we immediately received the permission requested with Spanish politeness, our names not even being asked, only the country from whence we came.

It was shady here, but there was no air ; heat ruled all. During that part of the day when the sun is most powerful, people should keep themselves quiet, and not be scampering about ; but our “shoes were made of running leather.” The evening is the time to go out, and then one should proceed to the Alameda, which lies high, and from which the view extends, over the river and the campagna, as far as the hills. The setting sun irradiated them with a rich glow, but only for a moment ; the brightest tints speedily faded away, and out sprang the stars, as if they had been waiting for that signal.

The sound of castanets came from a house near, but not as we hear them in the north : up there they sound as if the performers were only rattling little wooden cups ; here they are struck so skillfully, that the music they make is not merely marked in time, but full of expression. They take their place as independent instruments, and the melody they yield is like a poem ; it is the secret and yet warmly expressed confession of two loving hearts. We know nothing in the north of the power of castanets : —

Pomegranate-trees, and citron-trees, and trees of such high name,

Of castanets, 'tis often said, they were the parent wood,

And these, in music, seem to praise the trees from which they came.

Amidst their themes they sometimes choose the warmth that's in our blood,

The blood that from the beating heart fast to the finger flows,

And causes in such speaking tones the castanets to sound.

Say, canst thou understand at all the feeling there that glows ?

Say, canst thou understand the words that music scatters round ?

It says, what oft and oft, my friend, is echoed by the heart,

As the pomegranate and citron-trees with their beauty must decay ;

So we may love, and meet in joy, but soon we must depart :

For 'tis of all created things, the doom to pass away.

So the castanets seemed to say ; and their musical syllables have formed my first song in Spain.

From a small street a funeral procession advanced over the Plaza ; it was the only one I happened to see during the whole of my stay in the country. Lights burned with very long wicks, prayers and psalms were said and sung. I did not understand the words, but I thought of the old Spanish hymn of Prudentius,¹ which we have in our Danish psalm-book. It was the funeral of a young girl ; there were numerous crosses, and flags with religious inscriptions ; every individual in the procession carried a long thin wax candle lighted, and choristers were swinging the censers. Aloft, on the shoulders of men in masks, was borne, on a carpet embroidered with silver, the open coffin. A young girl lay there, looking like a lovely waxen figure, almost covered with flowers, under the clear starry firmament above : one might have thought that she was asleep, and that with song and blessings they were carrying her to her sleeping chamber.

All the spectators on the balconies, and all who met the procession in the street, saluted the dead — she who in her deep repose was some steps nearer to the last portals than all of us who were living. I gazed at the procession until it had passed the church, and the last light had disappeared.

The evening was calm, and the stars were shining brightly ; suddenly we heard again castanets, young hearts were meeting or longing to meet. And now there came a harsh, jingling, rumbling noise ; it was the diligence, drawn by twelve mules, hung with bells and jingling brass ornaments as usual ; they passed on, the lantern in front of the mayoral glimmered over the trotting mules, and again all was stillness on the Plaza and in the streets ; the guitars and castanets were hushed, and all was quiet above and beneath. How large and how clear the stars looked ; How light and yet how warm the air was ! It was pleasant to live and to breathe in !

How long was our stay at Murcia to be ? That would be decided by the first steamer that went from Cartagena to Malaga. We determined to wait eight days for it, but not

¹ Med Sorgen og Klagen hold Maade.

longer: if it did not arrive within that time, we would have to go back to Alicante, whence the steamboats take their departure at regular periods.

One of our friends at Murcia telegraphed for us to Cartagena; and the telegram which came in reply announced, that a steamer to Malaga was expected, and that we had better next day take the six hours' journey to Cartagena.

At ten o'clock in the morning the diligence was to start from the same place, where four days previously we had been set down. The filthy pepita stood there again in her fiery-red skirt and orange-colored handkerchief, with fresh flowers on her still greasy hair. The diligence we were to go by seemed to be composed of two wooden booths nailed together. Collin and I with an old clerical gentleman, entered the foremost booth: the shutters between us and the shop behind were immediately opened, so that we had constantly a cold draught on our necks, and six people as ballast. There was a frightful coquette, an affected servant girl; she jabbered without ceasing; there was an elderly dame, fat and coarse, a lump of sleeping flesh: in the farthest corner sat a person in curiously patched attire; it was a question which rag on his coat or his pantaloons had originally belonged to these garments. There were three other people, one of whom seemed to belong to a better class; he had a frill to his shirt, and a glittering breast-pin, but his linen looked as if it required to pass through the hands of a laundress. Tobacco smoke and the smell of onions pervaded the atmosphere in the carriage. I perceived this the moment I put my feet upon the steps to enter the vehicle, and I was obliged to turn to take a mouthful of less foul air. Looking up toward the balcony of a house near, I saw a number of women crowding there, making signs and bidding adieu to their male and female friends; in the foremost rank of them stood a pretty child, a little girl seemingly about two years of age. I nodded to her, and she was so much abashed that, in her innocence, she drew up all her little garments over her head. Let no one say that the young Spaniards are not bashful.

And now we rumbled on through a crowd of people out of the town, and entered a shady alley with gardens, vineyards, and mulberry groves, and took our way far from warm Murcia.

CHAPTER VII.

CARTAGENA.

FOR the first hour or so, we drove through the fertile *campagna*, but this pleasure was soon over ; the country became stony, and burned up ; a strong penetrating wind blew from the sea ; all around was a waste wearisome to the eye, and deserted by human beings. At length we stopped before a lonely building on the roadside, and some tepid rain-water, mixed with bad anisette, was offered to us for sale. At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Cartagena, and, through very narrow gloomy streets, *Fonda Francesa*, a hotel strongly recommended to us. Long dark passages, with narrow steep steps, we had to traverse and to mount ; dismal and dingy everything seemed ; high prison-looking rooms ; windows, with iron bars, were placed so high up that it would have been necessary to get upon a table to see out of them, or rather to see in at the neighbor's open balcony door, the balconies being always in near contact with the opposite windows. Such a chamber was assigned to Collin. I obtained one with a balcony door, and small glass panes in the thick walls. Here, however, I was by no means comfortable, unless it might be called comfortable to live all at once in a family, and be associated with your neighbors without entering into their apartments. There is the width of a street intervening, but that might be easily overcome ; one jump, and you would be among the family. The curtains opposite had been drawn back : there was no sunshine except in the young Señora's eyes, and I should have been wrong to have excluded that sunshine from my apartment.

Here, in a town of Africa,
Cartagena called, I dwell,
In a small and narrow street,
So narrow you can't tell.

And easily my hand might reach
To yonder balcony in sooth,
Where the lovely daughter sits
In all the charms of youth.

Her rounded form is full of grace,
Her long dark hair, when 'tis unbound,
With its glossy ringlets falls
Until it sweeps the ground.

Her shoulders are like the antique,
Her eyes are like the lightning's flash;
To meet that beauty's flaming glance
The mortal must be rash.

The air has Afric's burning heat,
The blood, like it is full of fire;
So my lamp I will put out,
And discreetly shall retire!

At a very early hour in the morning — it was scarcely four o'clock — I heard a knocking at my door, and a lad told me that the steamer for Malaga had arrived, and was to start early that morning. I confess I was much vexed; I was tired of travelling, and had as yet seen nothing of Cartagena. The lad said something about a ship that was to sail for Malaga the next day, or the day after; and when I heard of the chance, I almost made up my mind to stop.

Our Danish Consul, a Spaniard — Bartolomeo Spottarno, — received me with much kindness, and requested his son, who is Russian Vice-Consul, and who, having been educated in Germany, spoke German well, to be a guide to me and my travelling companion, and he was a most excellent one; we could not have wished a better cicerone; none could have been more intelligent and more lively.

Through *Puerta del Mar* we reached the harbor; it is of great extent, and tremendously deep: a rocky island shelters it from the winds; the forts *Fuerte de Navidad*, and the castle of *Santa Barbara*, protect it from foes. More wild, more rugged scenery than this place exhibited, I have never beheld; not a tree, not a bush, not even a hardy cactus was to be seen. The rocks, both near and at a distance, had the reddish-yellow look of peat ashes. Silver mines are found in the mountains,

and in the valleys grows so richly the *Esparto*-grass, that the town near has derived its name, *Spartana*, from it. When, in about a couple of years, the railroad is finished between Madrid and Cartagena, the harbor here will doubtless become the most frequented of all the harbors in Spain. Accompanied by a young naval officer, a relation of our Consul, we crossed in a boat to the arsenal, and saw the enormous wharves and docks, a deep rocky basin : galley-slaves were working everywhere. For the moment, work and everything seemed to give place to the excitement of the Queen's expected visit. In several of the rooms people were employed in carving and daubing shields, painting transparencies, and preparing various articles of ornament for the occasion ; a pretty garden was being laid out ; earth, plants, and flowers were being brought to it.

Cartagena lies low : only one street ascends the rocky coast a little way ; the view from this place over the bay and the sea is very fine. I mounted this hilly street alone, and higher and higher I went. I met a peasant on his mule with two full heavy sacks before him ; one of them had burst open ; out of it dripped portions of a yellow ochre and red mass ; they had to mend the bag with some rags and needle and thread : it was the red Almagro earth he was carrying ; it was dug up at a village close by, he informed me, and was used to mix with tobacco snuff. I proceeded a little farther until I came to a house without windows ; all the light admitted into the interior was through the open door ; outside of it sat an extremely pretty young girl mending her red petticoat ; it was a large tear, therefore she had taken the garment off, and was holding it in her lap. Close by her stood a little boy in a very short tunic ; he leaned against the door-post, and played the castanets, though he did not draw powerful tones. I passed on, but had to return the same way ; large drops of rain were falling, and presently a heavy shower came on, and I had to take refuge in the house without windows, where the little boy with the castanets and the young beauty lived. She chatted to me as if I were a resident of Cartagena, and as if we had often seen each other ; but in her demeanor she was so feminine, so charm-

ing, she might well have been the daughter of a nobleman : she held her head as high as if all Cartagena belonged to her, and she were attired in silk and gold, and yet she only wore a red petticoat. She showed the little boy how he ought to play the castanets, and did so with an earnestness that was amusing. The rain stopped too soon, and only the heavy rain afforded me any pretense for remaining ; but as I walked away I heard the sound of the castanets. I heard it even as far as the commencement of the steep street ; there, however, other castanets drowned the more distant ones ; and when I reached my room, castanets sounded from the house of the opposite neighbor. There were some pretty daughters in that house, and some young soldiers had come to visit them : they had thrown off their jackets, and the castanets were in full operation, performing not only simple melodies, but more difficult passages ; their playing was quite artistic. Dancing then commenced : they laughed, they sung, they played on the guitar, until the warm day had given place to the starry night. I sat on my balcony, and looked on with pleasure at the gayety of youth.

With castanets they danced,
 Their only music this :
 Their eyes into each other's glanced,
 Quaffing sweet draughts of bliss.

They whirled just like Bacchantes round,
 Their strength combined with grace ;
 O ! what beauty may be found
 Oft in the human race.

A pomegranate and lovely pink
 They looked, that happy pair —
 The votaries of art might think
 They formed a picture rare.

Yes ! They looked into each other's eyes, they read their future in the sparkling stars above ; they looked up toward the brilliant heavens, toward the infinite ! Ah, happy youth ! They kissed each other without seeming to notice that I could see them, and the respectable-looking old lady in the black mantilla saw them too ; she was probably the mother, and if so, that kiss was a betrothal. How delightful to be thus

young and joyous ! It was a warm night, and they came out on the balcony.

How bright the stars of heav'n ! Each one I know ;
Friends from my distant home they seem to glow ;
They send a breeze refreshing all, a sweet,
A cooling drink amidst this scorching heat.
The light wind sweeping o'er the burning sand,
Seems like a kiss from the dear Danish land.

No steamer leaves any Spanish port on a Sunday, therefore we knew on Saturday evening that we had at least a whole day to remain here ; Collin determined to spend the time in visiting the silver mines. More active than I was in traversing long and toilsome roads, he went about on foot, and saw much more than I was able to do of the environs of the town. From the hills of Barcelona, Valencia, and Murcia, he brought home scientific collections, and had many an amusing story to tell about the Spanish peasants. Before he reached the silver mines the rain was falling in torrents ; I spent most of the day in reading the newspapers at *Circulo Cartagenero*, the club of the town, to which we had been introduced by the younger Spottarno. The pretty rooms surrounded a court paved with marble ; it is the grand saloon, with the sky for its roof : under the roof hung to-day heavy rainy clouds, which soon emptied themselves, so that the water quite flooded the marble floor, and it became necessary to put down as many defenses as could be found among the pillars before the open apartments, to prevent their being also under water.

The rain did not play a poor part in Cartagena : on one of the table-lands just over the town, the rain-water formed a perfect lake, and if this overflowed, it poured down upon Cartagena. Another disagreeable guest here is the so-called *Mistral*, — a cold and biting wind ; we were also doomed to become acquainted with it. The wind rose to a terrible pitch, and at the same time came the intelligence that after midnight the steamer *Ne plus ultra* would arrive and would take up the passengers for Malaga. We were to go with it, and it was blowing a gale of wind, which might perhaps subside the next morning, or might last for two or three days. It was a

pleasant anticipation. The wind howled over Cartagena, and amidst the long streets, and tore through the houses. It sounded on the air like tones of misery. Verdi has in his opera "Rigoletto," in the effect scenes of the last act, this moaning of the wind imitated by human voices. The sea was doubtless in a state of wild uproar, and yet we had to venture on it; it threw me into a fever even to think of it.

The storm still raged, yet we had to go. We felt a good deal of anxiety and uneasiness; there was no hope of any comfort; none was whispered by the wind or waves, but my heart said:—

How my thoughts to the morrow will fly!
Ah, none on the future can count:
Like a sunken wreck, I may lie,
And the drop from Eternity's fount—
My earthly life! It may die.

My mind was harassed, and I fought
A battle within me, but when
In the prayer of my childhood I sought
For peace, it was granted me then,
And my spirit submission was taught.

It was our last night in Cartagena, Hasdrubal's town, and on it I dreamed that I was walking at the bottom of the sea. Singular plants, as splendid as the palm-trees of Elche, waved around me: I beheld magnificent pearls, but none of them was so beautiful as the eyes I had seen in Spain: above me rolled the ocean, with its solemn tones so like an organ and a holy song. I was a prisoner in the depths of the sea, and longed for life above its surface in the clear, bright sunshine.

Next morning early, when I woke up, the weather was charming; the storm had ceased, every cloud had vanished, not the slightest breeze was stirring. The harbor was like a mirror; and on the sea, as far as we could discern, there was a dead calm. The screw-steamer *Ne plus ultra* lay with its flag floating in the air. We went on board, and enjoyed for several hours the view of Cartagena and its bare volcanic hills; it was two o'clock before we reached the open sea.

According to the published bills, it was a genuine Spanish

craft in which we had embarked, and filthy enough it was. The deck was crowded with a multitude of passengers from other places : there were dirty children, tumbling, uncontrolled, about the deck ; their parents were engaged in spreading about some sort of couches, for the comfort and repose of their families. Collin and I were the only occupants of the best cabin ; it was low, narrow, and with nasty sofa pillows. In order to be able to sleep there at night, I had to get out of my port-manteau a clean linen garment and wrap it round my pillow ; it was too shockingly dirty to approach it without a covering. The mate and the chief engineer, just as they left their employments, without any ablutions whatever, took their places at the dinner-table ; but they were good-natured, unassuming men, and the mate not only knew Hamburg, but even Copenhagen, so far north had he been. On deck the sun was very warm ; we had no awning ; the sea was tranquil, and it became more and more calm, — quite the reverse of what during the stormy night at Cartagena I had pictured to myself. The sea was sleeping, and my fears also slept ; but they awoke again when darkness came, and I was lying in the cabin, where the lamp had gone out, for no one took any care of it. The screw of the vessel made a frightful noise ; something seemed to have gone wrong in the machinery, and it sounded as if they were working on a hole in the hull. Every moment we appeared to be knocking against or scraping over some rocky ground. I could not understand it, or make out what was going on ; so I crawled from the dark below, up to the equally dark deck, where not a sailor but the man at the helm was to be seen : the deck passengers lay hidden under sacks, cloaks, and pieces of carpet. I looked over the side of the ship into the deep sea ; large, strange-looking fishes emitted light as they darted about.

As I was groping my way down again in the dark to the cabin, I met the captain on the stairs, the most active of them all. He was very polite, and had the lamp lighted again, but it was impossible for me to sleep. The strange noises continued, so that at last I settled it in my own mind that we had run too near the land, and things were not going on right. I crawled up again on deck ; the vessel was moving like a death-ship, without a living being to be seen.

At length light began to streak the horizon ; the heavens and the sea became the color of wine ; dolphins sprang from the surface of the water, threw somersaults in the fresh air, and settled and flocked round the ship, as if they were waiting for their *Arion*. The captain made the steamer slacken its speed, else we should arrive too early, he said, at Malaga. The Health Committee were not early risers ; and until they had been on board, we should not be permitted to land : this was the custom in Spanish harbors. At last we steered round the light-house into the harbor, and before us lay Malaga, with its white houses, its magnificent cathedral, and its elevated *Gibralfaro*, once a strong Moorish fortress.

CHAPTER VIII.

MALAGA.

WE were most anxious to land. The sun burned furiously, and the coal-dust from the chimneys lay thick on the deck, on the gunwale, and on the seats: it was anything but pleasant. All around we saw people and goods being landed and brought on board. Sailors and ragged boys lay in boats below, to take us ashore. They made signs, they shouted, they fastened their boats to the steamer; but no boat from the Health Committee was to be seen, and we were therefore obliged to remain. The harbor was full of merchantmen, and among these several from Denmark. Not less than twenty-five Danish ships were here, I was told afterwards. The white cross on the red ground was waving a greeting from home, and seemed a pledge that we should find ourselves at home in Malaga. One of the passengers, the director of a manufactory, from Almaden, took charge of us when at length we *did* land, and conducted us to *Fonda del Oriente*, a well-managed hotel, where Spanish, French, and German were spoken. One of the waiters, a young man from Berlin, was particularly attentive to us. He considered us as countrymen.

Our balcony looked out on the Alameda, with its green trees, fountains, and numerous promenaders. There went bare-legged Bedouins in their white burnouses, African Jews in long embroidered kaftans, Spanish women in their becoming black mantillas, ladies of higher rank in bright-colored shawls, elegant-looking young men on foot and on horseback, peasants and porters; all was life and animation. An awning shaded our balcony, and there we sat and contemplated the stirring scene on the Alameda, and enjoyed a view of the harbor and the sea. The waiter brought us some English

ale. It was like nectar, after our having drank nothing for several weeks but heating wine, and tepid water with anisette. This seems a thriving place. The sun set, and evening came on. I sat with a paper cigar, such as the Spaniards make. The first whiff has always a cigar taste ; the second — well, one is smoking ! The stump of the cigar is cast away, to take a new paper cigar, or, better still, a real cigar. In the world of art, these poets and poetesses, these male and female songsters, of whom people soon get tired, are only paper. Away with the stumps ! Here comes an Havana ! Teach me, paper cigars, like you, in my works to leave off dreaming of a name and renown ! Teach me to know that I shall be cast aside ; that my life is only a vapor, of consequence to none ! This mood came over me — and it fled when I got the good cigar.

The candles were now lighted, for daylight had gone. The stars were beginning to shine, the crowd increased beneath ; the promenaders went under the trees on the level ground ; riders and persons driving kept the paved road. A band of musicians were playing airs from “Norma” ; my thoughts turned into verse, on the sweet southern evening.

Under the lofty trees they throng,
That skirt the Alameda nigh,
Bright gas lamps cast their blaze around ;
The new moon lights yon distant sky.

The murmur of the sea is hushed,
No breeze sighs through the tranquil air ;
The very clouds, like marble forms,
In the deep stillness seem to share.

Do these unchanging clouds not bring
Sweet thoughts of a dear northern strand ?
Yon ocean is the pathway to
My own, my much-loved native land !

I felt myself impelled to go down to the Alameda, down among the crowd ; pretty women, with black eyes full of fire, were there to be seen. They waved, with peculiar grace, their dark, spangled fans, and showed how much truth there is in the old Spanish verse, —

Una muger malagneña,
 Tiene en sus ojos un sol ;
 En su sonrisa la aurora ;
 Y un paraíso en su amor.

Here these lines were carried out by living illustrations. The people all looked in high good humor, as if life showed only to them its sunny side, beaming with joy and freshness. Malaga, charming town, I feel myself at home in thee ! I exclaimed gayly —

No mortal do I know, and nobody knows me ;
 One of the seven sleepers is what I seem to be ;
 I wander here alone, as if midst a new race,
 Strange alike to me are the people and the place.

A pleasant thing it is, just like a straw to drift
 Here, there, and everywhere, upon the current swift.
 Would that I might, in the straw's fashion, greet
 With kisses every flower that on the stream I meet !

It is exceedingly warm in Malaga. And what is the soil on which one treads here ? To whom does it belong ? From the sea mounted Venus Anadyomene ; the bottom of the sea here is her maternal inheritance ; it was thence she raised herself from the ocean. The whole of the long street close by, where the Danish flag waves from the Consul's house ; the space which is covered with warehouses, and the green-painted birds' cages on the low roofs, is won from the sea, the property of Venus Anadyomene. In the time of the Moors, the sea rolled over the sands up to Malaga's massive walls. Of these even now a remnant still stands near the Alameda ; the horseshoe-shaped arch which forms the entrance tells us at once in whose time it was built, and that this was one of the entrances to the town. Not far off, in a crooked, narrow street, still remain a couple of old Moorish houses, with whitewashed walls ; part of the whitewash, portions here and there have peeled off, revealing marble pillars. In the little court are still to be seen large marble ornaments. Many of them are plastered over ; clumsy buildings are raised, as if to destroy all vestiges of the original beauty. Who resided here in the olden times ? No one knows that. At present it is made use of as a hard

ware shop. In the shop towered slender marble columns, with rich architectural ornaments under the carved wooden roof; steep stone staircases and narrow passages unite a number of apartments, in every one of which are to be seen magnificent relics of times long gone by. The roof is finished by a cupola — “a scooped-out orange,” it is called — and is ornamented with gilding, and with lozenges of various inlaid woods. One might fancy that the spirit of departed ages still dreamed in here — but what it dreams is a mystery to us.

One passes with slow steps through these interesting chambers; one lingers there, and is unwilling to leave them. One feels the same sort of melancholy pleasure as when, at a pawnbroker's shop, amidst all manner of articles, is dragged forth an old portrait remarkable for something very characteristic, or for extreme beauty. One knows that it is many, many scores of years since the original of that figure was living and blooming on this earth. Of her history and fate we know nothing. A bandeau of pearls, the materials of her rich attire, or her complexion and features, are some guide to the imagination. Thus also, in these elegantly built rooms, with their light, graceful windows, and their lofty, fantastic roofs, one speculates upon the life that was formerly led here. Perhaps skillful hands labored herein and created masterpieces of art, such as at different places we have seen and admired. Perhaps sparkled here the most beautiful eyes in Malaga; or a poet may have lived here, and to the melodious tones of a lute may have composed those verses which are now sung by the voices of the people. Perhaps the clash of weapons was the music dearest to him who once, under the Khalifs of Omijaden, called this dwelling his own.

Another building stands near this, richer and more betokening the position of its ancient owner. The open colonnade which led out to the court is indeed walled up, but the columns with their arches still distinctly stand forward; the pretty open Moorish window-frames have been preserved. To be sure, the rooms and saloons are crowded with cases and all manner of lumber, but all this cannot deprive these chambers of their ancient grandeur. The beautifully carved and gilded

roofs seemed as if only a few years old, and the ornaments on the walls looked fresh. In the centre of one of the rooms we beheld an elegant marble basin, with its dried-up iron pipe, through which formerly water streamed in, shedding coolness around. Outside, in one of the high walls which inclose the garden, even now water murmurs in long, hollowed, marble conduits ; flowers grew luxuriantly in the conduits and crevices ; a mighty palm raised its leafy shelter high over a thicket of orange-trees and rose-bushes. Beautiful indeed was it all, though everything seemed given over to decay — left entirely to itself. In times gone by, this garden was tended and cultivated. How charming then, after the oppressively hot day, to assemble here, in the clear starry evening, or in the bright moonlight ! Jets d'eaux glittered among the fragrant trees. Many a happy moment has perhaps been spent here, perhaps moments of agony. When the Christians were encamped outside of the walls, and distress and want were rife within, Gib-ralfaro, the fortress above, was determined to hold out to the last man.

It was my amusement to fancy, during my wanderings here, that the warm sunshine was a magic veil, cast over the old place and the old garden, in which all lay in a state of deep repose ; that when the veil was raised, the magic power would also vanish, the fountains would then play in the marble basins, the trees and flowers would bloom more freshly, Moorish men and women would arise from their death-sleep to life and labor !

When I left this place of old memories, I heard in the street the sound of castanets. Under the shadow of a house sat a young, pretty Gitana, selling chestnuts ; there came peasants with baskets full of figs and dates ; heavy bunches of ripe grapes lay above each other amidst the pretty brownish-red vine leaves. From the dying reminiscences of the past, one went forth into real active life ; it was a pleasure to go wherever your feet might carry you. Everywhere was something new to engage your attention, one picture of life in the south quickly succeeded another. On one of the Plazas, surrounded by cafés and shops, stands the statue of a pretty female : it holds in its hand a torch, which is lighted every evening. It

is as if you saw the enchantress Circe petrified from departed ages, awaking into the warmth of life, and waiting until the dead shall rise, that is to say, in the world of poetry, when their poet shall have come to celebrate this place as Washington Irving did the Alhambra.

Through crooked, irregular streets, you reach, from this place, the immense Cathedral of Malaga, which stands like a mountain hewn out of marble, commanding in its vastness the whole town. When seen from the sea, it is a most imposing structure. Here you come out again upon the Alameda; and if you continue straight up to the river Guadalmedina, you find yourself in that part of Malaga where the life of the lower classes is the most stirring, and that is not on the Plaza above, but down below, nearly in the river's bed. The river had been almost for a year entirely without water, and now, in its dried-up state, it had been converted into a market-place. Horses and asses stood in it, bound in pairs; viands were being cooked in pots and pans over blazing fires; tables and plates were laid; — it would have made a good sketch! Meanwhile, if a torrent of rain came on — a heavy shower amidst the hills — then the bed of the river would fill suddenly, the water would rush with wild velocity toward the sea, carrying everything with it. There is no time for flight. It is related that, last spring some oxen attached to a wagon were quietly drinking, when they were carried off by the current, as they were not near enough to the bank of the river to escape. At the time we saw it, the bed of the river looked as if there had been no rain for years.

It was an extraordinary spectacle.

The bed of the river is dry;
 As a high road now it serves;
 And a market and shops are there;
 The counters are stones: one observes
 Here, for sale, all sorts of odd things, —
 Twine, snails, fruit, old iron, are found.
 For this picture the high arid hills
 Form a fitting frame-work around.
 Peasants, with guns in their hands,
 With each in his belt a knife,

Ride on their rough-clad mules ;
All around is bustle and life.

On a sudden the scene is changed,
And O what torrents of rain !
Roaring streams from the mountains flow,
And every defense is in vain.
All fly — while the river's bed
With the rushing flood o'erflows :
Its raging, wanton course,
All in its way o'erthrows ;
Cacti and palms it sweeps
In its furious haste away ;
Remembrance of this scene
In my thoughts will ever stay.

Collin and I drove for at least a mile in the empty bed of the river. One of the rich merchants of Malaga, M. Delius, to whom I had brought an introduction, had invited us to make this excursion. He wished to take us to his villa and its beautiful garden ; an impenetrable hedge of gigantic cacti, crowding the sides of the hill, fenced it in. The garden, laid out in the form of terraces, was rich in trees of every variety ; there was a grateful shade under the orange-trees and the bananas. Tall pepper-trees, with their reddish-colored berries, like strings of beads, were drooping, as willows do, their boughs over the clear greenish water in the basins. Here stood lofty palm-trees, and rarer pines ; here also were citro-trees, and high, blossoming geraniums ; passion-flowers hung in masses, like the honeysuckle on our village hedges. Here flourished in the sunshine extraordinary lily-shaped flowers : I thought I recognized them from the arabesque designs of gold and silver I have seen in the old story-books. The most expensive plant here, I was told, was the green grass. A couple of large fields looked so fresh, and were kept in such beautiful order, that it seemed as if each blade were trimmed and washed. The air was cool, almost too cool for us, who had come from the deep, hot valley beneath, and had now ascended on foot to the highest terrace in the garden. Malaga lay below us ; the immense cathedral looked like an ark upon a petrified, foam-white sea. We visited another villa on our way home. It had been forsaken by its owner ; he had ruined himself by specu-

lating in water ; that is to say, he had spent his whole fortune in constructing, in his garden, enormous stone basins, in which to collect the rain-water from the hills, intending to distribute it widely for consumption. The garden was now overgrown with weeds ; the water stood stagnant and green in the deep cisterns, as if it knew its importance, and yet it was not fit to drink. Collin caught here a tarantula, a disgusting eight-legged spider. Reptiles were in abundance, but not a bird was heard to sing. The sunbeams were scorching here, but they were still more scorching as we drove below through the dry, stony river bed ; we were devoured by thirst. It was very refreshing to get a cactus-fruit — *Chumbos* it was called. I vowed, in gratitude for its cooling drink, that I should put it into song — it, whose flower and whose fruit bear the colors of Spain.

Yes, yellow and red are the colors of Spain,
In banners and flags they are waving on high ;
And the cactus flower has adopted them too,
In the warm sunshine to dazzle the eye.
Thou symbol of Spain, thou flower of the sun,
When the Moors of old were driven away,
Thou didst not, with them, abandon thy home,
But stayed with thy fruit and thy blossoms gay.
The thousand daggers that hide in thy leaves
Cannot rescue thee from the love of gain ;
Too often it is thy fate to be sold,
Thou sunny fruit, with the colors of Spain !

In none of the Spanish towns have I been so happy, so entirely at home, as here in Malaga. I like the manners of the people. Good scenery, and the open sea, both so indispensable to me, I have found here ; and, what is of still more consequence, I have found here most amiable people. Our Minister for Foreign Affairs had furnished me with an open circular letter to all Danish consuls, recommending me to them so strongly, and flattering to me, that I ventured to reckon always on a good reception ; but nowhere was it more cordial than at Malaga, from our young Danish Consul Scholz. His home was so cheerful and happy, so pleasant to visit. His wife, Swedish by birth, a friend of Jenny Lind, was so good-hearted, so frank ; she seemed one of our northern domes

tic flowers transplanted to the coast of the Mediterranean. Sprightly, merry children attached themselves immediately to me ; the eldest daughter, Trinidad, a little girl not quite five years old, very far advanced for her age, told at the dinner-table how much she liked me.

“ Papa ! A mi me gusta mucho Andersen, yo lo quiero mucho ! ”

In the Scholz family, and that of the banker Priesz, likewise at the house of my particular friend, Herr Delius, I experienced so much kindness that I almost forgot I was in a foreign land. At the *Fonda del Oriente*, I met a good many Germans, unmarried, and settled here in Malaga — agreeable men, with whom it was a pleasure to associate. Not a word was said of politics — that jarring subject was not brought forward. The conversation usually turned on the remarkable objects in the town — Moorish reminiscences, literature, bull-fights, and the opera.

And now two or three of the captains of the Danish ships lying in the harbor came to pay me a visit. Not only my own countrymen, and those persons in some manner connected with my Danish home, but every Spaniard with whom I became acquainted was kind and attentive ; all seemed to be in holiday humor. In the bright sunshine, and amidst the rich scenery of southern Spain, the heart appears to grow young ; cold contracts, warmth expands, the tightened belt is loosened, ideas take flight ; you are yourself, you dare to be yourself, unshackled by a thousand insipid ingrafted prejudices. One is happy in God’s beautiful world ; every thought, even if it cling with its roots to the ground, is raised to God in heaven. It is not by years only that our age is determined, it is by the interior mind — which, by the stroke of the clock of life, announces how old we are. Medea’s enchanted drink imparted renewed youth ; the draught of variety imbibed in a traveller’s life, has something of the same effect. How delightful to be able to rejoice in all the excellence and the blessings God has created ! The strong expression of this feeling in the south is never ridiculous ; kiss the fresh rose, the lip of an innocent child ; tell your thoughts in the words that nature prompts ; you will not be misunderstood.

In company with new friends, or alone by one's self, a stranger amidst a busy crowd, one always feels in a humor to be pleased, to enjoy everything as youth does, to have one's thoughts filled with gladness and song. How delightful it was in the evening to go from the harbor along the open beach ! The sea rolled high up on the sands, and strewed there the most extraordinary variety of objects : skeletons of fish, pieces of wreck, parings of fruit, and all manner of rubbish ; the fishermen were hauling their boats through the surf up to the land, while old, sunburnt seamen were sitting on the bulkheads smoking their cigars ; half-naked children were splashing about in the water, music from the Alameda reached us mingling with the noise around. And amidst all this there was beauty to be seen — here were Andalusian eyes, and witching smiles sat on every mouth.

“ Estrella, de mi vida ! how pretty she was.”

Can I believe
 These beaming eyes ?
 Do they deceive
 With flattering lies ?
 And round the mouth is not the smile
 Lingering there, but to beguile ?

Ah ! those eyes,
 And those lies,
 And those smiles so sweet that seem —
 They are Satan's work I deem ;
 He has got me in his hands,
 And I think I feel his brands.
 Where is my muse ? my passport, where ?
 How shall I defended be
 Against Spain's luring sirens fair ?
 I feel the Inquisition has me !

Though the Inquisition is now abolished in Spain, there remains yet much to abolish, but not Andalusian eyes — that would be a sin against the whole world ; that would be to extinguish the stars ; and brightly they shine in Spain, up in the skies, and under the long beautiful eyelashes, not only behind the black silk mantillas trimmed with lace, but amidst the children of the poor, amidst the pretty gypsies we saw selling chestnuts. What pictures they would make !

Geraniums grew against the ancient walls.

She sat upon the steps of marble there,
Selling her chestnuts, with flow'rs in her hair ;
Her charms might well have graced a noble's halls.
Her glance ! If a cold ice-block you were not,
'Twould make you turn a Spaniard on the spot !

The statue of Memnon, the cold stone in the sandy desert, emits a sound when the rays of the sun shine on it. The poet has a fund of songs within him ; a torch from the north, a torch from the south, will kindle the latent sparks, and draw out the sounds. Let us not restrain our feelings : —

A lotus blooming on a tranquil lake,
As emblem of a northern female take.
The beauteous seed ascends from far below,
And, spite of northern winds, its blossoms blow.
Here, in the south, beyond the Pyrenees,
Grows the pomegranate, which, with magic power,
As if transplanted from some Eden-bower,
Passing at once to luscious fruit one sees.
O lotus flower ! how fresh and pure thou art !
How rich in thought, how warm and true of heart.
Fire-blossom of the south ! And what art thou ?
But late a child — a dazzling fairy now !
Soon though it flies, with thee life is a kiss —
Who would not die a victim to such bliss ?
O northern lotus ! say a prayer for one
Enthralled amidst these daughters of the sun !

Thus every young poet must sing when he comes to Spain, and I almost think every old poet too, for it would be very painful to believe, that in a certain number of years the poet's gift is worn out ; no, he is like his original parent, the ever-glowing, the ever-joyous Apollo, who drives the chariot of the sun.

Up in the north, the warm stove near,
From books wild legends oft we hear ;
But this side of the Pyrenees
All nature seems to teem with these.
If thou art young, and full of fire and flame,
Into some tale may enter too thy name.

It is very warm ! we must go into the open air, and drive along the beach. We will drive to the church-yard. It is a lovely place, the Protestant church-yard at Malaga.

At home in our northern lands, tales are told about deep, dark lakes, which in an extraordinary manner allure mankind to them, and where moody and melancholy individuals are at last forcibly drawn on by some unseen power, until they cast themselves into the enticing deep. Malaga's Protestant church-yard had for me a great deal of this strange power of attraction, and I could well understand how a splenetic Englishman might take his own life in order to be buried in this place. I, however, thank Heaven! am not splenetic, and shall have great pleasure in seeing more of this blessed beautiful earth. I did not make any attempt on my life, but I wandered in a little paradise — this charming garden. Here were myrtle hedges, covered with flowers sufficient for a thousand bridal wreaths; high geranium-bushes growing round the tomb-stones, which had inscriptions in Danish — Norse, it might also be called, as these were inscriptions over men from the north; there were English, German, and Dutch to be read. Passion-flowers flung their tendrils over many grave-stones; pepper-trees waved their drooping branches amidst this place of repose. Here stood a single palm, there a gum-tree, and in the centre of all this vegetation was a neat, small house, within which refreshments were to be had; pretty children with laughing eyes were playing there. The whole cemetery was encircled by a hedge of wild cacti, over which one beheld the wide, heaving ocean. I fancied at sunset that I could discern the African coast.

Below the church-yard the road winds away among the hills; on each side of it grew cacti and other plants; all is wonderfully wild, lonely, and deserted. The way leads past a nunnery, which the Catholic Queen Isabella once visited, and on which she bestowed a holy carved image. The priests and the people can relate miracles in regard to it. It seemed as if night dwelt within it: from no window gleamed a ray of light out on the twilight gloom of evening; as if deserted by all living beings lay the large building in thought-awaking solitude. It was therefore rather startling, at turning suddenly into the Malaga road, to see straight before us the living Malaga, lighted up by thousands of gas lamps, standing out against the pale-blue transparent evening sky.

In the nunneries, in the villages, and in private houses on the high road by which the Queen was expected to arrive, there were much work and bustle going on. Ever since our arrival at Malaga, we had seen great preparations making for the festivities. The cathedral was already on the outside adorned by many thousand lamps ; they hung with the oil in them, and yet it would be weeks before her Majesty could arrive. But they were not afraid of rain ; during five entire months not a drop had fallen, and the air would still long remain clear and free from clouds. On the Alameda they were preparing ingeniously formed little fountains ; high up among the tops of the trees hung the tin tubes that were to conduct the water down. Triumphal arches were being erected, and on the landing place at the harbor stood already, composed of laths and canvas, with bright-colored stripes, an airy, fluttering Moorish hall ; the walls, the balustrades, and the towers were also all of canvas and pasteboard ; theatrical decorations, in the clear sunshine, lay scattered about, or were already put up.

The authorities of Malaga were to meet the Queen at the distance of about a mile from the town ; oddly enough, at a pretty country-house, which belonged to the parents of my kind friend, Herr Delius. He took me to that fine property, which, with its beautiful garden, borders on the principal high road from Almeria. There was a charming view here of the hills, and over the rich vineyards, and the boundless ocean. Taste and wealth were both displayed in the mansion and in the gardens.

The elder Herr Delius is a botanist, and had on his costly pleasure-grounds merely tropical plants, and these in profusion, — plants such as I have only seen specimens of at home in the north, in our most *recherché* hot-houses. One of his daughters brought me a bouquet so brilliant, so glowing in red and yellow, the colors of Spain, they shone as if seen under a sunbeam, or in a bright transparency. Outside of the garden upon sloping banks, which were heated by the sun during the day, and where the night dews never lay, muscatel grapes were being dried into raisins ; they were lying thickly strewed on these heights, covered at night with large reed mats ; they were already in a state of fermentation, and for the time being

unfit to eat. After sunset there arose from the sea-shore a cold, searching wind, which I had never before experienced in Spain. We speedily drove off in the light carriage. The light-house blazed, the air seemed in a blaze ; every evening here was like a fête, and a fête was awaiting us at Granada, where we expected to be when the Queen arrived there.

About this we had already written to our countryman, Herr Visby, a son of the clergyman at Storeheddinge ; but he advised us not to come just then, as, on account of the Queen's visit, prices had risen to an exorbitant height : it would be the same case, I did not doubt, at Malaga, when her Majesty arrived here. To see the Alhambra was one of the principal objects of our journey ; we could not give that up ; and the festivities to take place during the stay of the Queen would form a further attraction. Consul Scholz therefore telegraphed that we would come.

The diligence from Malaga to Madrid passes by Granada, and is said to be the dearest in Europe ; but it must be taken into consideration, what this stage establishment costs the owner ; from ten to twelve mules are required to draw the diligence, and at about every third mile¹ a relay of the same number is kept in readiness : they go along at a brisk pace, not at the slow rate at which our diligences travel. Collin and I had to secure our places five days beforehand, so great, for the time being, was the rush of travellers to Granada. The diligence generally starts at seven o'clock in the evening, but on this day it was detained for an hour on account of a great bull-fight here at Malaga ; one of the bloodiest I saw in Spain, and which made a most painful and never-to-be-forgotten impression upon me.

It seemed as if the whole town were streaming toward the *Plaza de Toros*, when, in the afternoon, we went thither. Ladies, in their dark silk dresses and mantillas, tripped on their small pretty feet through the streets that were too narrow for carriages to pass through. Mothers and daughters of the second class, with bright-colored silk shawls, were hastening on ; smartly-dressed peasants, in velvet jackets and

¹ Danish mile.

pantaloons, with handsomely-embroidered leather gaiters and broad-brimmed hats, came jauntily on with their cigars, and carried themselves so well, that one might have supposed they were young men of quality going in fancy costumes to the Carnival. Outside of the Plaza, military were riding about with drawn swords; their horses were rather fractious, and were rearing and plunging; lemonade sellers, fruit sellers, tattered drovers, and beggars increased the crowd; the sun was glaring on the white walls.

At length we were in the amphitheatre, and we luckily obtained places in the shade; the thousands who were in the sunshine struggled vigorously against it with fans and parasols. The ceremonials and arrangements of the bull-fight were similar to those we had seen at Barcelona; but here we witnessed them in all their roughness and horror.

Twelve bulls, one after the other, were to attack the poor, half-blinded horses. The first bull drove at once its pointed horn into the belly of the horse, and tore it open, so that the intestines came rolling out; some men thrust them in again; the poor animal sustained another attack, tottered about for a few minutes, and then literally lost on the arena large torn-off portions of its bowels. The next horse did not fare any better; it received the bull's one horn in its hinder part; the blood spouted out over the railings; it only staggered a couple of steps, and then sunk exhausted. A third horse was, with its rider, tossed high in the air; with great difficulty the bandarilleros received the rider; the horse was dragged, flung up, and gored by the furious bull. It was scarcely possible to sit out this scene, and my blood tingled to the very points of my fingers. Horse after horse lay like carrion on the arena; and not until after the bull, amidst the shouts of the spectators, had received its death-blow from espada, came a couple of horses, and, while loud music almost deafened one, removed the carcasses of the slaughtered animals from the field of battle. One of the horses, which was not quite dead, I saw raise its head with its teeth chattering, but the head soon sank again. It was a shocking spectacle, and almost made me ill. But I could not make up my mind to leave the bull-fight already; it was the first real one that I

had seen, and might be the last ; besides, there was something interesting and attractive in the skill and agility, the steady eye, and the dexterity with which the bandarilleros and espada moved on the arena. It was like a game, or a dance upon the stage. Only one single time was a spring made over a bull, when, in its fury, it rushed forward. All the bandarilleros were young, well-formed men, splendidly attired in silk and gold. It was often necessary to rescue the overthrown, helpless picador, who lay under his fallen horse, which the bull, at the first encounter, had tossed with its horn high from the ground, and which lay, not dead, but so injured that it could not keep its legs while they tried to lead it from the arena.

A fourth bull I saw, dripping with blood, jump over the railings among the spectators who were standing behind it, who, in the utmost haste, had to throw themselves into the arena, and clamber out of it when the bull came back through the open gate. It received a couple of awkward sword-thrusts from espada, the blood streamed from its mouth ; the public hissed. Espada had been wounded in the calf of the leg by the first bull ; the place bled, swelled, and caused him to limp. That was not to be permitted ; a witty person seized a crutch from a lame spectator, and cast it scornfully down to the limping espada, who, when a new battle was commenced, was no longer tolerated, but, amidst howls and hisses, was obliged to leave the arena.

Another extremely handsome espada, named Bacanegra, was hailed with delight ; he well understood how, with one thrust, to fell the bull, which sank to the ground, and lay like a clod. He cut off its ears, and flung them to the public, who loudly applauded, and threw back to him all they could lay their hands on — hats, fans, and cigar-cases.

The next bull that was introduced tossed, in the first encounter, one of the horses. There seemed to be great danger for the picador who lay under it. The bull was preparing for another attack, but Bacanegra seized it by the tail, and held it so tightly, that it stood as if in amazement, turned its head round, looked at him, and then set off to the opposite side of the arena, while the picador and his horse were helped

up. A score of horses and five bulls were killed ; seven more were to fight ; but I had seen quite enough, and was so disgusted and overwhelmed by what I had witnessed, that I made my way out, turning my back on the arena, where the fights became afterward still more bloody, and more interesting, as people said, and continued until twelve bulls were killed.

It is an odious and shocking amusement. And this I have heard several Spaniards admit. They said that this spectacle would not continue for many years to be exhibited, and that latterly application had been made to the Cortes for the abolition of these fights.

When the diligence was about to go, Consul Scholz, his wife, and his little daughter Trinidad, stood by the carriage, and Herr Delius brought me, at the last moment, letters of introduction to friends in Granada. It was rather late before we started ; ten mules with their jingling bells set off at a gallop with us through the Alameda down to the dried-up bed of the river, and away by the low whitewashed houses, from which lights glimmered through the open doors.

Farewell, Malaga ! I shall greet thee again with love !

CHAPTER IX.

GRANADA.

THE road which the diligence now takes through the mountains from Malaga to Granada, is longer than the former route by way of Velez-Malaga and Alhama, that was generally performed on horseback ; the latter was most unsafe, and travellers traversed it, therefore, only in large caravans and well armed ; as a rule, solitary wayfarers made an escort-contract with the bands of smugglers who frequented this road, and who were thoroughly acquainted with the localities.

It was a pitch-dark evening as we drove through the mountains ; the strong light from the lantern of the carriage showed us isolated naked rocks, and deep precipices, which did not appear more deep than they were, for the light merely illuminated the uppermost edges. Here armed soldiers joined us, whose duty it was to watch over the safety of the public, and to accompany the diligence upon the most solitary portions of the road. Not a year ago a fray had taken place here ; the fortieth that may be related to have occurred within late years. The day after, the robbers were seized ; they were peasants, a family ; the youngest son was to have become a soldier, and in order to obtain the money necessary to buy him off, the attack had been planned.

The lantern in front of the carriage shone upon scenery wild and deserted ; it was windy, the air thick and gray. Collin and I had corner seats, a young Spaniard of very agreeable appearance sat between us, he slept without intermission the whole night ; I could not do this ; I therefore longed exceedingly for the day, that I might be able to look about me. The morning began to dawn as we reached the little town of Loga, which is picturesquely situated at the summit of a hill. The river Xenil forms a waterfall amidst the romantic mountain

defiles of *Infiernos de Loga*. A curiosity in the town is its cool fresh spring water, which gushes forth in every direction from pipes and from the ground ; to us, who for weeks had only tasted drinking-water in a lukewarm state, this was most refreshing, a heavenly enjoyment. Passing through rich corn-fields and vineyards we reached *Santa Fé*. During the war with the Moors, the troops of *Isabella* and *Ferdinand* had pitched here a large encampment ; in one night it was consumed by fire ; but as the royal pair had sworn to remain here until the Moors were dispersed, a city with walls and towers was immediately begun to be built. It was here that *Columbus* was granted his first audience. The remains of the fortifications of *Santa Fé* were demolished by an earthquake in the year 1807. The whole landscape now lay stretched before us, richly cultivated ; olive-groves and vineyards extended themselves far in every direction ; once they were manured by the blood of Moors and Christians. Legends and song tell much of this : —

Sadly, green river, flows thy stream,
Corpses carrying to the main ;
Corpse of Christian, corpse of Moor,
By the sword in battle slain !

Now are dyed with crimson blood
Thy fresh waters, crystal clear ;
Blood of Christian and of Moor,
Who have fallen in combat here.¹

At length we arrived at the suburb of *Granada* : the drive through it seemed as if it would never end ; we traversed interminable streets, along old walls, and finally stopped in front of the city gate ; but here it was no easy matter to get through the crowd and the press. Laden mules were trying to get in, carts drawn by oxen were endeavoring to get out ; at length we reached our stopping-point, the diligence bureau upon the *Alameda*, where our countryman, *Herr Wisby*, was waiting for us, and conducted us to a good hotel, a few steps further on. We had here two good light rooms, with windows looking upon the promenade, facing the snow-covered summits of the *Sierra Nevada*. Under our windows there were crowds of walkers

¹ Old Spanish Romance.

and people driving, the church-bells were tolling ; we heard songs and mirth. How glorious it was to be here ! Our countryman pointed out to me, upon the top of a mountain close to the town, an old wall with a reddish, four-cornered tower, about which there was nothing remarkable to be seen — it was the Alhambra, the often described, fairy-like Alhambra, the object of our journey. A villa with white walls, up yonder, the dwelling-house of a wealthy private gentleman, was much more striking and important looking. To-day, however, we were going to devote merely to seeing the nearest environs of the quarter of the town in which we were living.

The whole city was in excitement, and there were no bounds to the activity and industry displayed ; the Queen with her husband, her children, and a numerous suite, were to arrive here in a few days. It was the first time, since the death of Isabella the Catholic, that Granada was to behold her sovereign.

In front of the principal street, with the façade toward the Alameda, a triumphal arch had been erected, composed of wood and paper, but painted to resemble marble, with statues of plaster of Paris, and canvas. When illuminated on a calm evening, or at night, the whole must have been most effective ; now, in the sunshine, it looked just like side scenes in a theatre. In all those streets where old houses were under repair, or were being pulled down, these disfigurements were concealed by paper and canvas painted like square stones. Upon the plaza, where there was already the foundation of some monument — the monument itself, however, had not yet been raised — an obelisk of laths and canvas was being manufactured ; involuntarily the thought flashed upon one of the journey of the Empress Catherine of Russia, upon which occasion whole cities of pasteboard and Spanish walls were put up in the distance, in order that her Imperial Majesty might rejoice over the widely populated country. Garlands of variegated paper lanterns were drawn from tree to tree, upon the Alameda ; and across the wide street which led to the mansion where the Queen was to dwell, from house to house, rope upon rope was stretched from the uppermost stories, ready to be hung with innumerable lamps — a party-colored shining veil high above

the throng of people. Here in the neighborhood, in the well-kept Moorish quarter of the town, where the shops and the street pavements still retain, unaltered, their ancient forms, runs a long narrow street of a later construction, that is inhabited by shop people ; here hung from every window long blue and red gauze, fit scenery for a shawl dance upon the stage ; amidst all this light airy splendor, large glass chandeliers were introduced ; the whole street was to be illuminated like a long brilliant ball-room.

Close to the gold-yielding river Darro, which, with its dried-up bed, looked at that time like a large gutter, lay a building in the Moorish style ; through the horseshoe-formed door one entered an extensive grass-overgrown court-yard ; in the middle of the court a large jet of water fell splashing into the wide stone basin, and this was shaded by a solitary vine, which stretched its thick, gigantic branches over the whole vast space. Two asses and about ten mules were standing here ; old saddles and worn-out harnesses were lying all about ; this locality would have been most admirably calculated for a representation of Don Quixote dubbing a knight in the tavern, which he mistook for a castle. A young girl in a fiery colored dress, with white linen sleeves — Lindaraja could not have looked better — sat at the edge of the basin, and washed her face and neck ; the girl's black eyes were more powerful than I can describe. A beautiful young Spaniard in a Moorish court-yard, that is enough to satisfy the mind for a whole day ; but one has no time to indulge in such contemplations ; one lovely picture chases the other away. How much that was new to us there was to be seen here ! even the very lobbies of these small houses attracted our attention. The flooring everywhere had a neat pavement of figures in every changing form of the kaleidoscope, or it represented a vase, a large flower, or a spread eagle. But my mind was filled with a longing to see the Alhambra. The following morning Collin and I betook ourselves thither.

From the dried-up bed of the River Darro, the street ascends in a rather steep slope to the walls of Granada. An ancient gate, with the arms of Charles V. hewn in stone, leads to a threefold *allée* of poplars, the same road over which the Moor

ish king, — over which the Zegri and Abencerrages, galloped with waving flags and sounding trumpets ; now people were busily occupied hanging up here bright paper lanterns ; oriental magnificence was to shine forth in the long dark allée, when the Queen visited the Alhambra.

To the left of the allée wound a shorter but a steeper path-way, also leading upward ; water, rippling and splashing, came rushing downward amidst luxuriant verdure ; slender cypresses, and tall thin poplars, elevate themselves in the blue air in front of the old red walls of the Alhambra. The road takes a turn at a huge skillfully cut marble basin, and one finds one's self in a long allée of poplars,¹ immediately in front of the *Judge's Gateway*, over whose horseshoe-formed arch an opened hand is carved with a finger extended, and within, on the opposite side, a key. The architect's words with reference to these two hieroglyphics are known : "Alhambra's walls shall stand until the hand shall grasp the key." Two soldiers were on guard at the gate, through which alone, a precipitous path between old walls, one gained a wide terrace, from which on every side a charming view presented itself of part of the town, and the country beyond. If we place ourselves between the two deep wells here above, and turn our backs upon the ruins of towers and walls which inclose the vineyards and gardens, then, immediately before us, lies the whole lofty Alhambra. The Moors had had these springs dug ; the cold, icy water was raised from the very depths of the earth ; it was carried by mules in large clay vessels down to Granada ; up here, by the side of the springs, two old women were sitting, selling the water by the glassful. We also met many strangers in the Alhambra ; a large number of workmen were likewise employed here. They were moving about lazily, with bundles of blooming myrtle branches, with bright lamps, and painted paper coats of arms, all intended for a decoration which looked very much out of place and paltry amidst the sombre ruins. Like a vast Acropolis this ground, replete with reminiscences, stretches itself out. Nearest to us, and commanding the whole, stands the unfinished palace of Charles

¹ *Alamo* is the Spanish name for poplar-trees, hence *Alameda*, alley of poplars, where people walk under poplars.

V., a four-cornered building composed of large square stones. It was his will that this palace should exceed in magnificence and size everything that the Moors had built up here, and, in order to gain space, a portion of the Alhambra was pulled down, but the royal work remains unfinished ; of a beautiful style, it is true, yet a colossus without a roof, with windowless frames, through which the winds moan and whistle. Even these walls had been hung with innumerable gay lamps, in honor of the approaching days of festivity.

Behind the palace lies the church Santa Maria de la Alhambra, and beyond that again is a small town, with miserable houses and large vineyards ; often in these gardens, under the knotted vines, the remains of rich mosaic pavements, or overturned beautifully carved Moorish cornices and arches, are stumbled upon. After wandering about a while here, one returns to the wide terrace, whence, over the cypresses and poplars, one gazes down the rocky heights to the deep rapid Darro. "But where, then, is," one asks one's self, "the real Alhambra, with its lion-court, with its ambassadors' hall, and the enchanting garden of Lindaraja?"

Upon the terrace, by the unfinished palace of Charles V., one perceives, toward the walls, a couple of small, lowly situated gardens, with two or three mean-looking houses ; behind these, and within the walls of the ruined towers, amidst unostentatious treasures, the enchantment is to be sought.

From one of the small houses, through an ordinary little door, one passes into the rich courts and halls of the Moorish kings. I had some difficulty in obtaining permission to enter. Within, they were busily engaged with the decorations in honor of her Majesty the Queen. A few kind words and a few *pasetas* procured me admittance, nevertheless.

Wonderfully beautiful, yet surprisingly small, it was here. I did not find the grandeur and vastness which I had pictured to myself : however, as I wandered through these arches, these courts, these halls, it seemed as if they extended themselves ; it was as if I were walking through a petrified fanciful lace-bazaar, where the water leaped clear and sparkling, where it rippled in cut channels through the marble pavement, and filled the large marble basins, in which gold-fish were swim-

ming. The lower part of the walls, the breastwork, consists of variegated porcelain tiles ; the walls themselves are covered with an unpolished yellowish-white porcelain, resembling marble, and so artistically perforated that it seems like a lace veil spread out over a red, green, and golden ground. Scrolls and inscriptions are entwined in the arabesque style. The eye is perplexed with these ins and outs, yet on more narrow examination they arrange themselves into precise regular forms. The walls unfold verses in honor of God and the Prophet Mohammed. The walls loudly speak of the noble achievements of the Moorish kings, of chivalrous valor, and of the power of beauty. The Alhambra is like an old legend-book, full of fantastic entwined hieroglyphics of gold and many colors ; each room, each court, is another page ; the same poem, the same language, and yet always a new chapter.

Sala de los Embajadores, in which the Moorish kings received foreign ambassadors, still retains almost its ancient splendor. But how is this to be described in words ? What avails it to tell that the breastwork is of green porcelain flags ; that the walls, to their very utmost height, appear to be covered with a veil, thrown over gold brocade and purple, and that this veil is a mass of perforated stone, a filigree work, into which the horseshoe-formed window arches, with graceful columns, admit light ? Over the window-frames, openings in the shape of rosettes permit more day to enter, so that the beautifully carved wooden ceiling comes well forth. Not in words can this picture be described ; it might perhaps be represented in a photograph, yet even this would fail, because photography can only give one particular view ; whereas here one must be always in motion : fully to comprehend and to appreciate the beauty of the whole, one must step to the open window, gaze down the narrow, wild, romantic valley through which the Darro flows ; then, turning, glance round the open antechambers at the light airy arches, whose decorations seemed to be petrified creeping plants, encircling, as in a magic-lantern, scattered inscriptions.

The lion-court displayed great magnificence. Brussels lace, woven of porcelain ; tulle-embroidery of stone, supported by slender marble columns, here formed partition-walls, arches,

kiosks, and alcoves. The lions, on the contrary, are badly executed ; clumsy and ponderous, they lie in the middle of the court round the fountain. Here, to the left, looking out upon the Darro, one enters into the *Two Sisters' Hall*, so called after two marble slabs in the floor. People were busy decorating, as they called it, this in itself most beautifully ornamented spacious hall. They hung over the walls heavy drapery of damask and velvet, with golden borders and tassels ; these hid too much of the original beauty — only the ceiling was left free to be seen and admired, in its undisturbed ancient splendor. It still displayed its rich gold and carved work. It was as if one were gazing into the calyx of a marvelously formed flower.

Exactly opposite, on the other side of the lion-court, one enters into the hall of the Abencerrages. This had escaped being adorned, and remained in its original beauty from the time of the Moors. In the centre stands the large marble basin, yet discolored by the innocent blood of the Abencerrages, which has penetrated the very stone, and has for generations accused the unfortunate Boabdil. To this hall is attached, it is said, the only ghost story belonging to Spain. Here at night is heard wailing ; here are heard cries and groans of anguish from unblest spirits.

We wandered through quite a labyrinth of galleries, kiosks, and chambers ; we descended into small courts, into charming bath-rooms, at the entrance of which nymphs and grinning satyrs stood. The light falls subdued through the star-formed openings ; immense marble basins invite to the bath ; one still sees in the walls the iron pipes which conducted the cold and warm water down here. On ascending a few steps, one traverses gallery after gallery, supported by slender marble pillars. Glancing down on the way into little flower-gardens, and courts filled with beautiful statuary, one reaches a sort of pavilion, — *el Mirador del Lindaraja*, — the loveliest, the most elegant, and the most tasteful thing one could possibly see. *El Mirador* is a suspended balcony, a flower of marvelous beauty amidst this wonderful beauty of architecture. It hangs forward over the creeping verdure of the mountain-cleft, out over poplars and cypresses, and from

hence one commands a view of part of the city and of the nearer vineyards and hills. Our stay here was only of short duration. The workmen intruded even here to decorate and adorn. All this beautifying was a terrible interruption! It would have been very well to have arranged flowers in vases in the myrtle garden, as, by this means, a greater mass of foliage would have been obtained between the large marble basins; but they actually dressed the palms with paper, and that in a land where palms grow! It seemed to me as if I saw a lovely antique statue bedecked in carnival finery. "An architectural dream," Hackländer has called it, in describing the Alhambra. The dream was now a reality to me, which I can never forget. Impressed and overcome by all I had seen, I returned to Granada.

I had received a letter of introduction from Herr Schierbeck, in Barcelona, to his Spanish brother-in-law, Don José Larramendi; the letter bore his name and title: Teniente Coronel de Regimiento Cordoba. While making inquiries for him, I received another proof of the politeness of the Spaniards, and their readiness to serve strangers. In the Fonda de la Alameda, where we lived, several military men of high rank were quartered; among these was a general; before his door a soldier was always stationed; I inquired of him about the Regiment Cordoba, and about Colonel Larramendi. The soldier immediately accompanied me down to the street, and indeed from one street to the other, trying to find out where Colonel Larramendi lived, but in vain; at length he conducted me to a military bureau, and here we were given the exact address of the Colonel; the soldier went with me to the house; I wished to reward him for his trouble, but he looked at me with large wondering eyes, shook his head, and could not be persuaded to receive the smallest remuneration for his kindness; a shake of the hand, and afterward a daily nod of recognition as I passed him in the corridor, was all he would accept.

Through a small court-yard with a bubbling fountain, between laurel-hedges and pomegranate trees, I reached the apartments occupied by Larramendi, his wife, mother-in-law,

and a whole troop of children. I was received as if I had been a long expected and valued friend. Few people have shown us so much attention, and evinced such an unceasing wish to be of use to us, as this lively amiable man did to Collin and myself during our stay in Granada ; no day passed without his visiting us, to make some well-arranged proposition for the best way of employing the day ; he often sent his own servants to us, because they were better able to direct us about, or go errands for us in the town, when we had any to be done, than the strange servants in the hotel. I know that he often worked till late at night so as to be at liberty during the day, and be able to spend more time with us. He was kind and considerate, youthful in mind and feelings ; our intercourse with him formed a part of the most agreeable hours which we spent in Granada. I spoke a little French, Collin had already made great progress in Spanish, and when my smattering of the language did not suffice, dumb show was brought into practice. Under his escort we obtained admission into many a festively decorated place, which, as strangers, we should not have been permitted to enter.

We visited with him the noble barracks of the Regiment Cordoba, which is situated close to the town, between the rich deserted monastery Cartuja and the Gypsy Quarter. The wide space which intervenes between this place and the city walls was, up to no very remote period, dangerous to traverse in the evening, and still more so at night. Attacks and murders were then often committed here. Now perfect safety reigned in every direction in and round Granada, and just then this large space was gayly and brightly decorated ; flags waved ; a gorgeous tent, with the Spanish colors, red and yellow, had been raised ; it formed three large partitions, the flooring of which was covered with red velvet. Here the Queen was to be received on her arrival, by the high authorities of the town.

The place was filled with town-folks, peasants, soldiers, and gypsies ; all was life and motion. Mules brayed, dogs barked, a street-singer set up his drawling ditty, a blind improvisatore recited, while his little boy offered printed songs for sale. I gave the blind man a real. Larramendi told him that I was

a foreigner from far away, beyond the other side of France ; so the blind man improvised a poem to me : of course I did not understand it, but the whole concourse of people around, young and old, half-naked boys and decked-out peasants, applauded him with all their might.

The sun's rays literally scorched one. It was a comfort to enter the officers' cool guard-room. The fresh spring water from the wells of the Alhambra was like dew in the caraffs ; the long, thin, sweet biscuit, *zugarillos*, disappeared, as by the conjurer's art, the instant they came in contact with the water in the tumblers, and tasted well ; cigars were handed round ; it was very sociable.

The yard was swarming with soldiers ; they ran up and down the stairs ; they rushed about in full regimentals and in half-dress. We inspected the sleeping ward : it was large and airy, and had a beautifully carved ceiling in the Moorish style. We saw the clothing department, containing garments from shirts to pocket-handkerchiefs, and the kitchens, resplendent with brightly polished vessels. In the hospital the air was fresh and good. We entered the sutler's house, principally to see lovely eyes, and we did find them here. The daughter, a girl of sixteen years of age, was a perfect beauty ; her hair and eyes were sparkling black, her teeth regular and white. To look at, she was just like a charming fresh-blown flower. The grandmother had a peculiarly characteristic countenance ; she wished to pay us much respect, so she conducted us from the counter, where the soldiers came to drink her glasses of anisette, to the adjoining chamber : this was far superior in her opinion. Upon the floor of this room lay several bundles of cod-fish, and whole layers of bread in the form of wreaths ; upon the walls hung colossal onions, and over these a vessel containing holy water and a large wooden cross. The young girl brought us luscious grapes. How beautiful, how slender, how graceful she was ! Her eyes spoke — there was no need for the mouth to say anything. The eyes were resplendent with light ; they uttered an entire poem, enough to set any one's brain on fire.

Below on the squares and the streets there was noisy bustling to and fro. The peasants in jackets and trousers of vio-

let or blue velvet, with leather well-fitting gaiters ; the trousers were open beneath the knee, thereby rendering the walk freer : the women wore the most violent colors. Everything in the streets, in the open shops and courts, was bedecked with finery. Here were beautiful eyes ! The Lord had not been sparing in these, and these eyes did not come only from the country ; they came also from the city, from the different stories of the houses.

In the north there are autumn nights in which the whole firmament is resplendent with falling stars : here they shine by day. I wanted to transfer to paper, in verse and prose, some of these bright flashes ; but I knew that I had no paper at home, and therefore went into a stationer's shop with Colonel Larramendi. The Colonel presented my travelling companion and me to the shopman as strangers from the kingdom of Dinamarca. We spoke of Zamora's stay there ; we spoke of Andalusian eyes ; and when I wished to pay, the answer was, "The paper was already paid !" Larramendi had made a sign, such as the Spaniards do in the cafés, signifying that the stranger was his guest. I knew that I should not be allowed to pay ; but when, about a week afterward, I went into the same shop to buy more paper, I was again told, when I was about to pay, "It is paid !"

"No," I said, "that is not possible ! I come alone to-day ; no one is with me."

"O yes, I am with you !" replied the stationer ; "my house is yours !"

Of course I never again entered his house ; but I could not resist relating this circumstance, because it is characteristic of the Spanish politeness and obliging disposition.

There was military music in the evening in various directions, and also just under our balcony, because a general was residing at the hotel. They played from "*La Traviata*," "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," and from others of Verdi's lively operas. It was the band of the Regiment Cordoba which was playing. Colonel Larramendi was paying us a visit ; the plaza beneath was crowded with people, the air was warm and mild ; a fresh breeze came, wafted from the snow-clad mountains.

Later in the evening I sat here alone. Historical recollec-

tions of Granada came crowding on my mind. How charming it was here ! Busy life was still to be seen below. I experienced real pleasure in being here. We had decided upon remaining three weeks in Granada — one-and-twenty bright glorious days in one's life. I intended to thoroughly enjoy them — to enjoy thankfully the blessings granted to me by a merciful God — and yet my recollections of Granada are more painful than pleasant. The thoughtlessness, — not exactly the evil designs — the wantonness of mankind often disturbs the pure clear spring from which we should drink ; but *this* evening in Granada, and the remembrance of the past days since we began our journey, offered only beauty and pleasure. I was in the ancient city of the Moors. I had seen the Alhambra. Andalusian eyes had beamed upon me. Bouquet upon bouquet of Spain's beauty had been cast at me during my journey.

It was on Thursday, October 10th, that the Queen, for the first time, made her entrance into Granada. From early morning masses of people inundated the streets ; all were gayly dressed. From every balcony hung bright gold-embroidered tapestry, or at least a white coverlet, adorned by a red border. Flags and banners waved, lamps, balloons, and garlands of flowers hung crowded together over the broad street, thus forming a complete covering from the sun. In the long street behind the old Moorish shops floated, from the highest to the lowest story, long pieces of red and white crape, as if they were the veils of spirits of the air in a fairy ballet ; large glass chandeliers hung up here, and over each was suspended a gilt crown ; everything looked arranged as if by happy children. The balconies were crammed with human beings, the greater number were ladies, a wealth of Spanish beauty and grace. And what various colors in the costumes, more particularly those in the streets : the peasants from the campagna and from the mountains appeared in such gorgeous array that they were worthy of being painted ! Here were groups, splendid subjects for the pencil ; now a peasant rode past on his donkey, before him hung two sloping baskets, in each side of which a lovely little girl was sitting, no doubt his children ;

they had come with him to Granada to-day to see the Queen and all the grand doings. Astonishment and delight beamed from their eyes.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before her Majesty arrived. They said she had reached the reception tent half an hour sooner than the authorities who should have received and welcomed her, and she had been obliged to wait for them.

What joy! all the church-bells rung; large bands of gypsies with castanets and peculiar-stringed instruments, danced through the streets—a noisy, bacchanal train. The black-haired brown figures were equipped in a strange wild manner. I thought involuntarily of children who were going to act a comedy, and had received permission to choose what they liked among the old clothes which were hanging in the wardrobe; they invariably take all to deck themselves in. The gypsies had also rummaged out everything that was at all bright and glittering; silk ribbons, silk handkerchiefs, flowers and gold hung in their hair; they rushed through the streets and plazas,—

Forth to the gate of Bivarrambla!

From the balconies and garden-walls the spectators applauded. The throng increased, here and there bands of music were playing, there was a flourish of trumpets: “Viva la Reina!”¹ Roses were stripped of their leaves,—the roses themselves would have been too heavy in their fall,—and the separate leaves fluttered down, and floated around the Queen, who sat in a carriage drawn by beautiful Andalusian horses.

The Queen looked amiable and happy; there was an open expression in her countenance which called forth devotion and

¹ Isabella II., born on October 10, 1830, is the daughter of Ferdinand VII. and his fourth wife, Maria Christina. When only three years of age she ascended the throne, under the regency of her mother. Don Carlos, the brother of the deceased king, laid claims to the throne. A bloody civil war broke out. Maria Christina made a morganatic marriage with Don Fernando Munoz, an officer in the body-guards, afterwards raised to the rank of Duke of Rianzaras; this marriage, according to the laws of Spain, deprived the mother of the guardianship, and Espartero assumed it; in the year 1843 Espartero was dismissed, and Isabella II. was declared of age; she had been united to Franz Duke of Cadiz, who received the title of King.

loyalty, the joy which surrounded her seemed genuine and heartfelt. The King sat at her side ; opposite to them the young Infanta, and her little brother Alfons, Prince of Asturias. The cortége moved on toward the cathedral, — the Queen's first visit. The incense poured forth through the open church door, which was surrounded by people, who clung on by every jutting-out brick in the wall, and by the foundation stones of the carved images of saints. From the church the Queen proceeded, amidst the shouts of the crowd, to her splendidly arranged dwelling ; handkerchiefs were waved, rose-leaves fell. The bright sunny afternoon had now given place to the brilliant night, and Granada had become like a fairy city ; we were amidst the enchanted scenes of the Arabian Nights. High over the streets hung bright blazing lamps like a cloud of brilliant humming-birds.

From here, through the temporary triumphal arch, we entered into the new Alameda, which extends to the city walls, along the River Darro ; large colored balloons were here suspended in rows, also garlands upon garlands : each house displayed some new invention by way of illumination. Our hotel was but sparingly lighted ; it made the barracks near look the more brilliant ; there were rows of lamps in every story, every corner, every nook : it brought forth the form of this rather peculiar building in an outline of fire ; it seemed as if every inferior style of architecture had been united in this structure. Here were heavy walls, as if belonging to some Gothic castle ; here were columns, spiral formed, as they were found in King Solomon's temple ; and in the niches stood rococo statues and grenadiers with bishops' hats, the one object more absurd than the other.

An immense concourse of people were streaming in every direction ; all the benches were occupied, and persons were sitting upon chairs in front of the houses ; but farther beyond, where the new Alameda ended, the illuminations and the promenaders also terminated : here commences the old Alameda, which, forming an angle, runs parallel with the city walls of Granada. I know no more noble walk than this, so thoroughly southern, so heavenly during the hot summer months. Here,

as I have already said, it was quite deserted ; not a soul, not a single lamp, was to be seen.

Aged, wonderfully high trees stand here in rows, twining their thick leafy branches together, and forming a roof of foliage quite impervious to the sun's rays. Laurel-bushes, oleanders, and thick hedges protect the sides from the penetrating sun ; the River Xenil flows close by, soon to unite with the Darro ; the children have a little song respecting the meeting of the two rivers :—

Darro has a promise made,
On his marriage with Xenil,
To bring us as a morning gift
Plaza Nueva and Zacatin.

Clear water in stone channels streamed on both sides of the allée, and in these are two gigantic fountains with stone figures, which none but wild fancy could have created. Only in arabesque have I seen anything to equal them, something between a plant and a human monster. In their very hideousness they exercise a sort of influence over one. One can scarcely turn away from these quaint, peculiar, wizard forms. These fountains stand there as excellent specimens of the ornaments of a period long gone by, still living with their rushing jets of water. The glimpses of sunshine which in the day penetrate here, are like smiles from those past times ; the darkness of the evenings has always remained unchanged. No gas lamps illumine here with their light, telling of the new times. All the festive splendor for Isabella II. faded in the shade of this sanctuary.

“It is perfectly safe all over Spain now!” I had been told ; “but,” added this one and that one, “after sunset one should not exactly go alone in the old Alameda of Granada.” Yet just here it was so strangely inviting ; here the mind was elevated above the trifling concerns of every-day life. And at the present moment, when the new Alameda close by was filled with people on account of the festivities, when every one was gay and full of happiness, who would think of committing an evil act? It was too enticing to escape from the buzzing crowd, too luring to enter the almost pitch-dark, wide, tranquil allée, where the rippling waters alone spoke of life and motion.

I sauntered a few steps along, with my arm stretched out before me, to prevent my running up against anything. Far off in the allée I observed a bright spot which seemed to be in motion. Some one approached with a light in the hand ; the air was perfectly calm ; no lantern was necessary here. One could boldly carry the flickering taper ; it would not go out. It was a young girl, a child, coming toward me ; here under the Spanish sun she might have been a lovely youthful bride. She was frightened at meeting me, poor little thing ! She had not expected to meet any one here in the dark, remote Alameda. She was coming from a friend, whose mother was following her, and was going to a far distant part of the brilliantly lighted promenade. The young girl was her own torch-bearer ; she herself carried the candle which shone upon her lovely countenance. She stood still, trembling ; stood, as it seemed to me, like a gazelle about to bound forward.

"Do not think badly of me !" said the maiden.

"I think nothing but good !" I answered, as well as I could express myself, though that was in such sorry Spanish that, with the pleasant confidence Cervantes has taught us to know has its home in this land, she was quickly reassured.

"You are not a Spaniard ?" she asked.

I said that I came from the far North, from Denmark, where once the Spaniards had been, and that in my home we loved the Spaniards.

"I was a child then," I said ; "a Spanish soldier took me up in his arms, kissed me, and pressed a picture of the Madonna upon my lips. This is my earliest recollection. I was then three years of age !"

She understood what I related. She smiled, and seized my hand ; hers was so soft. The press of that hand was like a kiss, a child's kiss.

Henceforth, from this evening, I will chivalrously defend the Spanish women. But what became of her ? Tell me some more. It was my muse whom I met — the gitana with the sea-blue eyes. It was dark, pitch-dark around, when she vanished ; and therefore, in honor of her, I will illuminate the whole allée with my poem on Granada.

O, happy I ! for Granada I see,
 That ancient city with such memories fraught ;
 Like Rome, awakening a deep mine of thought,
 The heart soon learns to feel at home in thee !
 There's not a cloud upon the distant skies ;
 The mountains round are glittering white with snow ;
 On Alameda, crowds move to and fro ;
 Midst them the gypsy's plaintive songs arise.
 Blue eyes in her as in the North are found ;
 Blossoms, snow-white, wave in her glossy hair ;
 She has the mermaid's glance and beauty rare :
 Wanderer ! with her bright chains art thou not bound ?

Yes — blue as ocean is her sparkling eye,
 But like the wood-snail's skin, her hair is dark ;
 And through that speaking eye well may one mark
 The thoughts that deep within her bosom lie.
 She is as fresh as is a luscious grape ;
 A fountain full of kisses are her lips.
 But he who from that fount unwisely sips,
 Finds that for him there can be no escape.
 Gazing on her a vision o'er me stole :
 We sat the bright pomegranate-trees among
 Whose glowing fruit and blossoms o'er us hung,
 And her melodious voice entranced my soul !

In storied Granada I fain would dwell,
 For Fancy rears her fairy palace here ;
 But down at Malaga, the blue sea near,
 Dig me a grave, where the wild billows swell :
 Yes, dig my grave, where calmly I may lie,
 While murmuring waves shall sing my lullaby.
 Once in the North, upon a grassy mound
 My name I cut — but there it might not stay ;
 Fresh grass soon hid it, growing thick around :
 Do not all earthly memories pass away ?

But poems and blooming flowers disappear amidst the rich pomp around. Blazing rockets were fired off ; the moon itself came forth like in Wandsbecker's "Messenger," and shone amidst the illuminations, and upon the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Gay doings, such as there had been this day, this evening, and this night, continued during six whole days and nights, throughout the whole time that the Queen honored Granada with her presence. Here there was such an immense deal to be seen that it cannot be described in detail

I roamed about by day and by night, wherever my feet led me. The romantic became commonplace.

Triumphal arches were erected upon the public plazas, nearly all in the Moorish style. The most beautiful and the most richly decorated was on the grand plaza, —

— near the gate of Bivarrambla,

where, in ancient times, tournaments were held. Even now, as in those so often described and so often sung festivals, every balcony was brilliant with variegated drapery and beautiful women ; and there, where the tournament combat itself took place, stood small gardens, and the water sprouted from artistically imitated lilies and tulips.

Upon the Plaza Nueva, where the street ends above the Darro, there was a perfect scene of painted, cut-out tin figures, representing Moors and Spaniards in battle. They were arranged upon small terraces covered with moss, and shot at each other jets of water ; branches of myrtle, stuck into the ground all round, represented large trees. Here one was sure to encounter crowds of children and gay-hearted peasantry, charming figures, picturesque groups ; yet, now and then, one did meet with a sight which shocked the eye. I saw here a deformed person ; she was born with only one arm. To expose it to view, the white linen sleeve had been torn off ; high up on the shoulder, where the arm should begin, a small piece of flesh protruded itself, resembling a finger ; this had only one joint, which was always kept moving, in order to attract attention. At the entrance of the cathedral lay two albinos, father and son ; they were beggars. It appeared as if they were asleep, as if they were always asleep, even when peals of bells and hurrahs were resounding through the air. One single time, as if he had been a somnambulist, the father raised himself up, winked his red eyes under their white eyelashes, and stretched out his hands for alms. Here, on the outside of the church, many persons might be induced to give charity. Two defenseless bats in human forms ! The white mouse and the white rabbit were their light-shunning comrades ; day was their torment, night their best time. But now night was as dazzling as the day, such a sea of light

streamed through the ancient city of the Moors. Different, indeed, but not more gorgeous, had been the solemnities and pomp when the Zegris and Abencerrages, in golden armor, with waving banners and showy mottoes, rode forth to battle and tournament; the crescent glittered, and the beautiful daughters of the East gazed after them from their silk-lined balconies. I had witnessed the most splendid festival known in Granada of the present day. The festival, with all its gorgeous coloring and Oriental brightness, impressed itself upon my remembrance. Song, castanets, and other instruments mingled their tones with the church-bells' peals. Such sounds do not go into one ear and out at the other. The beautiful and the grand dwell in recollection.

Granada has, like Rome, been to me one of the most interesting places in the world — a spot to which I thought I could attach myself for life. Yet in both places I happened to experience less pleasing than painful feelings.

Job in the Bible surely you know well,
 And all that patient mortal which befell, —
 How his friends' cruel words killed him not quite,
 And how his potsherd's scraping was not slight.
 It left a mark unto his latest year,
 And this my verse may such a mark appear !

And in such a frame of mind one writes verses — verses in a bitter style. I did so. As a punishment the verses shall be printed; *they* have not deserved it, but I have deserved it.

To your kindred and people your heart you may give,
 But if thanks you expect, you are only an ass ;
 If distant and cold among them you live,
 Unheeded, if not with respect, you may pass.
 To vex or to hurt you none of them tries ;
 They do not surround you like buzzing flies,
 But loudly abuse you your back behind.
 Trust not to the friend whom you think you know,
 For he may be only a hidden foe :
 O ! dream not of joy, for sorrow you'll find !

With this verse in my mind I wandered about the streets of Granada. There was merriment all around. Peasants and soldiers sat at tables with Xeres and Malaga wine in

large beer-glasses, and biscuits and grapes lay heaped up before them. Fireworks blazed from the Alhambra ; the villas up yonder, on the slopes of the mountain, were brilliant from the rows of lamps. Go where you would, there were crowds, mirth, and good temper. All was animation around me, while the seed of thought shot forth twigs that soon increased to a tree, from which the black bitter fruits could be shaken down into verse. A single one of those fruits will be sufficient.

She to whom my heart was true
Trode on me with her foot so small ;
They who my inmost feelings knew
Dirt from the street upon me threw.
My sighing when I left them all
Ingratitude they chose to call.
There blows an ice-cold cutting wind.
Like poison entering my mind,
The course from human hearts it takes,
They care not, although mine it breaks.

Hitherto in Spain I had neither seen a Spanish comedy, nor a Spanish ballet ; it was not the season for them to be given ; but on account of the great influx of people during the festival, the theatre had been opened in Granada. It was situated close to the Fonda de la Alameda. The interior had been fresh painted and decorated by festoons of red and green silk ; upon the stage, there were the frightful, worn-out old folded screens I had seen before. This evening a vaudeville and a ballet were given.

In a foreign land where no one knows you, or may not know you, you enjoy the pleasant feeling of belonging to yourself alone ; you are not surrounded by thousands of faces, known or unknown ; you need entertain no fears that the opinion you have ventured to express will be scoffed at, and, like the cracking of a whip upon the Alps, cause an avalanche of mortification to roll over you ; you discover at once that you sit in a circle of pleased spectators, or in a circle of small Jupiters from the Olympus of the critics ; you dare to pass over mediocrity without the circle being offended by or even remarking it ; you see and speak of the faults of those who hold the first ranks on the stage, and can venture to applaud talent which has not yet come into fashion.

With this feeling of assurance I entered the theatre ; with this feeling of assurance I sat there and heard the drawling, indifferent orchestra. I resigned myself to the decorations of the orchestra stalls, resigned myself even to the comedy which was being performed, and so carelessly, that I immediately perceived it had nothing to do with art. All my expectations were now concentrated in one focus—in the ballet ; I had not yet had an opportunity of seeing one in Spain ; on none of the stages had I witnessed Spanish dancing in a Spanish land. Only in the streets and in anterooms, in Murcia and Cartagena, had I heard the castanets struck by the people themselves, and had seen the Boleros and Sequidillas, these graceful, almost approaching to passionate dances—what would not the stage now have to offer me !

The ballet began—it ended. I sat out the whole. The piece was a sort of commencement of one of Casorti's pantomimes.

A fearfully tall individual, who looked like an awkward journeyman, stepped forward, enveloped in a mantle, a guitar in his hand ; he grasped the strings ; the beloved appeared at the window holding her fan ; she soon descended to the street ; but no time was allowed to the pair to express their love in dancing ; the maiden's father hastened out of the house ; the lover cast his mantle over her, and she ran off, and, to give her a start, he placed himself with his cigar in the old man's way, begging permission to light it by his cigar, which could not, of course, be refused ; they both made a shuffling with their feet ; it was very difficult to light the cigar ; when at length it did catch, the damsel was far away, and both gentlemen rushed after her. *Changement.* The scene turned into a sort of public garden, where a number of young women were gathered together ; they danced with the castanets, but it seemed as if they had not learned to do so, as if they had never been in Spain. It was an assembly of ugly women ; it must have been difficult to find so many in Andalusia. Now entered the lovers, whom the young women immediately requested to perform a dance. The dance began, but just then the father arrived, and he fell into good hands ; each damsel seized on him and whirled him round, each third

damsel brought him a dram, he drank it, became merry and sociable, the lovers knelt, he blessed them, and the whole party danced the Madrelena. This was the ballet.

I clasped my hands and cried, not "Allah!" but "Bournonville! Bournonville, how great you are!"¹ I rushed out into the fresh air, into the illuminated city, over which the moon was sailing; I had seen enough of the theatre in Granada; I had seen art there. On the following morning I was to see the exhibiton at the Academy of Arts.

Colonel Larramendi accompanied us to the academy. First came specimens of the productions of nature from various parts of the kingdom of Granada, — colossal pears, melons, onions, pumpkins, — all very fine; one could not say the same of every object here which proceeded from the hand of art. Spain has Murillo and Velasquez; new names of importance are now printed in the yearly catalogues. Here, as in other countries, there are swarms of artists, all wish to have their light upon the high altar of art, and there are many lights; the large wax-tapers of the altar ignite, burn, give light for others, and consume themselves. This is their history; but they are not all consecrated wax candles which are set up; there are various kinds of lights, — spermaceti, wax, and tallow candles; some are moulded, many only dipped; some burn with long wicks, some run, others sputter; these have water in the tallow.

Such had often been my impression at the various exhibitions which I visited, and I felt the same here. What pleased me most were the pictures of a young Spaniard called Martin, whose acquaintance I made before leaving the exhibition. The academy awarded him a prize for a picture from sacred history; I would have given it to him for his pieces of every-day life.

The Queen was to drive to-day up to the Alhambra, on to the splendid villa of the banker Calderons. We were to see the cortége pass from a garden situated in a street near the gate. Colonel Larramendi took us there; an elderly baroness and her daughter occupied the house. There were many

¹ Herr Bournonville is the ballet-master at the opera in Copenhagen. —
Trans

guests there, mostly all ladies ; we sat out on the terraces upon the garden wall, under the shade of large trees hanging with quinces and pomegranates. The ladies plucked roses and let their delicate leaves flutter down upon the Queen as she drove past the terrace. The young servant-girl of the house, in a black silk dress like the others, and the prettiest of them all, also sent the rose-leaves flying down ; how pretty, young, slender, graceful she was ! She had sea-blue eyes, long black eyelashes and eyebrows, shining teeth, and a smile round her mouth. She full well perceived that I admired her beauty ; she plucked a sweet-scented flower, gave it to me, and flew away like a swallow on the wing.

I saw the Queen once or twice again from my own balcony ; she drove with her husband and children out into the *campagna* as far as the laurel-tree beneath which, during the battle with the Moors, Isabella I. hid herself, when she had very nearly been made prisoner. This tree and the small property upon which it stands the reigning Queen has now bought ; the way to it leads over the Xenil and Darro, where the two rivers unite. The water in the bed of the River Darro was, at that time, not wider than an ordinary gutter ; one could easily have stepped over it ; the Xenil looked like a shallow brook ; so insignificant appeared at that moment these two rivers, which in history and song have gained such great names ; after such torrents of rains as we had witnessed in Barcelona, however, they might well deserve their proud character.

After a stay of six days devoted to gayety and festivity, the Queen left Granada to visit Malaga.

Collin and I moved up to the Alhambra, to the "*Fonda de los siete suelos*," which is situated close to the walls of the Alhambra, near the walled-up gate through which the Moorish king, Boabdil, rode forth when fate decreed that he should be conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and thrust, with his people, from the land which, for centuries, had known them as masters.

Below in Granada they were still experiencing warm summer days, but up here, in "*siete suelos*," it was quite cool ; the rays of the sun but rarely penetrated into our rooms through

the foliage ; one dwells here amidst shady trees, near splashing fountains and rippling waters ; it must be heavenly here during the glowing summer time ; now it was not warm enough for me ; the dinner table was spread in the garden among the vines, the waiters ran about with their shirt-sleeves tucked up, lightly enough dressed for an African heat. I put on my winter coat when I sat at table here. The water was charmingly fresh and cold ; it tasted better to us than the invariably heated Spanish wine ; but the cold water up above here is melted snow from the Sierra Nevada, and, notwithstanding its good taste, is by no means healthy. Before I had given it a thought, I felt quite ill. When Collin returned in the burning sunshine from one of his excursions, his head was splitting ; he was worse than I was ; he went immediately to bed, and requested to have a doctor sent for. But where was one to be found ? I hurried down to Granada ; Larramendi hunted up the doctor belonging to the Regiment Cordoba, and he promised to come to us immediately. When I got home to the Alhambra I was nervous to such a degree, and so weakened that I had very nearly dropped. The doctor found us both suffering ; Collin was in a high fever. It was a long, painful night which followed.

One should not fall ill on a journey, and if one does do so, it becomes a very serious matter ; but in such serious hours one learns to value friends, and to weigh what we are to each other ; one forgets one's self. Sympathies are awakened ; they strike roots round the tree, which one could so willingly believe will grow into eternity.

Already on the following day we felt ourselves better ; and the day after that again, we were able to recommence our little excursions : mine were and remained so daily, to the neighboring *Generalife*, the summer residence of the Moorish kings, the sultanas' shady garden with its rippling reservoirs.

A few steps from the "Fonda de los siete suelos," outside the ancient walls of the Alhambra, stands a venta ; a grape vine near it spreads a leafy canopy, beneath which peasants and citizens often sit and enjoy their wine ; a little brook with clear crystal water forms a boundary between it and the road : there is neither bridge nor plank across the brook ; one steps over upon a couple of large stones which have been flung

down. Behind the house a broad path leads to an extensive vineyard and orchard, filled with orange-trees, pomegranates, poplars, and elms. Far back in this garden lies a pretty shining white villa ; an allée of old cypresses and vines leads to it ; it is Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, the sultanas' favorite residence. Here are still preserved the small terrace-formed gardens, with lovely fragrant flowers ; and through it flow the clear running mountain streams. The place belongs to a rich Italian family, who never come here, but who keep it in order.

With a few strokes of the iron hammer the gate opened, and we entered a small oblong garden, where the blooming myrtle hedges have been cut like the old-fashioned box borders ; the water, clear and transparent, ripples, bubbles, and rushes through a long marble basin. To the right stood walls covered with creeping plants in rich profusion, and terraces where you saw the finest dark-red roses growing, and where aged cypresses raised their dusky green columns. To the left, vaulted passages, built in the Moorish style, led through corridors and pavilions connected by arches. In every direction shone forth fantastic arabesque decorations and verses, cut and engraven in the hard porcelain wall. We found ourselves in a second Alhambra, not so extensive or gorgeous as the vast kingly palace opposite, but breathing more of life. Rows of portraits looked down from the walls upon us ; among these were Boabdil's and Ferdinand's and Isabella's. The garden was just as it stood in the time of the sultanas, — mighty cypresses, which once afforded shade to those distinguished beauties, still grow in full vigor. One mounted from terrace to terrace ; the ascent consisted alternately of marble steps and slanting paths, studded with small bright stones. Above, on the other side of the garden wall, one perceived only the naked stony ground ; the mountain slopes gently upward ; its summit is crowned by the ruins of an old Moorish fort. Once blooming gardens flourished here ; now only the thistly cactus spreads its blossoms. Far down below the Darro flowed, from the opposite banks of which the ground inclines upward slightly, with the ruins of a monastery and miserable looking houses amidst extensive rich vineyards ; here had once stood

splendidly built marble baths ; gardeners now and then come upon pavements of costly mosaic ; hedges of laurel, growing wild, spread their far-famed green branches over hidden monuments.

Generalife attracted me more frequently than the Alhambra itself. Here the air was perfumed with roses, reminding one of the poetry of ancient times ; the clear waters rushed along, murmuring and foaming as of yore ; the primeval cypresses, silent witnesses of that which legend and song portray, stood rearing their fresh branches in the air that I was breathing. Here I lived so entirely in the past, that it would scarcely have surprised me if forms from the days of the Moors, in rustling damask and dazzling brocades, had glided by me.

Poets and historians describe the Abencerrages as the most handsome and most chivalrous men of Granada. Their generosity and humanity were conspicuous, and it is related that every woman of the land, from the meanest house to the Alhambra's most powerful sultana, had the greatest sympathy for this race. This awakened jealousy in the equally mighty Zegris, which soon ripened into deadly enmity. When, therefore, down in Granada, by order of the Moorish kings, a tournament, but with blunted weapons, was to be held, the race of the Zegri treacherously came with pointed spears, and entered the lists against the Abencerrages. These then also seized their arms. The king and his courtiers, surprised and terrified, sprang on to the combat ground, and succeeded in separating the opponents. Their hatred increased in the course of years. There came, once upon a time — so historians relate — four knights from the race of the Zegri to King Boabdil, and told him that they had entered the garden of the Generalife at a late hour in the evening, and had there beheld one of the proud Abencerrages sitting hand in hand with the most lovely sultana, and that they had seen and heard them kissing each other. Boabdil, in a furious passion, appointed all the Abencerrages to come up to the Alhambra. They entered singly into the hall which still bears their name. Each, as he came in, was cut down, and his head was thrown into the large marble reservoir, from which the blood soon dyed the water in all the canals of the Alhambra. One of the pages, having witnessed the mur-

der of his master, escaped from the palace, and reached the street beneath, where he met a new troop of Abencerrages who had been summoned by the king. These he warned, and they hastily retreated.

A knightly contest, deemed then a judgment from God, was to decide the fate of the beautiful but unhappy sultana. Clad in black garments, she stood on the public market-place. The four Zegri who had accused her stepped forward, well armed, to maintain the truth of their assertions. God sent champions for her, it was said, who in the contest defended her honor, and saved her by killing, in fair fight, the four Zegri.

Ye silent lofty cypresses in the garden of the Generalife, what could ye not relate? What have ye not seen? Boabdil's fall, the destruction of the Moors! To you also reached the wail of woe when Alhama fell.

Throughout the streets of Granada
In sorrow rides the Moorish king.
From Elvira's gate he passes
To the gate of Bivarrambla.
Woe's me, my Alhama!

Letters had brought news to him—
News that he had lost Alhama!
He flung the letters to the ground,
And the bearer smote to death.
Woe's me, my Alhama!

And he alighted from his mule,
And mounting on his war-steed, rode
To Alhambra—where he bade
The drums and silver trumpets sound.
Woe's me, my Alhama!

And the Moors gathered together, and he told them of his loss; the eldest of the priests then predicted his fate to him.

Thou hast but met with thy deserts,
And worse awaits thee still, O king!

And he named the Abencerrages, the strangers in Cordoba, and his doom. The song concludes with:—

As thine Alhama thou hast lost,
So thou shalt too thy kingdom lose.
Woe's me my Alhama!

Lofty cypresses in Generalife's garden, ye heard it; ye beheld the banners of the Christians float for the first time from the highest towers of the Alhambra. Lofty cypresses, ye shall grow in my thoughts when I again wander in my northern home beneath the beech-trees, or sit in my solitary chamber by the bright stove, and what is now present to me, then may be called old reminiscences.

It was in the garden of the Generalife that I experienced the first touch of winter, a puff of wind, a kiss, which in a second scattered the yellow foliage from the leafy trees. I had gone from my room in "*de los siete suelos*" out into the sunshine; it was powerful enough to warm me in a moment, when I was freezing in the shade-hidden Fonda. I had only a few hundred steps to go through the allée, and I stood upon the ridge of the mountain, which lay opposite Granada; the sun burnt fiercely here and almost scorched the dusty cacti, that, with their heavy leaves, stretched themselves out over the declivities. Here stood a miserable hovel, in which a gypsy family lived; the brown children ran about always naked, with their matted black hair hanging about their shoulders; all their life long they had rejoiced in the warm sunshine: they never felt cold. Far beneath me I saw Granada's streets; I saw the sunlit, new Alameda, the whole luxuriant campagna, the rich Vega; the young corn in the fields stood as fresh and green as if it were spring-time, as if the last days of summer had suddenly sprung over the winter, and had now already begun to rule beneath.

I gazed over the mountains, beyond which Malaga lies, the direction I should soon be travelling; the Sierra Nevada raised its green terraces high above copse-wood and orchards; higher still towers the mountain in wild forms, crowned at the summit with eternal snow and glaciers. My eye followed the Darro and Xenil, which, here united, winds itself amidst the fruitful valley. Suddenly beneath yonder smoke ascends, spreading itself more and more, like the smoke from the forest, or heath on fire; in three different places, far off it was to be seen; it was however, neither smoke nor fire; it was the dust of the high road lifted by a gale of wind and driven forward. All around where I was standing, a dead calm reigned, the

wind had not yet reached so high ; but a few minutes later, when I went from here, and entered the garden of the Generalife, suddenly the clouds chased each other across the sun, a gust of wind whistled in the air, the leaves fell : it was as if a giant's hand shook every tree in the garden. It became cold ; in an instant I felt as if I had been transported to my home in the north ; astonished, I hastened from the garden, as if I could thus escape the autumn. From the south came the ice-cold wind ; it passed onward with the clouds, and the sun shone still.

The north had cast a snow-ball across to Africa's sandy deserts ; this was cast back again ; hence the icy wind, that not even the kisses of the sun could soften. Otherwise than this I could not explain it.

If I wished to return to summer, to be thoroughly warmed through, I had only to descend to the streets of Granada ; there the air was warm, and the white houses and walls reflected back the scorching rays of the sun ; the same glowing air pervaded the campagna. To enjoy such charming heat, again to feel that I was in sunny Spain, I betook myself down to the city, and wandered out of the gates towards Cartuja, to the Carthusian monastery, famed, not only for its riches and great magnificence, but also for its vast and beautiful garden. All strangers, and indeed all the inhabitants of Granada itself, say : " If you have not seen Cartuja, you have not seen the greatest attraction which Granada has to offer : nowhere in the world is such loveliness to be found ; you must not leave without having seen Cartuja."

The road to the monastery was dusty and long ; the sun's rays were scorching. I had a little too much of the Spanish sun. There was only one single brother of the order left in the monastery ; he conducted us round. The monks of the monastery have all been expelled. There was a profusion of gold and marble here ; but it appears to me that in Italy, more particularly in Rome, I had seen quite as much, and that there it was displayed in more tasteful forms. Of all the magnificence in Cartuja, I have only retained a lively recollection of a painted cross upon one of the white walls of the hall. It is impossible

to see that it is painted. I was obliged to trust to the word of the holy brother, and not to my own eyes ; for they told me — that is a real cross hanging there. The church doors are of ivory, mother-of-pearl, and polished sandal-wood. This is the splendor which is so much vaunted, and on account of which Cartuja is compared in beauty and grandeur to the Alhambra and the Generalife.

The road back to my hotel led me through the gypsy quarter — a straggling village in a cactus desert ; the heavy gray-green leaves, with their millions of prickles, form an impenetrable thicket ; the red fruit comes brightly forth from among the thorny-edged leaves. How often may not the knife have here dealt a death-blow, where the child grows up, “ the child born in sin ; ” but how often have not also here God’s sunshine and love shone upon His creatures, calling forth noble traits worthy to be celebrated to His glory and their honor ? Mankind is created in God’s image ; this is found even among the race of Pariahs.

Thou charming child with the sea-blue, intelligent eyes, whom I once saw, whose voice I heard — shall I meet thee here among these scattered, wretched hovels ? Thou muse of song, from the land of imagination !

Before one of the houses sat an old dark-brown Gitana in a motley colored dress, and with large silver rings in her ears ; her grayish hair fell about her almost black neck ; in her hand she held a long bamboo — she groped her way with this. She was blind. By our footsteps she perceived that we were not of her race. She held out her hand. I dropped a peseta into it ; she muttered a few words which I could not understand. Some half-naked sunburnt children ran with bare feet quite near to the prickly cacti, and cut off the crimson fruit with a long knife ; black eyes sparkled from many of the cabin windows, but the muse of song did not vouchsafe to appear, and without her the poet could not attempt to sing. Hence, no poem from the gypsy village is given.

The sun was going down as I approached the Darro, from whose banks rises precipitously, yet overgrown with trees and bushes, the mountain ridge on which stands the Alhambra.

Here was a peace, a solitude, fraught with dreamy, earnest thought.

Like an Æolian harp broken in two,
But hanging still in Darro's hilly banks,
I see thee rich in ornament and grace.
Alhambra ! though thy greatest beauty lies
In the soul-stirring memories of the past.
What tones still issue from thy fragile strings ?
Sweet tones of love, mingling with warlike sounds —
Clashing of swords that to siroccos' swell.
Ah ! broken is that harp, but still it hangs
Yonder, amidst the weeping cypresses —
It is Alhambra, glorious in decay.

Between the high walls of the Alhambra and the garden of the Generalife, not far from the Fonda de los sieteuelos, and close to the little venta, a carriage-road leads down to the town, but so steep that conveyances can scarcely be driven along it ; an arch of the ancient aqueduct, which conveyed water from the Generalife to the Alhambra, forms a sort of portal across the road. Fig-trees and blossoming vines cluster in rich profusion over both sides of the ruined walls. The clear transparent waters, from the garden of the Generalife, rippled over the broken stones. In the ruined walls and slopes of the earth there are often deep cavities ; before such a cavity I frequently saw an old couple sitting ; it is possible that they actually lived there. One day I found the woman cooking some viands over a small fire which she had kindled ; somewhat later, I saw both of them smoking one cigar — that is to say, they changed about to smoke the same cigar — first the man, then the woman. There was something peculiarly loving and conjugal in this act ! Had this scene been sketched, there might have been written under it, — “ Domestic happiness, and yet only one cigar,” to say nothing of their having no house for their domestic happiness !

Over steep declivities the road meanders downward between a wall of the Alhambra and abrupt rocks. It is as if kneaded together of clay, lime, and small stones : some parts are entirely overgrown with cacti, and here and there you see what you fancy at first sight to be a heap of ruins ; it is a heap of gigantic leafy plants. This is one of the most romantic ravine

pathways that can be imagined. At each turn, looking forward or backward, a new view presents itself, — steep threatening rocks, red walls, and towering turrets. One of these turrets is remarkably beautiful ; the elegance of its structure, and its genuine Moorish style attracted me so much, that I could scarcely take my eyes from it. It seemed to me as if one of the lovely sultanas of yore must appear. Here, where undisturbed by all that is new, one dreams one's self transported back to that romantic period round which song has cast its unfading chaplet.

This road is called the street of the dead, because by it, at evening, the dead are conveyed from the Alhambra down to Granada, for interment. I often wandered up and down it. A bridge here leads over the Darro. On the road close to it is an old Moorish bath-house. This has been turned into a dwelling-house and store-rooms, for the paper manufactory which our countryman, Herr Wisby, superintends. The house, however, does not bear the impression of the former Moorish style : it has not the light columns, the horseshoe-formed windows. It is clumsily built, with a quantity of rococo ornaments. An arcade, supported by pillars, runs round the four-cornered garden, in which roses, oleanders, and pomegranate-trees grow wild. Water murmurs and ripples here, as everywhere else in Granada.

Had Salvator Rosa lived here, he would assuredly have selected the street of the dead for a background to some robber-scene. It was most nervous work to walk here after sunset : the tall cacti reared their ponderous leaves like the heads of people lurking about ; darkness reigned in the deep clefts of the wall and in the chasms in the earth ; and if you met only a couple of armed peasants, or, if you saw masked forms bearing down a dead person in an open coffin, it needed not the extravagant fancy of a Don Quixote to transport you back to the days of chivalrous and lawless deeds.

This was an inviting spot for an assault. We had, as it so happened, a slight proof of this. When in all comfort on our balcony we witnessed the scene.

Some young fellows had been drinking rather too much at the little venta near the garden of the Generalife. Their

sweethearts had been with them, and were probably the cause of the quarrel.

Collin and I were sitting in our room, when we heard in the distance a piercing shriek. I fancied it was the cry of some animal. It was repeated, always coming nearer. Soon we perceived that it was women who were giving utterance to these screams of distress. Our opposite neighbors locked their gates and doors ; we did the same. We stepped out on our balcony. It was pitch dark in the *allée* ; from our *Fonda* alone the light fell across the road to the white wall opposite. Some one screamed aloud, " Help ! help ! he is murdering me ! " and in precipitous flight a person rushed past, pursued by two others. We saw their knives glitter. The women fled among the dark bushes. Deep hoarse men's voices swore and abused each other ; there was a tremendous noise and thumping. Each blow that was given was distinctly heard ; it sounded as if they were striking each other with enormous cudgels. They were such heavy blows that one single one would have been sufficient to have annihilated my backbone. It was cruel, horrible !

The following morning the scene of the fray appeared in its usual beauty and tranquillity. The sunbeams played through the branches of the trees ; the fountains splashed ; the clear water in the ditches streamed onward, bearing with it fresh-plucked roses. Castanets sounded ; a handsome young lad, clad in velvet, with well-combed hair, danced in the middle of the dusty road, with a little girl, scarcely twelve years of age, poorly but cleanly dressed ; she wore a corn-flower blue frock, a rose-red apron, and a yellow dahlia drooped in her black hair. The dance was graceful, and, as it proceeded, full of passion. From every balcony they received applause and money.

There passed, too, a band of gypsies in holiday attire, probably a whole family, the women equipped in violent colors, and with fiery red flowers in their shining black hair. Even the tiny children who were being carried, had each stuck a blossom in its hair. They were wending their way up to the *Alhambra*.

When, somewhat later, I also mounted up there, once more to gaze upon its beauty, I, as well as many other strangers, had to wait a long time before we could be admitted. The lion court and the hall of the "Two Sisters" were being photographed by a celebrated English photographer, by permission of Her Majesty the Queen. This was in full progress ; no one was, therefore, allowed to go in, for fear of disturbing the picture. We saw, through the open arch, what was going on within. The gypsy family who had lately passed our balcony had been ordered to come up here, to give living figures to the picture. They stood and lay in groups round the court : some of the smallest children were perfectly naked ; two young girls, with dahlias in their hair, stood in a dancing position, holding castanets ; an old, fearfully ugly gypsy, with long gray hair, was leaning against a slender marble column, as he played the *zambomba* — a sort of kettle-drum ; a stout but extremely pretty woman, in a tucked-up embroidered dress, struck the tambourine. The picture, which I cannot give in writing, was finished in a moment. Perhaps I may see it again, but too surely it is the last time I shall ever behold the Alhambra.

CHAPTER X.

FROM GRANADA TO GIBRALTAR.

ON the evening of Tuesday, October 21, we left Granada. Colonel Larramendi and Herr Wisby, our two most intimate friends in the city of the ancient Moors, were on the spot ; also my little friends, Larramendi's children, to cry "Adios ! vaya usted con Dios !"

The diligence was a sort of omnibus, with seats on each side ; it was almost full ; an old grandmother took up most room with her crinoline — it was large enough to have made an awning for all the rest of us in the carriage ; she was so profuse of her kisses also, that there might have been enough for the whole party. Three young lively Spaniards were our fellow-travellers ; they were as overflowing with popular ditties, as the Darro was with its gold-bearing waters. We had not passed the extensive suburbs when they began to sing all sorts of verses, mostly according to the fashion of the peasants in Spain as well as in Italy, in a snuffing manner, with long humming tones. This was very interesting for the first three hours ; it became tiresome after that, but there was no cessation. Now and then a racy song was sung, as I judged by the words I could understand, and by the peals of laughter from the young men after each verse. The old grandmother took no notice of the singing ; she slept, or seemed to sleep. Amidst the noise of these jovial sounds we passed over the campagna, where here and there a light glimmered from one of the many country-houses, or a torch blazed in a field.

At midnight we reached *Loja*. Here we parted from the musical youths, and had new fellow-travellers, a whole family : the man was a tall, dark, gloomy-looking person, with Spanish Grandezza ; he looked very solemn and was called *Catedratico*, which means professor : his wife was a pretty creature with

large mild eyes ; she did not look more than sixteen, and yet she had three children ; we had them all in the carriage ; they would not sleep without a light, therefore the young mamma sat with a large wax-candle blazing in her hand, so that I was nearly blinded by it ; and when she wished to sleep, the father held the light, and when he became sleepy, the nurse had to hold it, and when she fell asleep and was on the point of dropping both the candle and the baby, her neighbor extinguished the light, and we sat in sleep-courting darkness for a short time ; but suddenly the youngest child began to scream for light, then the second little one began, and then the third ; there was a general awakening, and the candle was lighted again.

The carriage swayed about, tobacco was smoked, the young wife became sea-sick : these were the incidents of the night. Outside of the omnibus the air was cold and damp ; a thick fog lay on the hills, which only began to disperse when, at daylight, we reached the summit of one of them, and the road led down to Malaga. Solitary and deserted was all around us : we drove by the side of deep abysses. In the narrow valley beneath darkness still reigned, while we, up on the heights, saw clearly every object around us. The bells attached to the mules seemed to make a greater noise in the profound stillness. We met some police-soldiers on horseback ; they rode always two and two. They had lighted a large fire at one place on the dreary road, here they dismounted from their horses and warmed themselves.

And now the sun arose in all its glory, and displayed the blue ocean to us. Malaga's white flat-roofed houses, the immense cathedral, and the Moorish castle on its elevated position. Now we saw the Guadalmedina's dried-up bed ; and soon, amidst large dusty cacti, we approached the town. It was like going home to return here again ; we knew the place so well, and we were received at the hotel like old friends.

I sat again on the balcony, and looked down on the Alameda. It appeared as if the same human beings crowded it, and in the harbor there appeared to be the same ships ; but that was not the case, for all the Danish vessels had sailed homeward to Denmark.

I hastened to call on Consul Scholz and my other friends, and received the warmest welcome from them all. Again I mixed with the loiterers on the Alameda, again walked on the sea-shore, where the billows were dashing high in the air, and again I drove to my favorite spot — the Protestant churchyard: my thoughts had often wandered to it when I was so ill at Fonda de los siete suelos.

By the mirror-clear sea, by the high-swelling sea,
O dig a grave for me!

I sung once in the north, under the beech-trees; here, under the sighing palms, myrtles bloom, and the bachelor's geranium grows tall and vigorous.

By the mirror-clear sea, by the high-swelling sea;
but the sea looked darker than when I was here before, and showed that a storm might throw it into violent agitation; the wind blew sharply, as at home in Denmark; the skies were overcast, and there fell heavy drops of rain.

The day after there appeared in the Malaga newspaper, "Yesterday winter commenced;" the severe weather had begun, but it would not become more severe, else there is no truth in the lines, —

Malaga la pechicera,
La de eterna primavera.¹

Already, for a couple of weeks past, had a number of English with chest complaints been arriving. This is a sign here of the approach of winter, just as the arrival of the storks at home with us betokens the approach of spring.

The theatres were open. The Italian opera had commenced with Verdi's compositions, "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "Un Ballo in Maschera." These were now to be laid aside in order to bring out a German piece, namely, Flotow's opera, "Martha."

As far as I have been able to ascertain, not a single opera of Mozart, not even his immortal composition, so essentially Spanish in subject,—his masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," has reached across the Pyrenées. Flotow's "Martha" is the first

¹ Enchanting Malaga, with everlasting spring.

importation from Germany ; the light and sparkling music of France and Italy precede the grander tones of a Mozart, and a Beethoven, Carl Maria Weber, Marschner, etc. etc.

I was present at the first representation of "Martha." The principal part was nicely sung by a Polish lady, the tenor was from Russia, the other singers from Italy. The decorations and the scenery were wretched, but the voices and acting very good, yet not a hand was raised to applaud during the whole representation. I was afterwards informed of the reason of this : the reigning prima donna had no part in this opera ; she was present, however, in her box near the orchestra ; she would never have forgiven her public, had any one in that house been greeted with praise but herself. Still she was good-hearted, for between the acts she went behind the scenes and thanked the young singer, who had been so unnoticed by the spectators.

The house contains four tiers, but there were not many people present ; on the lowest tier, and the foremost seats, sat a number of young girls, keeping up a lively conversation with several well-dressed, stylish-looking young gentlemen. When I came to hear their ages, I found that they were all merely children, the gentlemen being about fifteen years of age, the ladies about eleven, but apparently quite come to maturity. The young ladies agitated, with the usual coquettish grace, their glittering fans, and tossed their heads in the most assured manner. Pretty little things ! one of them, I was told, had been married for a year, and was already a mother.

The day of our departure came. The steamer *Paris*, which, after having left Lisbon, had been detained by a storm, arrived early in the morning, and was to start again in the evening on its return voyage. We took our places on board, and when I was packing up my things to go, I received a painful surprise — a shock I might almost say — I was thrown into deep distress. Naturally I had left my orders at home, in Denmark, but I had taken with me small copies of these decorations, all strung together on a gold chain ; among them was "*Nordstjernen*" the "Northern Star," the identical one which Oehlenschläger had worn, and which once, when I was in very low spirits after a cruel attack made on me as a poet

by a harsh critic, he gave me with many cheering and encouraging words ; it was to me a treasured souvenir of him, the only one I possessed ; I had brought it with me as an amulet on my journey. I had only worn this decoration once in Malaga, at a ceremonious party, and at Granada I had only shown it to one of my friends, and then put it carefully away. Several weeks had passed since then, and now, on opening the box in which it ought to have been, I found it was gone. I searched everywhere, shook every article of clothing I had, but in vain. I wrote to Herr Wisby, at Granada, about it ; he made inquiries at both the Fondas where I had stayed, and instituted a search in them. Consul Scholz had advertisements inserted in the Granada and Malaga newspapers, describing the decoration, which had been either lost or stolen ; I never recovered it. Oehlenschläger's "Northern Star," which he had worn himself, and which he had given me, was lost. I never saw it again. I was much grieved to lose it, and even now I think of it with bitter regret.

Granada, with all its grandeur and beauty, was the spot in all Spain from which I had carried away the most disagreeable and painful recollections. Our visit there cost much more than it ought to have done, and obliged us to shorten by some weeks our stay in Spain. In Granada, as I have related, my travelling companion and I became ill ; in Granada awaited me more than one letter, cruelly cold and unkind, from that country to which my thoughts and my affections were bound. I had a taste of what it might be, so to speak, to be in every-day life, equipped in rough linsey-woolsey rather than in smooth velvet.

To your kindred and people your heart you may give,
But if thanks you expect, you are only an ass !

Yes ; I have sung these lines before, but I shall have to repeat them, if I live.

The sun was still shining on the fort, the ancient Gibralfaro, when I, with our consul, in his boat, rowed out to the steamer. The evening came on so soon and suddenly, that I preferred to go on board in daylight. Collin joined me at a later hour,

but quite in good time before the departure of the ship, which did not take place until midnight; the lights in the town glimmered, the light-house was long visible, the sea was calm.

I went upon deck at daylight. The African coast, with dark blue hills, lay before us; on the right was the Spanish coast, and its most southerly point, the rock of Gibraltar: close up to it shone white houses, quite a town, which, however, did not lie by any means so close to it as they appeared to do; this was the Spanish town of Algeciras, on the western side of the Bay of Gibraltar; we saw it over the neck of land which unites the rock of Gibraltar to the main-land. Gibraltar must doubtless have once been a rock out in the sea, but in the process of time sand has drifted in between the rock and the land, connecting them, and causing Gibraltar to become Europe's most southerly point.

Our vessel glided along the flat strip of land, in under the mighty rock; the sea has made deep cavities in it; there were plenty of screaming sea-birds about. High above, tunnels have been blasted, and strong fortifications erected; eighty-pounders stretch forth their death-dealing mouths over the sea. Our steamer shot through the water, leaving behind it the sailing ships that were trying to catch the wind; it swept past the fortifications on the part of the rock farthest south, turned to the north, and so into the bay, where a town built in terraces met our eyes. This, however, was not the fortified town of Gibraltar, but the suburbs out of it, which is called by the Spaniards Europe, and by the English South, that is to say, South Gibraltar; then came terraces with villas and gardens, and lastly, behind bastions and fortified walls, the town itself, amidst cactus-grown rocks.

A boat came out to the steamboat; all the papers were taken up with a pair of iron tongs, looked at, and returned by the hand. We then obtained permission to land, and at the landing place were told that we might remain a few days. We were now upon English ground.

A motley crowd, a whole pattern-book of nationalities, streamed in and out of the low gate of the fortifications, before which stood English soldiers with scarlet uniforms, blue eyes, and fair hair. Outside of the gate were markets for

meat, vegetables, and fruit ; within it an extensive parade ground, which led to the long, principal street of the town ; there mingled, with Bedouins in their burnouses, Morocco Jews in caftans, slippers, and turbans, sailors from all parts of the world, strangers also, some of whom wore long green veils attached to their hats, as a defense against the overpowering rays of the sun.

Our Danish Consul, Herr Mathiasen, had bespoken rooms for us at the "King's Arms Hotel." The *valet de place*, who met us in the harbor, was aware of this, and we were soon established in good English comfort. On the stairs and in the rooms one saw people of all nations and speaking all languages. At table acquaintances were quickly made ; here were a few lively agreeable English naval officers, two young Frenchmen, a German, and a Russian, and some Spaniards who had just arrived from crocodile hunting on the Nile.

While we were still at table, came Consul Mathiasen and carried us with him to his hospitable house. Around the rooms there was much that reminded one of Denmark. There hung a large picture, a Danish beech-wood, painted by Skovgaard ; on the table lay Paludan-Müller's collected works. Herr Mathiasen brought us the last numbers of "Dagbladet," which had come *viâ* England. I read in it what piece had been given at the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen eight days before ; it was "Far away from Denmark." I myself was far away, and yet near, for thought, with which God has endowed us, has power to fly. A letter had been awaiting me a whole month here ; it was from the English Minister at Tangier, Sir John Drummond Hay : he was so kind as to invite me and my travelling companion to stay at his house, if we should visit the African coast.

The steamer only went once a week from Gibraltar to Tangier, and we had still a few days before us ; therefore we were enabled to write to announce our coming. A fisherman often carried letters between Gibraltar and Tangier, and by him I sent a letter, accepting the invitation we had received.

Consul Mathiasen took us to see a beautiful view. We drove through the ponderous fortifications, and narrow crooked roads, out upon the flat tongue of land which joins

the rock of Gibraltar to the high land of Spain. Everything was arid and dried up ; here and there stood an agave with its thick stunted trunk, the dust lay upon its long heavy leaves. The bay, with Algeciras, stretched itself out on the left, the open sea was on our right. On the sandy road over which we were driving, there was an encampment ; the English garrison here take it by turns to live within the town, and outside in the tents, to accustom them to camp life.

We soon reached and passed over a (within reach of gun) piece of desert neutral land, and then came to the first little Spanish village ; it was inclosed within under railings, and Spanish soldiers stood at the gate.

We turned round, and before us, starting up, as it were, from the sandy plain and the sea, arose the mighty, perpendicular wall of rock ; we distinctly saw the embrasures in the galleries, which are widely extended throughout it. They were practicing sharpshooting on the sandy isthmus, therefore we were obliged to confine ourselves to the road by which we had come, and, unwillingly, to return by it. Through the fortifications, and over the walls, we reached the southern part of the town, near the Alameda ; here we came to a charming spot, covered with gardens. Soon South Gibraltar lay between us ; we drove past pleasant looking country-houses with white walls and green jalousies ; in the garden were growing splendid trees, with large sunny fruits, and carnation-tinted flowers ; there was quite a wilderness of foliage and bright creeping plants. At one villa, which belonged to our consul's mother-in-law, an Irish lady, we enjoyed a charming view, extending from the Bay of Algeciras to the town and hills, and over to Tarifa, and to the African coast. The view now became much grander, as from the southern part of the rock our carriage-road led to the northeast, and there suddenly stopped. We had to proceed on foot up the parched rocks, upon which the sun and the sun-fogs had exercised their influence. Passing soldiers and cannons we reached the lofty solitude ; wild cucumbers grew here amidst masses of stone ; immediately beneath us we saw the dark-blue, almost ink-black water with its foaming white-crested waves ; a fisherman in his boat lay down there, while sea-birds flew over him into the deep caverns of the rock.

Many vessels had sought shelter here, and were awaiting a favorable wind to pass through the straits out into the Atlantic Ocean. The view here was a very comprehensive one, extending from the dark blue hills in the north, up from the Bay of Malaga, along the whole coast, over the vast Mediterranean ; to the south arose the high lands of Africa — it was only six Danish miles hence to Ceuta, a Spanish town on the coast of Africa, which was distinctly to be seen in the clear, transparent air : the very separate houses were visible, and the outlines of the hills were perfectly defined, one mountain rising behind another.

Consul Mathiasen obtained the governor's permission for us to see the immense fortifications, and we visited them in company with him. Through a small overcrowded square, where many of the garrison and their families resided, we passed, guided by two soldiers, and were conducted into prison-like vaults, the doors of which were locked and bolted behind us ; sometimes we were in gloom and darkness, then suddenly we entered open passages, with the clear air above us, and the rock itself, with its loop-holes, forming the walls. It was a very fatiguing walk up to the flag-house at the top of the hill ; the way down from this leads past an enormous cavern in the rock, and whose singularly-formed stalactites and unfathomable depth awaken great interest. It is a popular idea that this cavern extends across under the Straits, and has its outlet on the African coast. Apes, it is said, have, through this submarine tunnel, found their way over here. Many skeletons of these animals have been discovered in this cave : the apes bury their own dead.

When Collin was here, the governor happened to visit the place with a number of strangers ; blue lights were burned in the cave, the extraordinary formation of which and the stalactites assumed, in the glare, quite a magic appearance. A relic from the time of the Moors is still to be seen on the northwest, a sort of fort ; it is now, so to speak, incorporated with the new walls and fortifications, which extend from the top to the bottom of the rock. At Gibraltar, one is under lock and key at times ; at sunset the signal gun is fired, the gates of the fortress are locked and all communication with the outside

world is broken off, until at sunrise another gun then thunders the order that the gates may be opened. If one does not think of it, one experiences no feeling of imprisonment. The long, gas-lighted street is thronged with people of all nations, Turks, Arabs, English, and French ; military music is played, the theatre is open : here at that time there was an opera being given ; one of the newest, "Moreto" — the music was by a Spaniard — was very successful.

For half a day we had dismal, rainy weather ; it reminded us of a northern autumn, but was not usual here : the whole of the winter season at Gibraltar consists of a few such blowy, dingy, wet days. By Christmas, spring has come again, and budding leaves and early flowers are seen.

We had delightful, warm, sunshiny weather the next day, although it was the first of November. Collin had gone scrambling among the rocks to gather snails and other insects for his collection. I preferred wandering about with a young lively Frenchman : we went out toward the Alameda, and came first to the church-yard, which lies immediately outside the southern gate of the town, close to the walls. Fig-trees spread their shade over the graves, dark cypresses and flowering plants offer a charming variety ; here grew high hedges, with large bell-formed blossoms that somewhat resemble white calla ; they flourish in all the gardens about here, and are worn by ladies at balls. It is only for the first hour or two that they retain their original hue ; in the course of the night they become lilac, and at early morning turn red. We were soon on the Alameda, which, with rows of trees, bushes, and flowers, is very inviting ; here one gets the fresh sea-breeze ; from hence one looks over the bay, filled with ships and boats, to Algeciras, and the bare stony hills which characterize the southern extremity of Europe.

We met a number of promenaders, especially ladies and children. The most of them had light hair and fair complexions, and seemed to be English. My young Frenchman, a susceptible, excitable youth, was quite charmed at the sight of one of these blonde beauties, although he had declared that his heart could only beat for the dark-haired Spaniards. One might have thought, from his conversation, that he was irre-

sistible, like the beauties about whom he raved. He was young, frank, and very communicative ; also so extremely amiable and good-natured, that his old aunt, who, as he said, always spoiled him, might have been excused for calling his very weaknesses chivalric. He pretended to know a great deal about "Spanish girls," but I did not believe half he said.

The inhabitants of the south are so lively, so almost childish, and so uncalculating, that many strangers judge the women in these countries wrongly. One should not believe all that people of vivid imagination assert, one should not believe all that is written and printed.

They say that a woman in Spain
Is of bold and masculine mind ;
They say that a dirk in her belt,
There carried for use, you will find.
They say so much more than they should—
The chattering tourist trust not ;
For a light and childish heart
The young Spanish female has got.
If you raise a finger at her
When laughing, and merry, and gay—
The bright daughter of Spain may then
A dirk that was hidden display.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO AFRICA.

AT an early hour, on the 2d of November, the steamer left Gibraltar for Tangier. Collin and I had gone on board, when we had the pleasure of seeing once more our kind friend the Consul Mathiasen. He brought us a farewell message from his wife, and tidings of a little unknown stranger, his youngest son, who was born at a still earlier hour that morning — a new inhabitant of the rock of Gibraltar.

The crew on board consisted principally of Moors ; our *valet de place* introduced us to one of them, the second mate. The steamer was very small, and rocked much on the rough sea. We steered across over the bay toward Algeciras, and kept near the Spanish coast, which was bare and rocky, until we got under Tarifa. Heavy dark masses of stone arose from the sea, and the waves dashed over them. The whole of the southern point of Europe is a wild mountain land, an arid desert. The town of Tarifa is sheltered behind dark naked blocks of rock ; only an old gray-looking light-house stands forward, surrounded by screaming sea-birds. Africa, to which we bent our course from Tarifa, in the direction of Tangier, lay smiling and fruitful before us. Behind Ceuta the country was high, and rose into grandeur in three ranges of hills, the one behind and higher than the other ; but as the line of coast stretched itself toward Tangier, out of the straits, toward the Atlantic Ocean, it became lower and lower, with green heights, not unlike those on the northern coast of Zealand. With white walls, flat-roofed houses, and above them a chalky-white fortress, Tangier loomed forth. Behind the town is to be seen a small specimen of the yellow sand of the desert, and over it were passing a train of heavily laden camels. There is no harbor here — no shelter against the boisterous sea ;

even the long solid mole had been destroyed by the Europeans before they gave up their possession of Tangier. The steamer stopped pretty far out, and cast anchor; and two or three boats with half-naked, sunburnt Moors came running out to us; screaming and making signs, they ascended the side of the steamer. I thought that one of them might have been sent by Sir J. Drummond Hay to take us ashore, but was disappointed in this.

The mate secured one of the boats for us, and, without a moment's delay, we and our luggage were hurried down to it, and rowed with all haste to the shore. The waves dashed over the half-demolished landing-place; the billows rolled up in lofty masses, exhausting and scattering themselves upon the sand. About half a dozen Morocco Jews, clad in their caftans, threw themselves into the water, and waded out to us. One seized a portmanteau, another a carpet-bag, a third carried off our umbrellas; it was like a regular work of plunder; they would listen neither to reasonable expostulations nor to angry shouts. Without my having the least idea of what was going to happen, I felt myself seized by one leg, another took my other leg, a third placed me upon his head, and, borne aloft in this fashion, Collin, myself, and an English fellow-traveller, were carried to dry land, between fishermen's boats drawn up on the beach, and Moors reclining half asleep. Some of them turned and looked at us, but retained their incumbent position; others raised themselves; but a whole troop of naked, screeching boys followed us to the outer gate of the town. We stood there as if we had been transported to Damascus, or to one of the cities mentioned in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Here, in an open hall, sat, with turbans and long beards, people that looked like the Seven Wise Men of the East; there were, however, only six of them, and of their wisdom I cannot speak, for I did not understand their language. We were at the Custom-house, and all our baggage was to be opened. I can speak neither Arabic nor the language of Morocco, therefore I only said three magic words, — "the English Ambassador!" — and these were quite enough. We were extremely well treated, and very soon permitted to depart, which we did,

guided, or rather accompanied, by a score of half-naked barbarians. Were we not on the coast of the barbarians, in the country from which, in olden times, pirates went forth, as they did from Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli, for the purposes of rapine and murder? Our guides gabbled and shouted, each endeavoring to seize some article of our luggage; they all wished, as had done the Jews who had carried us ashore, to earn some reward. We passed through a gate of the town, narrower than the one which led to the harbor, and walked on among white walls, glaring in the sun, and houses with low doors, and holes in the walls for windows. The women whom we met were enveloped in loose sack-like dresses, and glided like shadows past us. Some mules and well-laden camels almost barred the street against us, for it was hardly possible to pass between them and the houses and the mosque. The gate of the mosque was open; we ventured to glance in, but did not dare to stop; it was too holy a place for Christian eyes to peer into.

A young Moor showed us the way to the residence of the English minister, but the whole family were in the country, at their villa "Ravensrock," which lies out toward the Atlantic Ocean, about a Danish mile from Tangier. We found, however, the secretary to the English legation, Mr. Green; he knew that we were expected, but assured me that no letter from me had been received. The fisherman who ought to have delivered it, we heard afterward, went first from Gibraltar to Tarifa, and it was not until three days after our arrival at Sir J. Drummond Hay's that he brought the letter announcing our coming.

Horses and mules were soon got ready for us and our luggage; there was no use to think of driving, for there were no carriages; and, besides, the streets of Tangier resemble very much the dried-up bed of a river, they are so uneven, one would have to drive over stones, pieces of broken wall, and all sorts of sweepings. Almost all the houses had a number of doors and windows, which serve at the same time for counters and workshops; at these sat, in the Eastern fashion, the artisans and shopmen, mostly Morocco Jews. Even in the street we saw a number of Arabs in white burnouses; the water-carriers

went about in little more than their shirts ; they had a very wild appearance, and wore brass ornaments in their coal black hair. They came from several hundred miles up the country to Tangier, to gain a humble livelihood by selling water ; they carry this on their shoulders in large goat-skin bags, with the hairy part outside. The water oozes through the skins, so that they are always damp ; the drops run down over the dark-brown legs of the carriers. Half-naked sun-burnt boys were either pressing forward round us, or lying down outside of the doors of the houses playing with sticks : Moorish females flitted past, without seeming to notice any one or anything ; equipped in their wide linen wrappers they looked like walking millers' sacks. The western gate of the town, which leads to the country, is low and narrow ; the lane outside of it was filled with people and animals ; it was market day. Immediately outside of the walls of the fort, we had to make our way through an entire camp of Bedouins and Arabs, who, with their camels, were lying down in the deep sand. Two young Moorish lads led our mules, and Mr. Green accompanied us. We rode over the picturesque heath, which was thickly covered with gigantic cacti. We passed a couple of deserted villas ; the orange-trees in their grounds had grown quite into thickets ; we rode on amidst woody slopes, covered with laurel-hedges, and shrubberies of dwarf palms. Our path, if it could be called a path, resembled sometimes the stony streets of Tangier, sometimes a small track through a wild heath ; it led amidst the inclosures of an Arab's country dwelling and his family burying-ground, with its graves. Now we were in a plantation of Spanish reeds, now out again in the open heath. Far below us rolled the sea ; behind us we saw, over the dark-green wood, the town of Tangier, and the whole coast where the white-crested waves came rushing on the beach.

Mr. Green told us that, about nine years before, a lion had roamed around this place ; Sir J. Drummond Hay, with a number of the natives, hunted it in vain ; at length, in the wood here, crouching behind a large stone, the eyes of one of the Moors lighted upon it ; he turned as white as death and stood as still as a statue, so great was his terror. There were plenty of wild animals in the vicinity of this place ; Mr. Green said that

we might probably see wild boars and porcupines, and hear at night the cries of the jackals, who frequently enter the garden of the country-house to which we were going. We reached this house after about an hour's ride. Large as a palace, shining white, "Ravensrock" presented itself to us, encircled by trees and standing high over the sea. Dwellings for the various servants, washing-houses, stables, etc., lay, with white flat roofs, amidst gardens which had been extracted from the adjacent heath. Here was quite a thicket of myrtles in bloom, high bushes bearing a fruit like strawberries, dwarf palms, and wild orange-trees, many of which had been allowed to remain when the gardens were laid out. The entire establishment of servants, even the women, consisted of Moors; Hussein, the head servant, a handsome young man, in a stately turban and white burnoose with dark stripes,—any lady in our European towns might have worn it,—came with two younger Moors, Hamed and Boomgrais, in white plush small-clothes and red fezes; they helped us to dismount from our mules, and took them to the stables. Sir John Drummond Hay, a man with an intelligent, pleasant countenance, received us so kindly and cordially that we soon felt we were welcome. Lady Drummond Hay and both of her young daughters spoke to us in Danish. It was pleasant to hear our dear native language, here on the African coast, amidst lovely scenery and close to the vast Atlantic Ocean.

From the room which was assigned to me there was a most beautiful view: to the right, over the sea and the green woody coast, were to be seen, behind Tangier, high blue hills, then Ceuta, and beyond it, the open straits toward the Mediterranean Sea, where sailing ships and steamers were coming and going. Before us lay the Spanish coast, all the way from the rock of Gibraltar, in its wildness, to Tarifa, to the Bay of Trafalgar, and the hills near Cadiz. The Atlantic Ocean stretched itself, in its immensity, toward the west.

It was charming here in the evening. The light-house at Tarifa seemed quite near; sometimes we could even catch a glimpse of the blaze at the distant beacon at Trafalgar. The full moon, which seemed to be sailing in the vaulted space above, was shining on the vast, ever-rolling sea; the air

was pure and transparent ; and even those stars that were to be seen did not appear to be stationary in the blue heavens above, but to be moving in the expanse on high.

All was novelty and beauty in the scenery and vegetation around ; whilst in the interior of the house, we found every English comfort amongst the most amiable and kindest of friends, whose thoughts seemed devoted to making our stay with them pleasant and happy in all respects. Delightful, never-to-be-forgotten days did I pass here, forming a new and rich leaf in the story of my life.

IN AFRICA.

I stand upon Môrocco's soil,
 And Europe is the North for me —
 Is this not something strange to tell ?
 Trafalgar's light-house here I see !
 The billows of the ocean bring
 Sounds from the distant Danish **strand**.
 Even in Africa I seem
 To be still near my father-land ;
 All that I love there still I see —
 The voice of friends I think I hear ;
 And if it snow, there still descend
 The almond blossoms — Christmas **cheer**.
 Eldest kingdom of the North —
 Denmark ! once so strong, but now
 So small in limits ! still how great
 In the mind's empire art not thou !
 In the whispering of the waves
 I hear tones from the Danish strand ;
 The throbbings of my heart, dost thou
 Hear in return, my father-land ?

It was like being at home here, and I heard my mother-tongue. Lady Drummond Hay, who was of a calm, noble, feminine nature, was the daughter of the late Danish Consul-General, Carstensen, at Tangier. Of relations and friends in dear Denmark there was much to say ; I had also the pleasure of hearing Danish airs played on the piano-forte. There were two young pretty daughters, Louisa and Alice ; one was born in Copenhagen, the other at Tangier : they had read my tales in the English translations, and the French edition from

Geneva of the volume in which is "The Marsh-king's Daughter," the scene of which is laid partly in Denmark, partly in Africa, had a place in their book-case. I wrote in their copy of the book, —

From Denmark's shore these bouquets came,
With Danish memories fraught they are ;
Two dear young friends, say, may I claim
On Africa's bright coast afar ?

We passed from the garden into the wildflower-decked campagna ; there we saw, amidst the luxuriantly-blooming heather, the greatest variety of plants, specimens that would be valuable in the choicest hot-houses in Europe. The dwarf palms spread their green fans in thick masses, as the ferns do with us. Myrtles and laurels formed a thick grove. Out here, in the middle of the day, a meteor had shone in the heavens, and had fallen amidst the adjacent lofty rocks, which towered over the woods and wilds ; there was no trace of the meteor to be discovered, but a magnificent view presented itself over the whole campagna, far away into the country toward the south-east ; and the snow-capped Atlas Mountains rose high on the horizon like an Alpine range. Above flew, in flocks, large screeching ravens ; the number of these birds that are found here has given the name "Ravensrock" to the place.

The Moors tell a story about the ravens : I heard it from Sir John Drummond Hay, who enjoined me to make a little tale of it.

The Moors think that the ravens, when first they come out of the eggs, are white ; and they relate, in a comical manner, how horrified the paternal raven was when the young one crept out, and he perceived that it was white. "What is this?" cried the little raven's father, inspecting narrowly his own black plumage ; not a white feather was to be seen, and yet the young one was white ! He then looked at the mother, but not a white feather was visible about her either ; so he requested an explanation from her. "I do not understand it," she said, "but in a little time doubtless the right ones will come forth !" — "I will fly away from here," he cried, "away — away — away !" and he did fly away. The mother remained with the little one. The father was as angry as he

could be, but after he had flown about for some time, he began to think: "Perhaps I have not seen aright; I will go back and look again!" and he went back; he found that the little white one had become gray. "So then it is not white?" he exclaimed, "but still it cannot be called black; neither its mother nor I are of this color." And he flew away again. But once more he returned, and then the young one had turned black. "Only give time, and the right will appear;" this is the moral, and the father stuck to it afterward. Such is the story of the ravens.

Here in this neighborhood, under pines, and orange-trees heavily laden with fruit, one of the rich Jews of Tangier had built a country-seat. It and a few Moorish huts were the only habitations near. A narrow footpath, seldom used, wound through the wood down to the sea; it was upon this path, that some years ago the lion so much spoken of had been first seen. The lion started into my thoughts when I suddenly one day encountered here a large yellow animal. I will not conceal that, for a moment, I felt a sensation of fear: it was only, however, a large dog; but these dogs are by no means always harmless. A similar large unowned animal had, but a short time before, down at Tangier, eaten a little living Jewish child. I met neither ichneumon nor wild boar, although one of the latter had lately broken into the garden. A porcupine crossed the path I was traversing, and on my way home, I found one of its quills, which I have converted into a penholder.

There was something very enticing in wandering further and further on in an uninhabited place, something very exhilarating in the uncertainty of where you are going, and what you may encounter. Everything around was so new, so strange: and the hollow murmur of the sea was always breaking on the ear: the whole shore lay before me, studded with stones which had been flattened by the action of the waves, with mussel-shells, and conchs. What deep solitude here! And yet how teeming with life! — the ocean's life and motion! One seems like a little insect imbued with thought, amidst this grandeur of nature.

Hearest thou the ocean's murmuring tones,
 In Nature's untaught music rich ?
 In every conch that music swells,
 Therein it never dies away.
 Bright shell ! that in the deep sands lay,
 Where the poor sunken wreck now dwells
 Amidst the coral graves, o'er which,
 While rolling on, the wild wave moans.
 How many, coffinless, lie there —
 Their winding sheets, the ocean's foam ?
 Thou art thyself — shell of the deep !
 A dead-house where no creature lives ;
 Yet life to thee a spirit gives.
 Thy lyre, which unseen fingers sweep,
 Could tell the secrets of thy home ;
 Would that these secrets I might share !

Near the sea, in the campagna, and on the high balcony of the villa, there was matter to inspire poetical thoughts. What might not a cigar reveal ? The air was warm, and yet it was light. A number of fishing boats lay like a flock of swans in Trafalgar Bay, awaiting a breeze ; there was not a cloud to be seen, except that which arose from the curling smoke of the cigar. What the cigar could tell, I also can : —

In Cuba stood black girls, cutting tobacco plants ; their eyes glittered like stars, but the eyes of the youngest among them glittered more than the rest. She was a king's daughter from hot Africa, now a slave in a large West India island.

There fell a tear on the leaf she had just cut from the tobacco plant ; there is a soul in a tear ; a soul can never die, and this contained the memories of her childhood, longing, and regret. The leaf was rolled up, — the brown mummy was called a good cigar.

It was the very one I had just lighted, here, on the coast of Africa ; it steamed, the smoke, undulating, extended itself ; it became a little cloud-land, a dream-world. What lay in it ? A soul, a tear from Africa's daughter.

It freed itself, it raised itself in its father-land, and flew over the Atlas Mountains to the unknown inner region. The soul in the tear was at liberty in thought's homeland !

We had also an opportunity of seeing life in Tangier ; Sir J. Drummond Hay with his family removed thither. First

were sent off large caravans, drawn by mules, conveying all sorts of goods—luggage, and kitchen utensils. At a later hour in the afternoon, our excellent host and all of us left the romantic “Ravensrock.” It was the first summer the family had resided there; formerly they had spent that time at an old Moorish villa near Tangier. We passed close to it. The garden was remarkable for its abundance of orange-trees and roses, which were now left to take care of themselves; the kind fostering hands which hitherto tended them were now absent. We again rode over the path by which we had come, rode amidst the high bamboo reeds, and passed the Moorish country-house, with its little burial-ground, and afterwards up among the laurel-hedges and palm-thicket. The ground became more and more uneven; the rest of the party rode on before me, and were soon out of sight. When left to myself I could not find out either road or path, so I was obliged to leave that to my mule; but as it was necessary that he should go a little faster, I beat him with a laurel-twigg, and he set off at a smart pace. I am not much of a rider, yet I managed to keep my seat; the animal soon found out, however, that I was not his master, and he seemed well pleased thereat. The sun set, it suddenly became evening, pitch darkness brooded over the deep valley, some torches were lighted on the side of the hill, and the moon gleamed upon the wide-spread solitude.

On the outside of Tangier, close to it, near the cactus-covered slopes, lay in the sand a large caravan of camels: one only raised its head high in the air, stretching out its long neck; the others seemed asleep. A fire was burning, with thick smoke proceeding from it, in the moat. We rode through the low narrow gate, where some Arabs, bare-legged and in burnouses, met us, and ran with lights through the confined, break-neck lanes; over stones and rubbish we rode, until we reached the small street in which the foreign consuls reside: here are represented the French, Spanish, and English governments. Sir John Drummond Hay takes precedence among them as the English resident minister at the empire of Morocco. At sunset the flags are all taken down; at daylight there waved above his house two flags, those of England

and Denmark, as Sir J. Drummond Hay, from the period of his father's death, had been the Danish Consul-General.

We were here in an old building, with balconies hanging over the garden, flat roofs, and surrounded by thick walls ; the gate was well locked and secured. Within all was so pleasantly and so well arranged. The stairs and the corridors were adorned with the skins of lions, panthers, and tigers ; collections of Moorish vases, spears, sabres, and other weapons : there hung rich saddles and horse-trappings, for the most part presents which Sir John Drummond Hay had received on his visit to the Emperor of Morocco.¹

In the usual sitting-room, which was adjacent to a not insignificant library, there were, among many paintings and engravings, more than one well-known place and portrait belonging to my Danish home. The splendid silver candelabra, a gift from the Swedish king, Oscar, stood in one corner, and a magnificent china vase, presented to Sir John Drummond Hay by the Danish king, Christian VIII., stood in the opposite corner of the apartment. Every window-blind was of Copenhagen manufacture, with painted views of the palaces of Fredericksborg, Fredericksberg, and Rosenberg. I might have fancied myself in a Danish room — in Denmark — and yet I was in another quarter of the globe.

In this house there was every English convenience, even to a fire-place ; and from the balconies we looked out upon the little garden, where the oleanders bloomed amidst the changing color bell-flowers I had seen in the church-yard at Gibraltar. A large palm-tree raised its lofty head in the clear moonlit air, and imparted to the view its foreign appearance. The sea, with its white-crested waves, was rolling near, and the lighthouse at Tarifa glimmèred upon us from the coast of Europe as we sat, a happy circle, in the handsomely furnished, comfortable room. Sir John told us about the country and the people ; he told us also about his journey to Morocco, and of his residence in Constantinople.

There hung on the wall of the sitting-room a likeness of the most beautiful sultana in the harem of Mahmud II., the

¹ *Western Barbary, its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals*, by John H Drummond Hay. London, 1844.

grandfather of the present Sultan. To have obtained a portrait of a sultana seems almost incredible ; this picture had a romantic history of its own.

The Sultan had a little dwarf of a most hideous appearance, but so wonderfully clever and full of talent that he amused his majesty very much. One day, when the dwarf had been particularly witty and entertaining, he said, "What will you give me now, my lord?" — "I will give you any one of my wives whom you can kiss," said the Sultan. "O, but I cannot reach up to kiss any of them," replied the dwarf; "they would laugh at me." — "That is your affair," rejoined the Sultan, ordering his tobacco-pipe. The most beautiful of all his women brought it in; she knelt before him, and presented it to him. At that moment the dwarf sprang forward, threw his arm round her neck, and kissed her. "I will give you money," said the Sultan, "but not her." — "The Sultan will not break his word," replied the dwarf. "Well, she is yours," said the Sultan; "but never again, from this time forth, dare to enter the gates of the seraglio." The beautiful sultana had to go with the dwarf. She was plunged into grief, and burning with anger, — "You have carried your point," she said, "but I also will now have my way. I will live free, as the Christian women live. I will drive out when I please, and I will come home when I please. I will torment you: I will make you wretched!" And this she did in every possible way, and when a French painter came, she had her likeness taken, and this was how her portrait was obtained.

It was midnight before I retired to my chamber. But I did not feel as if I required either sleep or repose; occupied with my own thoughts, I could have sat long looking up into the boundless atmosphere! The deepest sea is shallow compared to that infinite depth. I heard the Turkish *Mundin* sing his watchman's song, —

It is better to pray than to sleep! God is great!

The ocean murmured its eternal tones. At length I lay down, and closed my eyes in a Mohammedan city.

Tangier is the old Tinja of the Romans in the western part

of what was then called Mauritania ; in the eighth century it was conquered by the Moors, in the fifteenth by the Portuguese ; these presented it, a hundred years later, as a bridal gift with one of their princesses, to pass into the hands of England ; but after about a score of years it was restored to the Moors. All this can be read in any historical work or gazetteer : but it is always well to know something of the place one is in ; and with this knowledge we went forth next day, under the guidance of the most confidential servant in the establishment, Hussein. We were to see all that was remarkable in the town, and also to visit the shop of a Jew, who had for sale a large collection of Moorish articles, such as studs, breast-pins, brooches, and other little matters which one might take home to Denmark as souvenirs from Tangier. I found afterward, in Paris, at a shop kept by a Turk, almost similar articles, and when I asked if these came from Tangier, he told me that they were all manufactured in Paris, therefore were not half so expensive there as over in Africa. They were sent from France in large quantities, to Algiers, Oran, and all the African Mediterranean towns ; purchased in these, however, they were always remembrances of Africa, and in remembrance lies the germ of fancy.

Hussein took us through a crowd of Jews and Moors. They drew to one side, on his making a sign with his hand to them ; we came as persons of distinction, friends or relatives of the English ambassador. We visited one or two caravansaries, heavy, clumsy buildings, though quite in the Moorish style. The court-yard and the porticoes were full of Arabs, who were selling corn and poultry ; huddled close together stood unladen asses, resting themselves. It was hardly possible to get through here, every place was so occupied ; and a number of women, wrapt up in their large, sack-like garments, had squeezed themselves in between the asses and the bags of corn ; they turned toward us, and glanced at us with one eye, the other was always concealed by the heads of their sacks.

At the gate of the town the crowd was so great that no one could move for a few moments ; the camels, asses, children, and old people, were all pressing against each other ; some wanted to go out, some wanted to come in ; there was an

awful shouting and screaming. At length we managed to get through the throng. A large fire had been kindled in the dried-up moat ; the thick dark smoke licked the walls. Butchers' work was going on below ; it was not a pleasant sight, for the bloody carcasses were hung up in the full sunshine. Before us, in the sand, lay overloaded camels ; while another troop we saw just starting on their journey ; they were going, it was said, to Tetuan : the men who accompanied them were heavily armed, and carried very long muskets, the road from hence not being safe.

All around where we were standing, cooking was going on ; the broiling of fish we both saw and smelled. A few young women were sitting on the sand, and seemed to be enjoying the perfume ; their faces had slipped out from beyond the opening of their sacks ; when we came they quickly turned away, but I had seen their pretty eyes. A negro with large silver rings in his ears, was strutting consequentially about ; water carriers, with amulets in their hair, came with their full water-bags ; a number of Moors sat in a circle listening to a story-teller, who, as he discoursed, constantly struck a tambourine. It was a very interesting sight, and the whole would have formed a very excellent picture.

We went over the pathless common to the Jews' churchyard, which, without any inclosure, looked like a field with low flat tombstones, upon each of which a Hebrew inscription was to be seen. Here the women assembled on the Sabbath, adorned the graves with burning lights, and sat in conversation, or sang choruses to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. The view from this spot over the bay is inexpressibly beautiful. As we were standing here, the caravan, a long procession, passed over the beach, where the waves, white with foam, rolled up on the sands ; we followed it, going through a ravine with towering, dusty cacti and fig-trees. Down by the sea, the billows were dashing high over the ruined mole ; we got a good drenching once or twice. We were obliged to creep over, or get over as we best could, heaps of earth and broken walls ; then again to mount and to seek a footing, till, at last, through thick and thin, we reached an opening in the wall of the town, which led to a tan-yard or slaughter-house,

or piggery might have been the most appropriate term ; and we stood again in one of the rough, break-neck streets, whence we passed into a small lane, and entered the most considerable sale-room for embroidered slippers, worked cushions, studs, and brooches. Inside of the low outer door, the house was very handsome : there was a paved court-yard, surrounded by slender pillars ; a staircase, inlaid with squares of porcelain, led up to an open passage with small rooms ; a complete bazaar, crowded with articles richly embroidered in gold, works of morocco-leather and metal. The rooms were redolent of the perfumes of roses, musk, and myrrh. The young Jewish girl, who showed us about, was very slender and pretty. Her mamma was on a larger scale : she might have sat as a model for Judith — that is to say, an old Judith — relating to her grandchildren the story of Holofernes.

Friday is a day kept sacred by the Moors ; and therefore on that day the gates of Tangier are closed as long as prayers are being read in the mosques. Collin was not aware of this regulation, and, after our town wanderings, had set off on an excursion into the country. In the afternoon he came back, and went from gate to gate, but in vain ; he could not get into the town. He had nothing for it but to stroll about, and in so doing he came to the Jews' burying-ground. The women had ranged their lights on the graves, and were sitting among them, singing, and playing their instruments. An old Jew showed him a path which led up to the castle, where the Pasha resides, and told him that it was only by this way he could enter the town at that time, for there was a little gate between the castle and the town always kept open. Through this gate he reached us, although the prayers were still going on in the mosques.

I also ventured out into the streets and the campagna without a guide. No one was rude to me ; indeed, a couple of Jews were rather too pressing in their civilities ; they pushed the little Moorish children to one side, although they were scarcely in my way. A Jew, very shabbily dressed, but grinning from ear to ear, insisted on my going with him into a side street. I asked him what was to be seen there. " A Jew's

house," he replied, bowing humbly and making many grimaces. My curiosity was aroused, and I followed him into one of the little narrow alleys ; we were quite alone ; he wished me to go farther up within this inclosure ; I became rather dubious whether I should trust him or not. With all his poverty, the man looked honest ; yet I had a good many gold pieces about me, — was I on the eve of meeting with an adventure ? He stopped before a low door in the wall, took a step down, stood again, and again beckoned to me ; I followed him. We entered a small paved court, where a dirty old Jewish female was employed in some household work. A few steps up a rude staircase brought us to a little open room ; here lay a pale young woman, with a mat over her, and an infant in her arms.

"A Jew's wife — a Jew's child !" cried the man, laughing and jumping about. He took up the baby and held it before me, that I might see it was really of the race of Abraham. I had to give it a little money. The woman took one of the cushions she was lying on and gave it to me for a seat. The man kissed his pale pretty wife, then kissed his child, and looked very happy. The whole furniture of the apartment appeared to be composed of some rags and one large jar.

The next day, I had an opportunity of seeing the contrast between the abode of a poor and a wealthy Jew. The richest Israelite had invited me, through Sir John Drummond Hay, to come to his house and see how one of the leading Jews at Tangier lived. He came himself for me, because Sir John, with the English Consul and many other friends, had gone to a large hunting party, which I did not feel inclined to join. More than one hundred persons had gone to hunt or to look on. Jonas Collin rode a fine-looking Arabian horse, a gift from the Emperor of Morocco ; it had a pedigree tracing back through five hundred generations. They all set off at a furious gallop.

The Israelitish merchant, dressed, like myself, in the French style, took me to his house ; it was situated in quite as confined an alley as that where, the day before, I had visited the poor Jew. The house itself, seen from the outside, did not look much better ; there was a grated square hole in the wall,

and a low door, but when I had crossed the threshold into the little forecourt, everything wore another appearance. The floor and the stairs were laid with slabs of porcelain ; the walls seemed to be composed of polished white stone ; the rooms were lofty and airy, with open colonnades leading out to the court. The light fell from above. Within sat the young wife, equipped in her costly bridal dress, evidently that I might see it. No eastern princess could have been more magnificently dressed ; she vied with the splendor described in the "Arabian Nights," when Haroun-al-Raschid went forth in search of adventures in Bagdad.

She wore a long, open, green velvet dress, embroidered in gold, with a white silk petticoat under it ; a long red silk scarf worked in gold ; a brocaded bodice with several buttons, each button being a pearl ; a veil of golden gauze hung over her bare arms, which were covered with splendid bracelets, as her fingers were with costly rings. Her hair, according to the Jewish fashion, was shaved off, but false curls hung from the blue silk turban on her head, in the centre of which, just over the brow, sparkled a large jewel. Her ear-rings were so massive that they resembled small stirrups. She really was quite a splendid sight to gaze at, and she was young and handsome, with coal-black eyes and shining white teeth. Her husband turned her round on the floor, that I might see her on all sides. She spoke Arabic to him, and a few words of Spanish to me. They were both very lively, but still more so was their little daughter, of three years of age ; she was also resplendent in velvet and gold ; laughingly, she offered me both her hand and her mouth ; and after this cakes and orange liqueur were brought in.

The wife's brother joined us, along with two older ladies, members of the family ; they were not in their bridal apparel, but, nevertheless, were dressed in a peculiar style. The Bible, with the English and the Hebrew texts, was brought forth, and they were greatly surprised that I — as every schoolboy in our Latin schools is able to do — could read the whole of the first verse of Genesis.

My kind host conducted me again to my home ; but when, on the way to it, we were passing another well-appointed Jew-

ish house, in which his sister and brother-in-law resided, he wished me to go in. Here the inner court had a large glass roof, which rested upon green pillars, and rose to the height of three stories, forming an immense hall, which was hung with tapestry, and had matting under foot. Small open cabinets, one filled with a number of Hebrew books and manuscripts, one with views from the Bible, and others with articles of household use and luxury ; all seeming to proclaim what a pleasant abode this must be.

The lady of the house, who was no longer a young woman, was dressed in black, and wore a handsome head-dress, received me very kindly. There were other ladies present, and some children, but they all spoke Arabic ; only the husband, who soon made his appearance, spoke English. One of the little Jewish boys amused himself very much during my visit : he hid his face behind dresses and curtains, bursting, however, constantly into fits of laughter, but he was very much embarrassed when I drew him forward, and asked him his name, and every other question I could think of. His mother translated to him what I said, and prompted the answers, with which he was not very ready. I observed that, afterward, in a corner with the other children, he raised himself upon his toes, and stretched his arms up, to show how tall I was. My comical young friend was called Moses ; a nice little fellow he was. I hope that he may live, and grow up ; and if he should be as tall as I am, how I should laugh !

When we came out into the street, we saw a number of Jews, one of whom was entirely dressed in red satin. Among the crowd was a little negro boy, in white clothes, with a gold-embroidered scarf, and with silver bracelets on his black arms. It was quite evident that he was vain of his dress and appearance. I asked if it were any particular day, and heard that both the Moors and the Jews were celebrating a festival.

Late in the afternoon the hunting party returned. Collin was busy a great part of the night in preparing, as skeletons, the heads of some of the wild animals that had been killed. He also brought home two living tortoises ; they were taken with us on the whole of our journey, and lived, for several

months, without eating or drinking, yet they reached Copenhagen alive.

When I had retired to my couch, I was suddenly disturbed by a frightful beating of drums ; a terrible noise was heard from all the streets around. I jumped up and inquired the cause of this uproar, when I was told that it was the negroes in the town who were drumming so vigorously ; and that they were probably either holding a feast, or celebrating a wedding. However, the next day, we ascertained that the foul fiend had entered into a woman, and they were trying to drum him out. It is an ancient belief in the North, that nisses and trolds cannot endure the noise of drums ; here, I now learned, that his satanic majesty also dislikes that species of music. At an early part of the morning I heard singing in the narrow street, and presently the name of Mohammed. I looked out from the balcony over the garden wall, and saw six Moors carrying on their shoulders a coffin, which had a red scarf wrapped round it — a sign that it was the body of a female which was going to be buried : the coffins of men are always without any ornament. A great number of people followed the corpse through the little alleys to the mosque.

Sir John Drummond Hay was to take Collin and me, after dinner, up to the fort, to introduce us to the Pasha ; the Pasha was aware of our coming. His seraglio, on the occasion of our visit, were to remove to some interior chambers. His Majesty, the reigning Emperor of Morocco, has only, I heard, about a couple of hundred wives ; his father, on the contrary, though he was seventy years of age, had 800 ladies, and, in addition to these, he had sent to him, every tenth day, a young, fresh girl, a customary gift from the different cadis. How large the number retained by the Pasha of Tangier may be, I do not know.

On leaving the town, we ascended, amidst high walls and fortifications, to the castle. The whole of the guards were drawn up in the outer court, in honor of our arrival. Bur-nooses, bare feet in yellow morocco slippers, turbans, and sabres, was the uniform. The officer of the guard shook hands with us, and, at the open inner gate, we beheld the Pasha himself — a handsome, clever-looking man, apparently

about fifty years of age ; he also had naked feet in yellow morocco slippers. Otherwise, he was extremely well dressed, in an expensive white burnoose, with a turban of the finest muslin. Sir John presented us and his two daughters, who had accompanied us, and we were received, not only with cordiality, but with European good breeding. The Pasha shook hands with us, and took us into the paved court, which reminded us of the Alhambra, except that the pillars which supported the horseshoe arches had here Grecian capitals. Two officers, high in the Morocco army, accompanied us. Chairs were brought for us, but the Pasha himself sat on a cushion, under which a splendid carpet was spread over the floor. He and Sir John Drummond Hay spoke to each other in Arabic ; that seemed to be the only language he could speak. Tea was brought in, and we had each to swallow two large cupfuls. They were like taking a warm bath. A third cup was about to be inflicted on us, but I begged Sir John to stop it, and to say that it was against our religion to drink three cups. Happily, therefore, we escaped the third cup. Sponge cakes were then served round, and after that we were taken through the dark crooked passages in the palace, past small mysterious-looking closets, and bath-rooms. We passed through a little orange-garden ; above it, in the walls, were small grated windows, and one of the officers touched Collin on the arm, and whispered " Pretty eyes ! " Above, these pretty eyes were indeed looking down on us ; they belonged to the Pasha's seraglio. Poor doves in a dove-cote ! Cooing tenderly, but as jealous as doves.

The Pasha offered us horses to ride down to the town, but we preferred to walk ; he accompanied us to the outer gate of the castle, where he shook hands with us, and bade us, in the kindest manner, farewell.

When we returned home, we found letters awaiting us from Denmark ; they had only been eight days in coming. Consul Mathiasen had sent me also, from Gibraltar, the Copenhagen "*Dagbladet* ; " it seemed as if the African house had been suddenly transported through the air to our home in the North.

Every tenth day a steamer goes from Algiers to France ; it calls at Oran, Gibraltar, Tangier, Cadiz, etc., etc. It was expected at Tangier early in the morning of the ninth November, but it was not yet in sight. We were going by it to Cadiz.

It was Sunday. The population of Tangier consists of Moors and Jews ; the few Roman Catholics and Protestants here have neither church nor chapel ; therefore the devotional duties of Sunday must be performed in their own houses, or in their own hearts. Down in the garden-room a cloth was spread over the table, a Bible and Psalm-books were laid upon it, and Sir John Drummond Hay read aloud to us some of the Psalms, and the portions of the Old and New Testaments appointed for the lessons of the day. The mind was raised to solemn thought during this quiet, unpretending church service.

In a few hours I should have to leave this home, which I had found in a distant land, in another quarter of the globe ; I should have to bid farewell to friends who, during the short time we had been together, had been so kind, and had sought to make everything so pleasant to me. It was quite uncertain if we should ever meet again in this world ; assuredly I should never again be on the coast of Africa.

We saw the steamer approaching ; it was the French ship of war, *Titan* ; it was soon at anchor in the bay. The servants collected our luggage ; Hussein and Boomgrais went on before us ; Sir John Drummond Hay accompanied us to the boat. I cannot bear partings ; my heart was very sad ; one more cordial shake of the hand, and we heard his last farewell as we left the shore. From the boat we could see Lady Drummond Hay and her two young daughters, standing on the balcony of their house ; they waved their handkerchiefs to us, and we waved our hats to them in return. Our boatmen rowed vigorously. The sun went down, and as it becomes here immediately dark, evening had set in before we reached the steamer.

From the deck we saw once more, over the water, the white walls and low roofs of Tangier. Lights glimmered from the town. I felt in very low spirits.

Our sojourn on the African coast had been the most interesting part of our travels hitherto.

CHAPTER XII.

CADIZ.

WE now found ourselves on board a large, well-manned craft, with cannon on both sides : it might have easily withstood an encounter with pirates, if there had been any about. Little care had been taken to provide for the comfort of the passengers. However, the officers' cabins, which were on deck, were good and nicely arranged ; a pretty little library was not even forgotten here, and I found one of the young officers deep in the "Arabian Nights," but he was reading it in the Arabic language.

It was somewhat past seven o'clock when the ship was set in motion. The moon had not yet risen ; it was rather dark. I retired early to my cabin, and went to sleep ; but I was awakened by a sudden shock : the ship was stationary, the machines had stopped ; I heard the steam rushing out of the funnel. It was not yet half-past one. There was a tremendous noise overhead ; commands were issued, great commotion and stir—something unusual must have happened. I jumped out of my cabin and rushed on deck. The ship lay very much over on one side, and most of the crew were bending over the gunwale. I asked what was the matter, but it was long before I obtained an answer ; at length I was told that we had run aground. No land was to be seen, the heavens were bright with stars, the sea tolerably calm ; the sailors had not time to say a word to me ; they all had plenty to do. We were in the Atlantic Ocean, not far from Trafalgar. I had awoke Collin, and he also now made his appearance on deck. A few minutes later the vessel was moving again, backing slowly out of the soft earth, but there was no sleep for me now. The paddle-wheels struck the sea with heavy strokes, and we darted forward through the crest of the ocean, leaving long

swelling waves behind us. At half-past four in the morning we cast anchor at Cadiz ; but we had many hours to wait, before that not very vigilant quarantine-committee deigned to make their appearance, to receive the captain's papers, and to give us permission to land.

The sun rose ; Cadiz lay before us, shining white, with flat-roofed houses, which looked as if they were formed of chalk ; the bay was quite full of vessels ; we were a considerable distance from the shore. One boat after another came out to our steamer, and remained to take the passengers off. The part where we were standing on the deck was becoming smaller and smaller every moment ; they had already begun to clean up ; the sailors washed and scrubbed away. Even in the very machinery compartment there was a great washing going on ; we saw it from above. The stoker and his assistant had undressed themselves entirely, and there they were down below rubbing each other with soap, and pouring one bucket of water after the other over each other, as much for their amusement as for their mutual benefit.

At length we saw the red-yellow Spanish flag waving from the boat that brought the health-committee, and we now obtained permission to go on shore. I was surprised that, in Cadiz, as in Malaga and Valencia, we were not asked for our passports. When, on the contrary, we entered Spain from the land side, and later, on leaving the country for Bayonne, our passports were demanded and also a fee. It seems as if those who enter Spain from the sea, may travel all over the country without a passport ; in the interior it was never even mentioned.

The visitation at the custom-house was very trifling, and after we had got over the usual extortions from the boatmen and porters, we betook ourselves to the "Fonda de Paris," in all respects a most excellent hotel.

I was astonished to find in Cadiz such perfect cleanliness, such neat, white-plastered houses, and so many flagstaffs ; but in other respects there was nothing to attract a stranger. There were no picture galleries, no Moorish reminiscences of any importance. The streets did not display the life and animation which we had seen in Gibraltar ; for us, who had

just come from the coast of Morocco, there was nothing new here, nothing peculiar, nothing striking : Cadiz did not exactly interest us. Perhaps it might also have been the case if we had come hither overland from the north ; but one charm Cadiz did possess—the sea, the vast rolling sea. The Alameda was pleasantly situated, and presented a view over the wide, open bay ; large waves dashed against the harbor walls, sea-gulls flew screaming over the foaming billows ; a quantity of fishing-boats, like a flock of gigantic birds with wide outstretched wings, were steering for the harbor. The roads were full of ships ; the flags of every nation waved from them. In the Alameda there is a long row of flower-beds fenced in, and four palm-trees, one at each end of the long promenade ; casts of statues are also not wanting. The wind was much keener than yonder in Africa ; there, the sun shone warmly, it was still summer-like, but Cadiz inspired no sympathy. The fault may have been mine, or it may have been the fault of the town of Cadiz itself. I saw it from the Alameda, I saw it from the harbor, from the market-place and streets, from my high-up window, in front of which people were walking about the flat roofs, drawing ropes across upon which to dry articles of clothing that are seldom mentioned.

CADIZ.

Hung like bird-cages, large and green,
On the white houses' walls are seen
Gay balconies in such profusion,
That to the eye there seems confusion.
Here Cleanliness asserts her sway,
The very roofs are washed each day ;
Yes, Cadiz looks in Sunday dress,
But 'tis the abode of weariness ;
And were the bright sea not so near,
One surely would feel buried here.

This is more severely expressed than meant, for some pleasure did await us here. In Cadiz we found dear letters from home for us : in Cadiz we met some countrymen ; young Frederic Zinn lived here, and as it happens, was in the very mercantile house to which I was recommended. In the roads was the ship *Dorothea*, belonging to the house of Melchior

in Copenhagen: Captain Harboe, who commanded her, had been in the town and had told one of his passengers, the marine officer Hohlenberg, that he had met a person in the street who was incredibly like the poet H. C. Andersen; he had very nearly gone up and spoken to him, but Andersen was not in Spain. We met somewhat later, and exchanged tidings from our dear Denmark.

Cadiz possesses, like all the larger Spanish towns, an extremely elegant casino, where you find a great assortment of home and foreign newspapers: we were most kindly introduced and received here.

When, in 1835, the inhabitants of Saragossa set the example of burning the monasteries and murdering the monks, and tumult and uproar spread all over the country, Cadiz gave her monks a respite of five hours to clear out of their monasteries, and placed military guards around them to prevent incendiarism. The populace took possession of their stores, and burned the furniture and the books, but the building was spared. Cadiz has no ruins, no damages, to exhibit from that period. The impression made upon you here, is prevailing order and cleanliness; that you are in a large mercantile town, where the romantic can only be sought in contemplating the sea and the Andalusian eyes: these sparkle splendidly in the lovely, graceful ladies who, enveloped in their mantillas, promenade up and down the Alameda, rivaling in light those of Circe and Lais.

The surrounding country is exceedingly flat, and covered with drifting sand, tracts of heath, and salt morasses for miles long. High salt-pyramids tower from the dark ground. There are no places worth making excursions to in the neighborhood. Xeres de la Frontera was the only spot near mentioned to us as interesting to visit—not on account of its churches or its historical reminiscences, no!—but to admire its store-houses of wines, and to be astonished at their perfection, and at the quantity accumulated here.

There is not much to relate about Cadiz: this town was a miserable beginning to the journey back from Tangier. Hitherto Spain had not afforded me the materials for a single tale.

Would I be able to redeem my promise to a circle of dear little children? What did they not expect to hear related of Spanish girls, of Spanish flies, Spanish peppers, Spanish canes, Spanish verdure, to which might be added Spanish mantles, Spanish dangers, and Spanish winds.

During my wanderings through the town I passed an open workshop, in which a young cabinet-maker was busily occupied polishing something; he was singing merrily, and moreover it was German that he sung; so I spoke to him in his mother tongue, and he became still more jovial. He had quite the fair Northern complexion, with red cheeks and blue eyes; he came from a small town in Würtemberg, and now was going to be married in Cadiz: he was beaming with joy and pleasure, and stood there polishing away at a coffin. Rightly considered, there really is nothing sad about this.

In summer-time there grows a beautiful tree in the woods: the sun shines upon it, the birds warble in it, and the winds waft to and fro the green branches. The tree is cut down; this is its destiny; four good boards are sawn from it, and these are brought to the workshop of the joiner.

Of four poor planks our grandeur's made,
When in the gloomy grave we're laid.

There is much room for reflection on this subject. Four boards, with a little velvet and gold, that soon decay, are a monarch's last kingdom; four boards await us all, the richest and the poorest: naked we come into the world; here we first put on a coat, coarse woolen, or velvet; we receive different gifts from our Lord, — gifts of genius and uprightness, the gift of good connections or wealth — the last is the most useful. Four boards! — the shrine of death, the shrine of the cast-off body, there it stands; our winding sheet is therein deposited, and we put on a new and a better garb; and what a happiness in this!

Such was probably the joiner's train of thought as he worked away at the coffin; it was mine, at any rate. This was the only romantic incident that I stumbled upon in Cadiz. I do not doubt that a few days' life with the herdsmen upon the

vast plains of the Guadalquiver might have afforded richer materials: the river, which was navigable even for large ships, wound itself in wide creeks up to Sevilla; before the railway was laid down, the river transit was the most used. I daresay that a ride with a communicative smuggler might have afforded subject-matter to have filled an entire volume. It is not many years ago that more than one young man in Andalusia played a conspicuous part in one or other of the guerrilla bands during the civil war: their début had been made, and their courage and boldness tested in some plundering expedition, or in some robber-attack; however, they soon found out that this was no very honorable occupation. Perhaps in the streets or in the harbor, I may have stood side by side with such an individual, a fit hero for a highly interesting novel: but the hero did not proclaim himself in song like the joiner's man who was polishing the coffin; he did not trumpet forth the events of his past life. Cadiz doubtless conceals within her ample materials for the romantic, but the stranger does not perceive them. Hackländer, in his glorious picturesque journey through Spain, calls Cadiz the "Queen of the Ocean in widow's weeds:" in other respects, like myself, he speaks only of the clean, whitewashed houses, the ornamental balconies, and the pretty smiling women.

We were recommended to take the railway to Sevilla, and not to try the tiresome journey by steamer; the Guadalquiver forms innumerable bays, and the only variation to be seen on its banks, is restricted to its herds of cattle.

We left by the afternoon's train. For about the first mile you go along the sea-shore; large waves were rolling up, the country was uncommonly flat. The drifting sands extend far and wide, even to the distant salt morasses; it was lonely and deserted here. Salt-pyramids, such as those we had seen in France in the neighborhood of Cette, rose from the gray brown soil. We stopped at a few sea-side stations; the country began now to assume more and more the appearance of a heath; the dwarf-palm was the most common shrub here: a large pine-forest, the most extensive that we have seen in Spain, stretched itself far over the hills. The sun went down, and the heavens borrowed its evening tints, a golden endless

expanse, too vast for the eye to encompass. We approached Xeres de la Frontera, which for historians has a peculiar interest: it was here that in the year 711, as is well known, the youthful general Tarik, at the age of two and twenty, fought for nine days without interruption, and gained a victory which, in its prosecution under the viceroys of Ceuta, brought the whole of Spain under the dominion of the caliphs of Omi-jaden.

The railway-station at which we stopped was situated far from the town; we saw its churches and whitewashed houses clearly in the bright evening air, but immediately we began to move forward, they were hid behind the heath-covered hills. The twilight increased more and more; here and there a large fire was blazing close to the railroad, and men were sitting around it: it was only a cursory glance we got of the groups. We flew onward toward Sevilla, the birthplace of Murillo; the city where Cervantes composed part of his *Don Quixote*; the city which is connected with the tale of *Don Juan*, where he died, a pious, holy man, and where his grave is, with the epitaph which he himself indited. The locomotive rushed onward, puffing and panting; all around was darkness; we saw nothing of the many towers of the town, of the splendid Giralda, and the ancient walls from the time of Julius Cæsar; the steam from the locomotive was alone visible: it floated away like misty spirits from the burial of *Don Juan*, and yet it was not the midnight spectral hour.

At eight o'clock in the evening we reached Sevilla, where we got out. The train puffed onward to Cordoba, where the railway stopped.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLA.

WE lodged at the Fonda de Londres. My balcony looked out upon the Plaza Nueva, which is very extensive, and planted with allées of orange-trees laden with golden fruit; marble benches for the promenaders were not wanting. The air was clear; countless stars shone. I took a seat upon my balcony, lighted my cigar, and, contemplating its flame and smoke, the first evening in Sevilla called forth the verse about the —

CIGAR.

In the glow of the cigar,
Spirits of fire there are;
In the steam that puffs and swells,
A necromancer dwells.
Like Fata Morgana, there
He builds a castle fair;
And with his magic to my home
He leads my thoughts to roam.
That seas and mountains intervene
It and myself between
Forgotten is, — that down below
Bright orange-blossoms blow.
Now my cigar I lay aside,
And, standing in its pride,
Sevilla I behold once more;
The dream of home is o'er!

The cathedral at Sevilla, the largest of all the churches of Spain, the Moorish Alcazar, and lastly Murillo's matchless pictures, make Sevilla one of the most interesting cities of Europe; the sea alone is wanting: with the sea, Sevilla would be perfect, the city of cities, —

Sevilla, happy, charming place! —
rich in song and legend, in reminiscences of the past, and

great names! The whole town has been set to music, has been painted in tones: Rossini took "The Barber of Sevilla" as the text for his opera. I believe, however, that another has said and written this before me, but many will repeat it yet.

The cathedral was once a mosque, but the architect understood how to add to and rebuild it: the cupola appears to be suspended, held up as if by an unseen power. The vast area has been widened, and it has been heightened until it has become the grandest of churches, with chapels and side-buildings, each one a church in itself. You are quite overpowered by the elaborate carvings in wood, by the gorgeous pictures painted in the large windows, by the stern grandeur in the style of the whole structure. The walls are adorned with pictures by Murillo; among these, his celebrated composition, the "Holy St. Antony." In front of the cathedral rises La Giralda, a four-cornered, slender Moorish clock-tower, the highest in Spain: five-and-twenty clocks vibrate in a circle up yonder; a winged female figure, representing Faith, stands upon the uppermost point, glittering in the bright sunshine. One can ride up on horseback to the very top, so gradual and so easy are the steps of ascent. The inventor of algebra, Al-Geber, passed many nights up in the old Giralda-tower, studying the stars.

In front of the western entrance of the cathedral is the old Moorish court, *el patio de los naranjos*, which is planted with orange-trees, and where water bubbles and murmurs. Here in the open air, a pulpit, hewn out of stone has been erected. Before the eastern entrance lies the exchange, Lonja, a huge, four-cornered building, in the formal court-yard of which a small statue of Christopher Columbus has been placed: the broad stone stairs lead to large saloons containing costly cabinets, which are the archives of the documents relating to America, from its discovery to the present day.

Passing the Lonja you reach the Moorish kings' palace, the superb Alcazar. It is in excellent preservation: resplendent with gold and colors; it looks as fresh as if belonging to a more recent period; in short, as if it were only a few weeks since the Moors had departed thence.

The Alhambra of Granada is like a dreamy vision, conjured up by the bright, wonderful moonlight of the south; the

vanished forms that once dwelt there are not visible, nor do we expect to meet them. The Alcazar in Sevilla is no dreamy vision ; it is a reality, seen in the bright sunny hours of day. You fancy that mighty princes and their charming ladies may suddenly appear. All within is so fresh, so life-like, the eye is astonished at the richness of the coloring and gilding ; here again you find the peculiar, lace-like porcelain decorations, so universal in the Alhambra ; the doors are composed of a mosaic of variegated woods. You stand as it were in a magic building, in which kaleidoscopic pictures and Brussels lace are converted into walls, the ground of which seems to be gold ; the whole supported by slender, graceful marble columns. The eye is unable to follow the numberless entwinings in this chaos of arabesque, and yet it dwells with pleasure on the many labyrinth-like ramifications which, if I may so express myself, produce flowers in arabesque inscriptions. A higher story, added to it at a subsequent period, and arranged for the accommodation of the later Spanish kings when they chose to reside in Sevilla, rather detracts from the original beauty of the building, though it must always remain surpassingly lovely. The interior court — one might call it the middle hall of the palace, where the heaven above forms the ceiling — has something so enchanting about it, that one might fancy one's self in a fairy palace. The Alcazar belongs totally and entirely to "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments ;" one is here quite overwhelmed by the oriental pomp and splendor. Everything here is in the same style, and yet how different ! It would scarcely have surprised us if suddenly Haroun-al-Raschid and the Princess Scheherezade had walked past us, or if beautiful sultanas had greeted us from among the arched galleries.

We entered the garden ; it is surrounded by edifices which reminded us of the Renaissance period, heavy but characteristic, blending, however, admirably with the old-fashioned peculiar pleasure-grounds. We saw here stiffly cut myrtle hedges ; large, perfectly flat flower-beds in the forms of weapons, crowns, and maps ; even the orange-trees had not been permitted to retain their natural beautiful shape ; the scissors had trimmed them into various forms. In the midst of large brick sluices rose ingenious rocks, and grottoes overgrown with

plants. Paths paved with stones crossed each other, and could be put under water ; by machinery and pipes the water was forced up, springing in hundreds of jets from hole after hole in these walks, and cooling the heated air. In the centre of the garden stands a small Moorish arbor ; it is like a curious flower composed of lime and moss, a wonderful antique thing, both inside and outside.

In the streets of the city I had found the air a little too cool ; here, in the garden of the Alcazar, it was charming, warm, and sunny : the oranges hung amidst the dark foliage ; the roses blossomed sweet and lovely. Beneath the building are the Moorish baths ; we stepped into one of these brick basins ; it is as broad as a carriage road, as long as a dancing-hall : formerly it was filled with clear water, and the sultanas bathed here ; now the basin is used as a walk. A door that has been walled up, was pointed out to us as the one through which the Moorish kings entered the harem. Here thousands of lamps have given light, but still more brilliantly the beautiful eyes have shone. "Eyes can never die !" we saw them living and bright. In the garden, among the fresh, fragrant roses, a pair of fine eyes beamed upon us, as a woman's form swept past us : does Maria Padilla,¹ in all her loneliness, wander alive here again, disappearing in a side walk to return again in a new form ; or do these gardens in reality conceal so much beauty, that one form after another can present itself before you ? I should like to read what a warm, enthusiastic youthful heart, after such an encounter, would write, if not in verse, at least in prose ; truly he would write : "One burns, one dies, one never shall regain one's home ; all is flame, all is fire, but I cannot lay it into the letter ; there would be else an illumination such as is not known at home !"

How warm it is here ! We still experienced the summer of the South in the garden of the Alcazar ; without in the streets, you were obliged to seek the sunny side in order to enjoy the summer. In the morning and evening shade, one expe-

¹ The celebrated mistress of Pedro I.; her portrait hangs among the rows of Spanish kings and queens with which Philip II. had one of the saloons of the Alcazar adorned.

rienced the chill autumn air ; we were, however, already in November.

Ah well ! we are in November,
 And yet we are in Spain ;
 And my winter dress I must wear
 A little warmth to gain.
 Sevilla ! Thy brilliant blue skies,
 Thy allées of orange-trees,
 Are charming to look upon, but
 'Tis not so pleasant to freeze.
 Yes ! I feel that the air is cold ;
 Wrapt up in cloaks are those
 On the marble benches taking
 Their rather chill repose.
 Not one do I happen to know —
 Yet I do not repine ;
 For the stars of my distant home
 Upon me here still shine.
 Of my far away father-land
 The cold reminds me much.
 Sevilla ! thou dost understand
 The chords of love to touch !

This was written on a cold evening ; but the day after it was warm, so warm, that at home, in the North, it would have been called a fine summer's day : the air was by no means oppressive ; lovely weather, we would say, if it were only half as pleasant.

Sevilla is Murillo's birthplace ; it was here that he lived and worked chiefly. Here I was to see his genius and power ; a sunbeam of the South from the kingdom of inspiration. Four-and-twenty of his memorable pictures adorn one of the saloons of the Gallery of Art. The English artist John Phillip, and the Swedish painter Lundgreen, whose acquaintance we had made, escorted us to the academy. We passed through the school for design, where a fragment of a female figure is preserved ; the bust remains with the hands crossed over the bosom, but so splendidly executed that it served as a study for the pupils. A whole tragic poem might be written in reference to this mutilated statue, which the Italian Torregiani had formed. He and Michael Angelo were students at the same time, but Torregiani struck Michael Angelo with such force upon the nose with a stone that it broke. Torregiani

went to Spain, and there designed a Madonna, which he afterward chiseled in marble. The work was ordered by a rich man in Sevilla ; but when it was completed, he would not pay for it. Then, in his anger, the artist dashed the statue to a thousand pieces ; the only portion that remained uninjured was the hand which was on the breast. Now although it was his own work which he had so destroyed, yet it was also the image of the Madonna ; therefore the Inquisition seized on him, and had him tortured to such an extent that he died.

The Murillo gallery was before us. What treasures, what beauty ! Now for the first time I comprehended the greatness of this artist. No one can surpass him. The sight of any one of these pictures is thorough enjoyment ! Here is the "Assumption of the Virgin Mary ;" we see the woman, lovely and good as God had created her — as man is when filled with the Spirit of his Maker — borne upward by holy angels. St. Francis of Assisi taking Christ down from the cross, inspired us with the awe and veneration which were so admirably depicted in the countenance of the holy man ; one cannot imagine how such perfection can possibly be conveyed to the canvas by a few colors alone. On the wall here hangs the well-known picture, the "Madonna della Servilleta," respecting the origin of which we are told that one day Murillo was dining with the monks in the monastery here, and, out of gratitude for their hospitality, painted for them the Virgin Mary and the infant Christ ; and what is more, he painted it upon the napkin which he had used at table, hence the appellation to the picture. Here is the "Annunciation of the Holy Virgin : " the Madonna is the personification of a beautiful young Spaniard ; above her hovers the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove ; a cherub is catching at the dove, as if he would make it his prisoner. There is a naïve humor throughout the whole painting ; all the little angels floating round about portray the wonderful interest which the child of earth has in this event. "Hearest thou ?" the one cherub seems to be saying. "What is it that is coming to pass ?" another appears to say.

There were two most beautiful figures of holy women ; St. Justa and St. Rufina, they were called, I believe : one could have fallen in love with them. Forgive, ye holy ones, forgive

the Protestant who could dare to breathe such a thought ; but these two are truly lovely ! They are holding fast the Giralda tower of Sevilla, so that it should not fall during an earthquake — I wish they held me fast.

Then came "John the Baptist in the Wilderness," and "St. Thomas distributing Alms ;" ah ! it is a true blessing to contemplate these pictures. One picture, however, was to me the most beautiful of all, and I returned over and over to it, namely, the portrait of the Saint Antonius ; he is represented as a young man : the down is just beginning to appear on his cheeks, the Holy Scriptures lie open before him, and upon the book sits the child Jesus, smiling joyously. St. Antony is bending toward the child ; he dares not touch it with his hands ; his countenance is beaming with an expression of fervor and joy that is bliss to behold.

One more picture of Murillo's I must mention among the many things that I have seen here which never can be forgotten. I mean his representation of "Moses in the Wilderness : " it is to be found in the church, La Caridad, which is attached to the hospital for infirm old men, that was founded by Don Juan¹ Tenorio. The picture is a very fine composition, full of life and animation ; the water seems gushing forth. A child is stooping down to drink ; another, somewhat bigger, is eagerly waiting to refresh himself from the same drinking-cup ; these two children are true to nature, and matchless in beauty. An exceedingly handsome boy is sitting upon a mule. I can never forget his animated countenance. No one surpasses Murillo in painting, true to nature, the lovely forms of children. There hangs exactly opposite to this, and of the same size, another picture by Murillo, "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes." I was not, however, able to see it well, because an artist who was copying it, almost entirely hid it by his large scaffolding.

In one corner of this church there is a wonderful work by *Baldez*, Murillo's master ; it represents annihilation. You see an archbishop in his coffin : the archbishop's staff is broken in two, and is only now a rotten piece of wood ; the body has begun to be decomposed, and this is so truthfully depicted

¹ Pronounced Don Kūan.

that it is absolutely disgusting. It is related of Murillo that every time he passed this picture he held his nose, so faithfully was the corruption copied.

After the monks of the monastery La Caridad were expelled, the hospital became more frequented, and pious sisters attended the sick. The founder, *Don Juan Tenorio*, died as a monk in this monastery, and also reposes here ; he wrote his own epitaph : —

Here lies the worst man in the world !

Tradition tells that Don Juan Tenorio was a gay young nobleman in Sevilla, proud, witty, and sensual in the extreme : he seduced the daughter of the commandant, killed the father, and sank in his ungodliness into the infernal abyss. Another Spanish tradition calls him Don Juan de Maraña, and terms him one of the most wealthy noblemen of Sevilla, who led a wild jovial life, passing the nights in bacchanalian orgies, and, in his licentious insolence, even demanding of *La Giralda* to descend from the tower to spend a night with him ; and she moved her large copper wings, they whizzed in the air, she came with heavy steps, such as were afterward trodden by the marble commandant. But one midnight, as Don Juan was wending his way home through the deserted, solitary streets, suddenly he heard music, prolonged, wailing tones : he saw the flicker of torches ; a numerous funeral procession approached ; the deceased lay, amidst silver and silk, upon the open bier. “Whom are they burying this night ?” he asked, and the answer was, “*Don Juan de Maraña !*” The winding-sheet was raised, and Don Juan saw his own form stretched upon the bier. A deadly terror seized him, he sank senseless to the ground, and the following day he bequeathed all his wealth to the monastery La Caridad, entered the order of monkhood, and was thenceforth known as one of the most penitent, pious of the brothers. The names Tenorio and Maraña, in the two traditions, mean unquestionably one and the same person.

The Spanish poet, *Tirso de Molina*, was the first to dramatize the tradition, and wrote “*El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado da Piedra ;*” in this piece the name Don Juan Teno-

rio is retained, notwithstanding a member of that family is still living. The drama called forth many copies in France and Italy, but Molière was the first to bring it to perfection ; later it was rewritten for Mozart's opera, which immortalized music will preserve the story of Don Juan for generations. Even Tirso gave the same dramatic ending that is so well known ; the marble statue of the commandant ascends from the grave, and approaches the house ; you hear that there is a knocking ; the servant dares not open the door. Don Juan seizes a silver branch, and goes himself to receive and light in the stony guest, who treads with heavy marble steps into the dining-room. The dead man was entertained with ice, with jovial songs, and flippant questions about the other world ; on taking his leave he invited Don Juan to be his guest the following night in the chapel of the burying-ground. At the appointed hour Don Juan and his terrified servant were at the rendezvous ; a Satanic repast is there prepared, — “scorpions and serpents,” “the wine of the bitterest gall.” The pressure of the stone host's hand drew the seducer into the flames of the bottomless pit. Don Juan sinks with the dead man down through the earth. The horrified servant creeps upon his hands and knees to the front of the scene, where he exclaims the following : —

Almighty Father ! what is this ?
 The chapel tomb is wrapt in flames !
 And I am left a living guard,
 Here, only with the dead around !
 To the outer air I'll creep away,
 And tidings to his father bear.
 Saint George, and holy Agnus Dei,
 From hence, O help me to escape !

In the church *La Caridad*, where Don Juan de Tenorio once joined in pious hymns with the other monks, and prayed for his heavily laden soul, his portrait is to be seen, hanging upon the wall. Passion and sorrow are depicted in every feature of his face ; a red cross is marked upon his black garment. Beneath his portrait is suspended the sword with which he killed the commandant, Don Gonzalo.

From *La Caridad*, and its pictures and memorials, we pro

ceeded to the Pilati House, which unquestionably may be reckoned among the most beautiful objects of Sevilla. This house was built in the Middle Ages by order of the Duke of Alcala, and is said to be an exact imitation of the Roman governor's house at Jerusalem. Each historical spot and point is reproduced, even to the marble pillar in the court to which the Saviour was bound, and where He was scourged. The whole building, with its profusion of marble and porcelain, reminds one very much of the Alcazar. In each corner of the large entrance court are placed antique marble statues; in other respects the garden has more the impression of solitude and dreariness than of the romantic, which pervades the little Moorish gardens of Malaga.

One building has yet to be mentioned, a complete town in extent, namely, the tobacco manufactory: it sends cigars to every part of smoking Spain; and they smoke here even in the theatres, in the anterooms, and in all the corridors; the tobacco-smoke even penetrates into the very boxes. From the manufactory of Sevilla, snuff is scattered over the whole Peninsula; five hundred individuals, mostly all women, work in this vast snuff manufactory. I did not see them: I am the more anxious, therefore, to recommend them to all other travellers who go to Sevilla. "Fine eyes are to be seen there," I was told. I had those nearer at hand. I had only to look across the street and gaze at my lovely neighbor.

"Those who have not seen Sevilla, have not seen a wonder," is a Spanish saying, and there is always some truth in the proverbs and phrases of a people. If Sevilla were situated where Cadiz lies, on the open, rolling sea, it would be a Spanish Venice, and, moreover, a living Venice, a wonder of the first rank, far exceeding all other cities of the world in poetry and beauty, even though other cities had ever such grand shops and palaces, wide streets, and every advantage that a good magistrate could possibly effect.

In Paris you run about looking at the shops until you are quite weary: it may be all very amusing, but it is just like being in a treadmill, looking and staring about you eternally; the time passes quickly, you return home fatigued to

death, and have gained nothing by it. It is quite different in Sevilla: streets are narrower, and you are not almost blinded by the shops; houses and farms have nothing peculiar about them, always whitewashed in the same insipid fashion: it is very much the same with them as with human beings: outwardly one resembles the other, but inwardly — ah, there is the difference; there dwells what you learn to prize more than the exterior form. Wander through the streets of Sevilla, and glance in at the doors and gates: they are not closed. El patio, as the little court-yard is called, that displays to us the heart as well as the countenance of its inhabitants, for it reveals to us their taste. In one court you see a lovely statue, in another a large ingeniously carved well; at a neighbor's, perhaps, is erected a Moorish hall, with artistic ornaments in stucco-work. Let us go now immediately across the street: there lies a palace-like structure, the court-yard of which is a complete garden of roses, with fountains and statuettes; the small house attached to it has, it is true, only one narrow door, leading to a very diminutive interior, but what a gorgeous display of flowers they have, and to what a height their solitary palm-tree has grown! Now we stand before a larger building; the court is surrounded by arcades, three stories high, supported by columns, and decorated by paintings in oils. Thus it goes on, change about. There is something very charming and attractive to go from house to house, to peep in upon the family, and become acquainted with the poetry of their daily life.

Now, late in November, there was no longer the animation and bustle which generally characterize this place. One should come to Sevilla in the spring, at the time when the flowers are in perfection, or in the heat of Summer; then the home life and customs of the inhabitants of the south can be studied, for even the most insignificant patio presents a picture of domestic life. Here the people pass the whole day; a large awning is stretched high up over the court, or a grape-vine forms a thick roof with its broad shade-giving leaves. The family and servants sit under these, working and chatting, or reclining in dreamy luxury. Thus they spend the long warm day in the open air, seeking only their chambers late in the evening to sleep in.

The inhabitants of the South require shade and coolness, and Sevilla is not wanting in these two things. The Alameda, along the banks of the Guadalquivir, is the most frequented. Here poplars and plane-trees cast their shade, water displays its power in jets-d'eaux and cascades, and cools the air amidst the blooming hedges. Crowds are moving backward and forward in carriages, on foot, or on horseback, gazing at each other, or watching the numerous vessels beyond the bulwarks, coming — some from the Atlantic Ocean, and others from the Mediterranean Sea. Here, in the direction of the river, lies the octangle *La Torro del Oro*, where formerly the Moorish kings kept their treasures, and from whence, says tradition, a subterranean passage leads to the Alcazar. An enormous bridge across the river conducts over to the suburb Triana, where many gypsies were to be met. Yonder were situated the old terror-inspiring prisons of the Inquisition ; they are now, I was told, converted into store-houses for wine and spirits. Orange-groves encircled the shining white houses and their beautiful inmates. I came out as far as this. Castanets were sounding, and young damsels were dancing most gracefully, and with all the spirit of youth.

In Sevilla, as in Malaga, the national dances are to be seen by paying ; the subordinate portion of the corps de ballet give these entertainments. Fate did not permit that I should witness Spanish dancing in a Spanish theatre ; still I saw it upon the highways, in the gardens, and in the saloons erected for the people to dance in, where the dancers of the ballet mingled among them.

“Yonder dances the lovely Dolores,” said one of my young Spanish friends ; “you must see Dolores, and you will become as young as I am, as gay as I am, and perhaps as happy as I am,” and he looked as if he really were very happy.

What a vast difference there is between French and Spanish dancing ! We admit that Paris represents France ; the cancan is the characteristic dance of Paris, hence of France. It is so unceremonious, so free ; it recalls to mind the bacchanalian dances, but the bacchantes are like plastic figures with their puffed-out hair : the grisettes, these cancan virtu-

osas, appear before us in long dresses, such as they wear in the streets ; the dresses must be raised so that they may be able to move their limbs, and now begin wild movements portraying Paris life — springing, bounding, and coquetting. She who can swing her leg highest over the head of her cavalier, is the best cancan dancer, the bacchante of the moment. The Spanish dance, on the contrary, permits the beauty of the human form to be seen in its natural movements, the castanets playing in unison with the beating of the pulse : this can swell into passion, but never oversteps the boundary of the beautiful. The Graces might look on at these dances when they would fly from the Mœnades. Venus herself might join in a Spanish dance ; but the cancan she would never try, not even if General Mars were to invite her.

Dolores was lovely ! as if she had sprung out of one of Murillo's pictures ; the same beautiful shoulders, the full, rounded arms, the small, pretty feet ! Yes, she was charming, but her head was her greatest charm. Diamonds sparkled in her eyes, sunbeams in every smile ; a coquette, a little demon of passion, and yet so heavenly ! “A child,” said my young Spaniard, and he was both a man and a child while speaking of her ; I understood him quite well ; I can express his thoughts : —

Like a rose she is, so fresh and so sweet, —
 A living rose, in which red and white meet.
 Before me she shines like the mountain's snow ;
 In her eyes the tints of the heaven glow :
 But well do I know that *her* heaven is
 The same as the Moslem looks on as his.
 A *houri* she is, yet a fiend in heart ;
 Delightful, yet acting a demon's part.
 She gazes at me with her sparkling eyes,
 Before these warm glances all prudence flies.
 They tell me, in tones that float on the air, —
 Life's minutes enjoy, pluck its flowerets fair :
 Think'st thou a demon man's feelings could share ?

In the garden of the Venta, filled with fruit-trees, and brilliant with roses and geraniums, there was singing, dancing, and chatting going on ; the language sounded like music, the castanets struck the rhythm to it. In the Alameda galloped

elegant gentlemen upon splendid Andalusian horses ; open carriages with handsome ladies drove past ; young girls glided along upon their small, well-shaped feet beneath the plane-trees ; young men met them, stopped, or followed them, the stranger alone passed in silence, and, although amidst a crowd, in solitude.

Ah, were there but one single tongue,
 One language all could understand,
 Over earth's wide compass spoken,
 From South to North's most distant land !
 Oft is this said ; but do thou go
 To Andalusia's lovely vales,
 And thou wilt find *one* language there
 In eye and pulse alone prevails.

Only in Malaga and Granada have I seen so much beauty as here. Without it, without all these brilliant eyes, very probably it would have felt colder in Sevilla. May one not say so ?

It is found quite proper, nay, quite pretty too,
 When I sing about swans, their songs and their hue ;
 Of the swelling ocean ; the stars so bright ;
 Of creation's wonders, its beauty, its might :
 But if, from my heart, I should pour forth a strain
 In praise of the beautiful houris of Spain,
 Should descant on their eyes, their figures, their feet,
 Then hints of decorum and cold looks I meet.
 In the garden of Eden, which Spain stands near —
 Much the loveliest there did not Eve appear ?
 For all the bright gifts bestowed from above,
 My heart would its gratitude utter, and love.

If you do not care for verse, perhaps you prefer comedies ? Well ! let us go to the theatre. Sevilla possesses two large theatres. We went to Teatro de San Fernando. The building is light and cheerful-looking in the interior ; it has four tiers and high pit stalls. Two representations are daily given ; one commences at three o'clock in the afternoon, the other at eight in the evening. I saw the latter ; a *zarzuela* in two acts was given, entitled "Llamada y Tropa." By *zarzuela* is meant a sort of vaudeville ; it approaches, however, more to what we call an operetta, but frequently, by the various grand airs which are introduced, approaches an opera. The music

was by the Spaniard Arrieta — a very prolific composer, as it appeared, for most of the Spanish operas bore his name. The music was lively — rather Frenchified Spanish music ; castanets and national songs were introduced ; the dialogue was verse, and the pith of the piece consisted in thirty “niños del asilo,” that is to say, charity children, real charity children of Sevilla, making their appearance and singing a comic chorus. They executed their parts well, and so the public threw them a profusion of bonbons ; they scrambled for them, picking them up with the most amusing eagerness. The public cried, “Da capo,” the chorus was repeated, and another shower of bonbons followed, which of course did away with all the illusion, though it was very comical.

The nineteenth of November was the saint’s day of the reigning Queen Isabella, and by order of the authorities it was kept in Sevilla. Military music was heard in the streets ; the balcony of the Senate House was hung with bright, gold-fringed drapery, and above this was placed the portrait of the Queen, in a large gilt frame ; two soldiers, real living men, were ordered to stand here, with their muskets in their hands, without moving, more than an hour, to represent wooden figures. I had already seen in Granada this kind of portrait tableau ; here the same torturing exhibition was repeated. The sun shone full upon the faces of the two unfortunate fellows, who dared not move a limb, and scarcely dared wink their eyelids. This was the ceremony ; Spain adheres to its old customs.

Before taking my departure from Sevilla I must once more visit the Alcazar, and the never-to-be-forgotten cathedral, which, in its vastness, makes a much more deep impression than that of St. Peter at Rome. At four o’clock in the afternoon the train started. The sun cast its summer-like rays upon the gay town. Black, beautiful eyes afforded ample materials for sonnets ; pretty children were there. In the North people say, “Children must not play with the fire !” the Andalusian lasses do it, however, and I —

I am like water — water deep,
Into which all can clearly see ;
And I have learned in Southern lands
A Southerner myself to be.

Here prudish stiffness wears away
Where every one is frank and free ;
Like fireworks, feeling blazes here —
Homeward 'twere well thy course to steer :
Although thy youth is past, still **flee !**

And we drive away !

CHAPTER XIV.

CORDOVA.¹

THE journey from Sevilla to Cordova was performed far more quickly by the River Xenil, past the sun-scorched Ecija, than it could have been done by diligence or on horseback. One of the last travellers in Spain, Theophile Gautier, has described the appearance of this town as if it belonged to China or Japan; we had all the desire to go there, but we were not able to accomplish it. The railway follows its direct route; it crosses the old high road, and will have nothing more to do with it. Ecija never had at any time a very good name; most of the tales of attacks which my countrymen related to us, had happened to them on this road. Here, for example, not many years ago, the Danish architect, Professor Meldahl, was plundered. The robbers even took his sketch-book from him.

"Give me back the book at least," said our countryman; "it can be of no use to you, whereas it is most valuable to me." And the robber who had seized the book did not belie Spanish civility, but returned it to him at once.

The railway train rushed onward in the dark evening; here and there we beheld, in front of a solitary hut close to the railroad, a large, blazing fire; men, women, and children were seated round it: they laughed and made signs to us; very probably they were saying, how much more pleasant it was here a few years ago, when the heavy, loitering diligence went at a snail's pace along the deserted roads; when brave men could, with ease, do a good stroke of business for themselves; the horses would be stopped, pistols brought forth, knives would flash, and a brave man would get gold and effects. Those times were past now!

¹ The Spaniards write and read Córdobă, not Córdovă.

It was nine o'clock in the evening before we reached Cordova, the birthplace of Seneca. All the travellers who were going to the town were packed into the only omnibus which was waiting at the station ; how we found places, the Lord and the coachman alone know. The luggage was piled up on the top of the carriage ; it was a strange assemblage of articles ; the omnibus creaked and groaned beneath its burden. The men sat within, one upon the lap of the other ; almost all had either a package, an umbrella, or a bundle to carry ; we were stowed away together as if we were in a press. There was no lantern to the carriage, and none along the road, which was just as nature had made it. The street into which we drove was so narrow that no human being could have stood or walked in it when our omnibus was passing ; and finally it contracted so much that we ourselves could go no further. The omnibus stopped, and we were all squeezed out of the door opening, very much in the fashion that artists press their oil colours out of the tubes — it seemed so, at least.

The street ended in a narrow path, between high houses ; the coachman pointed to it as the way to reach the Fonda Ricci, the largest hotel of the town. We stumbled along by the light of a lantern, which was visible at the extremity of the path. We reached our destination at length ; the portico was brilliantly lighted, and beyond, as in Sevilla, we saw a large, handsome court, filled with roses and geraniums, with sparkling fountains, and surrounded with arcades supported by marble pillars, and polished steps covered with red matting. Our rooms were lofty and airy, but they had no fire-places, and it was cold, bitterly cold. A *brazero* — a fire-box filled with glowing coals — was brought up to warm the apartments while we were down-stairs, in the *salle-à-manger*. A quantity of people were congregated here, all of whom were going by the diligence to Madrid the same night. It was an extraordinary assemblage of cripples and decrepit old men ; one coughed, another limped, a third groaned, and a fourth squinted. They would have served as models for the artist who wished to paint the parable of the kingdom of heaven likened unto the king who sent his armies to destroy the invited guests who would not come to his son's wedding, and, when the wedding-

feast was ready, sent his servants out into the highways to gather together all that they could find, both bad and good : here were subjects for a humorous painter !

“ Such people should stay at home and not travel,” said the waiter to us, when the invalids from the hospital departed, and we took our places at table.

During the government of the Moors, Cordova was the capital ; the city had a million of inhabitants, six hundred mosques, and a hundred public bathing-houses. Art and science flourished here, and now — how different ! You find here miserable, narrow, depopulated streets. Cordova has sunk down to an insignificant town. In some small rooms I saw hanging up a few pieces of corduan, — Cordova’s celebrated leather. At the meat market there were still remaining some traces of the ancient splendor ; the walls of the booths still retained the porcelain flag covering from the time of the Moors. Through solitary lanes with low, white houses, we found our way to the Alameda, which, with its lofty, aged trees, followed the course of the Guadalquivir. The river was as yellow as the waters of the Tiber ; it was a deep, rapid stream.

All the life and traffic upon this long Alameda was limited to one old woman, who was carrying, with an air of importance, a large earthen jar across the promenade down some steps to the river ; there sat three or four men upon the remains of a wall in the water, holding fishing-rods, patiently waiting for a bite. At the extremity of the Alameda there are the ruins of an ancient monastery, and the church attached to it ; the walls have pictures, on sacred subjects, painted on them. The cracked walls look as if they could scarcely bear the heavy stone images of saints. I was told that during the persecution of the monks in 1835, this monastery was stormed ; the picture of desolation which the ruins present, brought vividly to my mind all those fearful, bloody scenes which were then enacted, when the populace drove the monks back into the burning monastery, and demoniacal women fed the flames, and hindered the prisoners from escaping.

From the Alameda the view extends over the broad, charming river to an immense campagna beyond, and fruitful rising ground ; here olive-groves stretch themselves ; here and there

a palm rears its lofty head ; yonder, in the distance, appear the ruins of a large castle as if sketched on the horizon. Toward the north, behind the city, tower the mountains of the Sierra Morena, dark and threatening ; the air was heavy and laden with clouds. They had not had rain in Sevilla for five months ; now the rain was beginning to fall in Cordova, and probably also would favor Sevilla.

Cordova possesses a treasure which no other Spanish town can rival, namely, its vast and wonderful mosque, now converted into a cathedral ; it is situated in the same direction as the Alameda, and presents one of its sides toward the Guadalquivir : it covers an immense square area, though in its exterior there is nothing surprising, picturesque, or grand. The orange-grove in the front, with its trees planted in allées, and its fresh, rippling waters, is wide and extensive ; here the high clock tower rises opposite the church itself, from whose piazza door after door leads into the mighty house of God, which was built by Abd-ur-Rhaman I. Not less than one thousand and eighty marble pillars support the roof : it looks like a complete plantation of pillars, arranged in alleys, side by side, and crossing each other ; then there are lower aisles, pillars, and arches innumerable, and along the outer wall altar after altar. Twilight reigns here even in the brightest of days ; through this you penetrate to the centre of the edifice, where, in the time of the Moors, thousands and thousands of lamps always burned, beneath the marvelously carved ceiling. Now this is destroyed, and a lofty white plastered, richly gilt Christian church has been erected, into which the full glare of day falls upon the gorgeous altar, before which censers are waved and masses are sung, that resound and echo through the Moorish arches where the altars stand, and where chapels have been raised to the memory of those who die in the only saving faith. One of my friends, when describing the Cathedral of Cordova, likened it to a dense fir-forest, that had been cleared in the middle, and tall beech-trees planted for the choir of the church. In one of the side chapels was a bed, with a sick person in it ; he was waiting to be healed, or to be released by God. Upon the walls are still discernible gold and colored Arabic inscriptions, such as " Praise and glory and eternal honor be to God

and his prophet Mohammed." The chiseled lace-like ornamental work above the low doors toward the Guadalquivir remind one of the Alcazar and the Alhambra. During the rule of the Mussulman sacred relics were preserved here; among these was a very ancient manuscript of the Koran, and the right arm of the prophet Mohammed. The pious among *the faithful* approach this spot only creeping upon their knees; this is, however, the most interesting part of the whole building, because it has retained its original beauty.

While from the high altar hymns of praise are chanted to Jesus and the Virgin Mary, the walls are preaching in Arabic characters, "*There is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!*" The whole edifice makes a strange, jumbled impression, which can only be effaced by tolerance and faith in the sacred verse:—

We all believe in one God.

Moses wrote upon the tables of the law. God is the only true God, and He leads His people; and the prophets speak by His spirit, and by His will. From the race of Ishmael came a new prophet: he came with fire and the sword; cities were given up to the flames; his name he dared to write where no mortal's name should have been written: There is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet! The only true God has chosen for himself one peculiar people! This is the faith of the Jew and of the Mussulman. Christ says: God became man to be a ransom for all. The Christian's faith is for every nation and for every time; praised be God in our Lord Jesus Christ!

Here, in this mighty Cathedral of Cordova, once the faithful Mussulmen shouted, in their exultation, "*La illah ilallah!*"¹ now the devout followers of the "Church which alone has the power to save" kneel in prayer, and feel themselves exalted and redeemed by their "*Stabat Mater Dolorosa*;" the Protestant is to them a stranger, an inquisitive traveller, a being lost to all eternity. It seemed to me as if the whole of mankind's search after "the one true God," according to their own short-sightedness, their vanity, passion, or coldness, had been and

¹ There is no God but God.

still is concentrated within these walls. Pious, soothing thoughts filled my spirit and my heart while I lingered here.

How harshly, how uncharitably, Christian brothers judge each other! "Catholicism is a shell without a kernel," say the Protestants, while again the faithful, zealous Catholic will not acknowledge Protestantism to possess either shell or kernel; we are lost, irretrievably lost! How harshly, how uncharitably, brethren of the same church and faith judge each other, when this one does not agree to the very letter with the profession of the other! It would appear as if that inexplicable mystery of God Himself taking upon Him the form of man were the whole sense of religion, and not the doctrine itself, that blessed fountain of truth flowing from the Supreme Being!

Certainly there is in the spirit of the times a craving to use the sword in matters of faith; they wish to strike with the sword, as they now hurl forth the words, "Thou art not a Christian!" How little do we know of the life which is in active motion down in the depths of the sea, though the plumb-line can fathom the space! and yet people pretend to discern and to judge the religious sentiments buried in the depths of the hearts of their fellow-men, where no plumb-line can be cast. "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned."

Eternal God! all mercy as Thou art,
O deign my feeble steps to truth to guide,
And let Thy holy light shine on my heart!
Grant me all sinful thoughts to cast aside,
And to hold fast the faith that Scriptures teach!
That Thou alone art God — make me believe,
And that Thine only Son came down to preach
The saving doctrines some would not receive.
Teach me in Him to live, in Him to die,
So that my soul a brighter home may claim
Among the hosts of Christendom on high!
Honor and glory to Thy holy name!

From this thought-inspiring, awe-impressing sanctuary, one comes out upon the Guadalquivir; a stupendous old Roman bridge leads over the river; down in the very water itself still stand ruins of Moorish bridges and buildings. The yellow

waters rush through and over these silent reminiscences. The spirit of destruction has swept across them, more swift in doing its work than the process of decay itself. We wandered upward amidst masses of rubbish, where trees growing wild and hedges spread themselves like a veil of forgetfulness over vanished greatness and beauty. Here lay the splendid Alcazar of the Moorish kings, with its finely cut marble pillars, lovely rose-gardens, and gushing waters. Here echoed again song and stringed instruments ;¹ here bass drums, flutes, and trumpets have resounded ; here days and evenings of festivities were enjoyed. Forms of beauty glided through these halls, out amidst the fresh fragrant roses, and the fan-like palm-trees. All this splendor and loveliness vanished away like glorious clouds ; darkness and anguish followed ; Spain's Inquisition established itself within these halls, walled up the light airy casements, placed instruments of torture there where formerly soft cushions were spread ; the agonizing screams of the victims who were being tortured to death, echoed there where the lute had sounded, accompanied by sweet touching voices. The balls and bombs of the French soldiers battered down these walls ; the wild growing hedges and the ancient trees were crushed and burned ; a mass of ruins and rubbish was all that remained of its past greatness.

The Guadalquivir's yellow clay-colored stream flowed between ruins and Ruderia : if it could but display to us the changing scenes which have been reflected in its mirror surface, how it would shine with the Moorish kings' rows of festive lamps, with their flambeaux and bonfires ! and would it not be dyed with the blood of the dead floating down its tranquil stream ? Much would we behold that would fill us with horror !

Was it chance, or is it characteristic of that musical town Cordova, which, in the time of the Moors, founded a large school for music, that here not a song was to be heard, no castanets sounded, no dancing was to be seen ; dreary and deserted it seemed to be here. A solitary señora, with her prayer-

¹ The Moors accompanied their music with a lute ; a number of their melodies are collected and preserved by Ali-ben-Alhassani-ben-Mohammed.

book in her hand, hastened through the narrow streets toward the ancient cathedral, Cordova's glory and pride.

On the outskirts of the town there is a small church: this also was once a Moorish mosque; it is now consecrated to St. Nicholas: the spire is remarkable; it is the untouched old minaret, — doubtless the only one which now could be found in Spain. In the front of the church there is a small square planted with trees, from whence you obtain a charming view of the Sierra Morena's dark chain of mountains, in former days the terror of all travellers, for they were infested by bands of notorious, blood-thirsty robbers. In that direction, through *La Mancha*, the land of Don Quixote, and across New Castile, lies the high road from Cordova to Madrid.

While I was standing contemplating the gloomy landscape before me, the heavy rain-clouds began to disperse, the sun's rays fell sharply defined over the masses of cloud upon the brownish green campagna beneath; the mountains became dark as night; an armed peasant upon his mule was the only living object to be seen in this vast solitude.

CHAPTER XV.

OVER SANTA CRUZ DE MUDELA TO MADRID.

THE largest portion of the railroad from Cordova to Madrid is not finished ; one is, therefore, obliged to take the diligence, but notwithstanding this, be the road in whatever state it may, drawn by ten mules at a flying pace, one is still constrained to endure well-nigh twenty-three hours in this vehicle before one reaches *Santa Cruz de Mudela*, where the railway begins for Madrid. We took our seats in the diligence, and determined to stop and rest at Santa Cruz.

The street in Cordova where the diligence office is situated is so narrow that no carriage can get into it ; we were, therefore, obliged to betake ourselves to the nearest wide street, where, indeed, the diligence was kept ; we took our places, and had plenty of room, for we were only three travellers. The carriage was not bad, nor the weather either ; the sun burst forth, the majoral cracked his whip, cried his "Thiah ! caballo de desbocado, Gitana, Golondrina !" all of them names full of meaning. We drove through the principal street, along the Alameda, out at the ancient city gate ; the campagna lay before us, smiling and rich in olive groves, but very scantily inhabited. The sun had not yet gone down when we reached Andujar, a town which, with its shops and crowds of people in the streets, presented a far more lively appearance than Cordova had done, though it is much larger. Here we fell in with an exceedingly jovial travelling companion, not young, but as inflammable as though he were in the susceptible years of youth ; he kissed his hand to every woman he saw, let her be ever so old, crying after her : "Thou star of my life !" or "Thou, whose eyes are two suns !" He exerted himself tremendously, and was evidently greatly fatigued when, late in the evening, we reached *Baylem*, cele

brated in the history of the war, and by no means an insignificant town. We stopped at one end of the town to change mules. It was a calm, lovely evening ; the new moon stood in the heavens ; it looked like a golden shell in which lay the globular moon. We had drawn up near the entrance to a church ; two ecclesiastics, in their long floating cloaks, glided like spectres beneath the dark trees ; the moon shone upon the church windows, lighting them up as if the interior were illuminated. The Guadalquivir rushed along close by us ; we could hear the flowing and dashing of the stream ; it was the only sound, monotonous and lulling, in the vast solitude. The night approached with sleep and dreams, those wonderful "*entremises*," often so wild and fantastic, that in our waking moments we exclaim there was no meaning in it ; then at times shining like a light on the soul, a revelation from the spirit-world.

Our susceptible Spaniard said he was going to dream of pretty eyes, and he shut his own. I gazed out in the clear night, and dozed a little now and then. There is not much to be told about a journey by diligence at night ; one merely remembers some glimpses of the landscape caught by the moonlight, or a few solitary figures, which the glare from a lantern suspended from some stable-yard might bring forth from the surrounding gloom. All I recollect of this journey is that we drove through a flat, cultivated country, and that, long before dawn of day, we arrived at the still slumbering little town, *La Carolina*, a German colony, where, however, for many years past the German language had died out.

Here the door of the carriage was thrown open by a stout dame. Holding up a lantern which shone full upon her own face, she cleared her throat, put out her mouth as if she were going to speak, but no words came forth ; she sneezed, and our amorous Spaniard hoped she might obtain the blessing of Heaven and a good husband.

When we got out into the room, the first thing that was set before us was a large comfortable brazero filled with glowing coals. It was to warm us, poor frozen mortals ; then followed chocolate ; then we had to prepare ourselves to be stuffed into the carriage, where now all the places were occupied. We had

a most uncomfortable journey. From La Carolina the road continued to ascend ; here and there masses of rock jutted out. We glanced down into deep abysses, where, in the morning twilight, thick mist reposed. The scenery became more and more wild, and so picturesquely beautiful that one really felt that one had no right to be sitting in a closed carriage. The Sierra Morena mountains rose before us in all their grandeur and variety ; it was surpassingly fine ! Mighty blocks of stone, dissevered from the rock, lay in confusion about ; gigantic trees clung with their long roots to the masses of rocks, bending over the precipices, down in the depths of which the water roared and dashed.

We met some armed soldiers. They accompanied us, by way of caution, a considerable way ; but I do not believe there was any cause to fear an attack. I felt myself so thoroughly safe that I was suddenly seized with a desire to witness a slight encounter with banditti. The whole country seems as if formed for it, and I can quite well understand — if it were only true, which it was not — that Alexander Dumas, when he was travelling in Spain, was most eager to be attacked by robbers, as much for his own amusement as for the amusement of his readers. Spaniards have related this story to me to prove with what security one can travel nowadays. Before he started for Spain, Alexander Dumas is said to have sent a well-known robber-chief a check for a thousand francs, requesting him, in return, to arrange an attack upon his party, in which, however, no loss was to be sustained, and no danger to be run. The robber wrote back that the house was done away with, the business was no longer pursued ; but he inclosed an acknowledgment for the check. The whole story is, of course, an invention.

In so wild and glorious a country as this, one should not travel in a diligence, but rather the old-fashioned way, upon horseback ; one should not only see these mountains on a bright, sunny day, but also by the beautiful moonlight. We got over an immense quantity of ground, but we could scarcely keep ourselves warm ; all around the water was covered with ice. At length the sun arose, and life and activity began. People were busily at work blasting rocks,

and cutting through hills. In a few years it is hoped that the Cordova and Madrid railway will be united at this spot. Straggling villages, whose houses were overgrown with fresh green cacti leaves, lay at short distances from each other ; in front of the hovels sat women dressing their children, and several families were already eating their breakfasts. There might be subject-matter sufficient for numerous pictures if I described everything that I saw and hurried past in a few seconds.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we reached the end of our journey — the small town *Santa Cruz de Mudela*. I have not seen so dirty a town in the whole of Spain. The streets were unpaved, and at that moment were covered with thick, bad-smelling mud. It was impossible to walk here, still less to live here ; the houses were all poor, miserable huts. We were obliged to traverse the town notwithstanding all its mud and mire. Some little distance beyond it, near the railway, was situated the fonda which had been recommended to us, and indeed the only one of the place ; it looked by no means inviting : it was a large, dirty tavern, with low, dingy rooms, upon the floors of which straw had been strewed to keep the feet warm. The bedroom that was assigned to us had no window ; a large square opening in the wall, with a wooden grating, was an apology for one — and this they called the best room in the house !

To have passed the night here, and to have spent the whole of the following afternoon in this hole, or to have wandered about the meagre, tiresome neighborhood, would have been to me a punishment and a penance. No ; I would rather faint or die in the railway carriage from over-fatigue. The determination to go was immediately carried out ; the train was about to start at once ; we jumped into the carriage, which, after a transit of ten hours, would reach Madrid at midnight. We were most comfortably seated. It was refreshing in the extreme to be rushing onward in a civilized conveyance, once more to feel that you were living in the present day. We flew along at a tremendous pace. The country was flat, without any variety. In the ancient city *Alcazar de San Juan*, which, as well as some other Spanish

towns, claims to be the birthplace of Cervantes, we joined the Madrid and Valencia train.

Here we were obliged to wait an immense time for the main train, which was not expected before sunset. Meanwhile, we sat in the wearisome station, and gazed down upon the old town, with its numerous churches and vast buildings. They looked very interesting; we ought to have stopped here the night, and might have made an excursion to the neighboring *Toboso*, famous through Don Quixote's Dulcinea, but nobody had mentioned this town to us; only in Santa Cruz de Mudela, we were told, there was a fonda for travellers. Railways are still so great a novelty in Spain, that even in the larger cities, when they are situated some distance from this new line, no information can be obtained. Even the printed railway book, "*Indicador de los Caminos de hierro*," in which all the stations and trains are distinctly indicated, is not to be met with at any station except that at Madrid.

When, by the power of steam, we again flew onward, Alcazar de San Juan appeared like a shade cast upon the red evening sky. The road was long; the time was long; the new moon stood in the heaven and lighted up the far-stretching campagna on both sides of us. Conversation in our carriage decreased, and was confined merely to counting the hours and quarters of an hour which we still had to endure before the journey would be ended. It became darker and darker, when suddenly, amidst trees and shrubs, we approached *Aranjuez*, an oasis in the desert land that surrounds Madrid. The verse in Schiller's "*Don Carlos*" immediately occurred to us: —

Die schönen Tage von Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende !

We stopped a few minutes at the railway-station; saw the lamps shining in the alleys and reflecting in the canals, and — our minutes in Aranjuez were at an end. The train proceeded toward Madrid; in an hour we might be there.

It was a long hour — a dark hour — not a light from house or venta was to be seen. We traversed the deserted campagna, which formerly was overgrown with wood. Tradition relates respecting the name "*Madrid*" that here, once upon a

time, a boy was pursued by a bear ; he climbed up a tree, and called to his mother, who was coming to his aid, "Madre, ¡id !" that is to say, "Mother, run !" Now we were running at full speed ; we gazed out of the carriage, in the hope of seeing the city by lamp-light. For one moment we caught a glimpse of light upon light shining in the distance. It was Madrid ; but it disappeared again as the train took another turn.

At length we stopped at the station. It was midnight. We escaped the tiresome custom-house, and drove off at once across the broad alley—the Prado—into the city, through several long streets to the Fonda Peninsular—the hotel which had been most highly recommended to us by every one. The place was scantily lighted, and looked to us so deserted, so dirty, and so wretched, with not a being to be seen either in the doorway or upon the steps, that we turned round and begged the coachman to take us to a better hotel. He recommended the Fonda del Oriente, upon the Plaza del Sol, near by, and the best in the whole city. We drove there immediately, and were most comfortably quartered. A fire blazed in the fire-place ; good viands and good wine were set before us ; the beds were excellent ; our sleep sound, without dreams, and this is an event to be remembered when one sleeps in a new place for the first time.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADRID.

THE first day I determined to remain at home to rest myself. The weather was raw and disagreeable, and to my surprise all the roofs were covered with snow ; winter had commenced at Madrid. Down in the plaza below, where several of the principal streets unite, it was gloomy and dirty ; carriers' wagons with jingling bells, droskies, and other carriages, were moving about ; soldiers on foot and on horseback, peasants enveloped in their large red mantas and with flame-colored flapping hats, I saw ; but there were not many women out — the weather was too severe for them ; the gentlemen were wrapped up in Spanish cloaks, drawn quite over their mouths, but nothing either new or characteristic was visible ; and yet this was the most frequented place in Madrid, the heart of the town — *Puerta del Sol*. The first glance we took out was not promising, but things might improve. Perhaps we might remain the whole winter at Madrid. This was a pleasant thought ! Our Danish minister, Baron Brockdorff, I knew to be a most amiable and superior man ; and I had predicted to my travelling companion that we should find ourselves quite at home in the Spanish capital. We expected also to find letters from Denmark awaiting us at the Danish minister's ; it was long since we had received any.

The porter at the hotel said, "There is no Danish minister at Madrid ; at least I do not know where he resides." A droski-driver was asked ; he took a long time to consider, and named several of the legations, but not one of them sounded like *Dinamarca* ; he called another droski-driver, who beckoned to a third, and at last we found a well-informed droski-driver, who took us to the Belgian minister's. Here we were told that there was no Danish legation at Madrid ; but we could not believe this. We were then driven to the department for

foreign affairs, and there we ascertained that Baron Brockdorff was in Denmark. This was sad intelligence to us! And all our expected letters — where were they? We endeavored, at the post-office, to ascertain what had become of our letters, addressed to the Danish Legation, and we were informed that in a certain street, a certain house, and a certain story of that house, resided a gentleman who did not belong to the legation, but who, in the absence of the minister, took charge of all letters addressed to his care. We had first to search for the house, and when that was discovered, to find the man at home. He proved to be a very respectable, obliging Spaniard. The postman had certainly brought him a letter for me; but the Spaniard knew no Mr. Andersen, and had therefore allowed the postman to take it away again. The postman was not to be found; the letter was in his possession. It was not very pleasant. "For other matters, to whom am I to apply?" I asked. "How shall our passports be *viséd* when we leave this place?"

"The Swedish minister, his Excellency Bergman, has undertaken all that," replied the Spaniard, and promised to introduce us to him.

We made our way to his house in the midst of pouring rain; but, as ill-luck would have it, he was not at home. Our arrival, however, was now made known to him; and early next morning came a friendly message from the Swedish Legation, and a few hours afterward the minister himself walked into my room. We had known each other at Naples. We were in the best of hands, for he had the kindest heart that could be. He showed the greatest attention to myself and my fellow-traveller; we daily received proofs of his kindness. The Danish minister, who was at that time in Copenhagen, could not, had he been in Madrid, have done more for us than our Swedish friend and patron did. We were no longer lonely and friendless. It so happened that the numerous letters of introduction I had brought to Madrid were of no use; those to whom I had been recommended were all absent. One had never resided at Madrid; another could not be found; a third, I was told, had gone to settle at Alicante; and a fourth had gone for a short time to Paris. The only one I found at

home was the author, Don Sinibaldo de Mas, who had been the Spanish minister in China, but he was ill.

Doubly glad, therefore, was I to have found a friend from "*hin sida sundet*." The weather was bitterly cold. The snow melted, indeed, upon the roofs ; but next morning they were always again white with more which had fallen. At length the air became clear, but there was a wind blowing, which I, who am from the wind's stronghold in the North, found diabolical ; it was so chill, so cutting, so dry. The Spaniards say, "The wind in Madrid cannot blow out a candle, but it is enough to kill a man." ¹

The Spanish poet Gongora has, in a sonnet, painted the capital of Spain in glowing colors. How far his sketch bore the stamp of truth in his time, I know not ; but I will give a climate photograph.

MADRID.

The capital of Spain — O no !
 For in thee there is nothing seen
 Of what characterizes her —
 There is no likeness left, I ween.

One is in Paris, or Vienna,
 But sure no longer in bright Spain ;
 Here the sharp northern blasts prevail, —
 Here there is cold, and snow, and rain.

Our dark November days no more,
 Our northern climate, will I blame ;
 For — to the rest of Spain unlike —
 Dreary Madrid has just the same !

In the North, in the cloudy land, the wind sweeps across the open strand, and through the corner of every street. There are many corners, and a poet may dwell in each of them. Is there one well born and brought up ? he delights in the beautiful, he is full of longing after romantic Spain. Let him come here — let them all come direct to Madrid, at any period of the year they choose ! If that be in summer, they will be

¹ El aire de Madrid es tan sotil
 Que mata á un hombre,
 Y no traga á un candil.

roasted alive by the sun ; if it be in winter, they will receive the icicles' kiss, they will be favored with frosted fingers, and thawing snow into their very galoshes. And if they remain here, what have they seen of Spain? Madrid has none of the characteristics of a Spanish town, not to mention the capital of Spain. That it became such, was a fancy of Philip II., and he would assuredly have frozen and perspired for this his royal whim.

One very great advantage, however, this place possesses — the first of its kind ; it is the picture-gallery — a pearl, a treasure, worthy to be sought, and deserving a journey to Madrid to see it. During our stay here, there was another very charming place of resort open — the Italian opera ; but when you have mentioned this and the picture-gallery, you have named what are the most remarkable and most interesting places for strangers. Outside all was raw and damp, but within the theatre you sat as if in a warm bath, amidst smoke and steam ; the thick mist from the numerous cigars the people smoked between the acts, and the smell of the gas, pervaded even the boxes. Yet, notwithstanding these disagreeables, we remained until after midnight, fascinated by the richness of the tones with which Signora La Grange astonished and delighted us.

The most of the recent Italian operas may be compared to a picture, wherein the singers, with their art, or their soul and genius, are the objects that surprise and captivate us. Signora La Grange and Lablache were charming specimens of this.

The opera and the picture-gallery — the latter a never-ending pleasure — must thus always give a superiority to Madrid over most of the other towns, it will be said. But it is with towns as it is with human beings ; they either attract or repel. Paris should never be my home from choice. Venice has never pleased me ; I have always felt there as if I were on a wreck out at sea. Madrid reminds me of a camel that has fallen down in the desert : I felt as if I was sitting on its hump and though I could see far around, I was not sitting comfortably.

Besides the *Puerta del Sol* — the plaza in which we resided

— there are in Madrid some other plazas which ought to be mentioned, and which has each its peculiarity. The prettiest is the large Plaza de Oriente, planted with trees and bushes ; it is situated near the palace. Under the leafy trees stand here, in a circle, statues of the kings and queens of Leon and Castile. The palace itself is a large, heavy building ; but from its terrace, and even from part of the plaza, there is an extensive and lovely view over the garden and the fields down to the River Manzanares, and of the hills behind the Escorial ; they were now quite covered with snow, and looked very picturesque when the atmosphere was clear. The Plaza Major, which is at no great distance, has quite an opposite character ; one feels one's self, as it were, in it, confined in a prison-yard ; but it is unquestionably the most peculiar of all the plazas in Madrid. It savors of the Middle Ages ; is more long than broad ; and has in its centre a bronze statue of Philip III. on horseback. The lofty arcade around it contains but small, insignificant shops, where are sold bonnets, woolen goods, and hardware. In former days, this plaza was the scene of the bloody bull-fights and the terrible autos-da-fé. Even now stands here the old building, with its turrets and curiously formed window-frames, from the balconies of which the Spanish kings and courts beheld the bull-fight, or saw the unfortunate victims of the Inquisition roasted alive. The little clock which gave the death-signal hangs still upon the wall.

I always observed a number of soldiers in this plaza. They stood in groups, looking at different jugglers who, during the whole day, were performing here. In the evening poor boys kindled a large fire here to warm themselves. On the steps leading up to the arcade sat a couple of wretched-looking objects, an old woman in rags, and a gray-haired old man wrapped up in a dirty Spanish cloak. Each of them were playing on some little instrument, which was quite out of tune, to which they sang in husky voices equally out of tune. Not one of the people passing by gave them anything. Nevertheless, they continued to sit where they were, as if they had grown fast to the damp stone, in the bitterly cold weather, and perhaps they were singing about that hero, the Cid, or of happy love.

Plaza de los Cortes is a very insignificant square, only an irregular extension of the street in front of the building where the legislature meet, *Palacio de los Disputados*, and has nothing worth the observation of a stranger except a monument which stands there — the statue of a man in an old-fashioned, military Spanish dress, with a stiff ruff, and a sword. The whole monument is wanting in grandeur; one is inclined to pass it carelessly, supposing that it has been erected in memory of some military commander who has no particular claim to our admiration. But when we heard the name, we arrested our steps, and gazed at it with the deepest interest; for in that figure which we saw before us we beheld a king in the glorious intellectual world, one whose works are immortal, whose name is honored in every part of the earth where literature flourishes. While in the full vigor of manhood, he bore the chains of a slave; in battle, he offered to his father-land, Spain, his left arm: his contemporaries left him to suffer from want; they treated him with scandalous indifference; they could neither comprehend him, nor appreciate him. Now, however, a monument stands in memory of him, with this inscription:—

A MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, PRINCIPE DE LOS INGENIOS
ESPAÑOLES.

The author of "Don Quixote," the writer of "Galatea," the founder of the drama, the relater of popular tales,¹ is as much to be admired as a man as a literary character. The many and heavy trials to which he had been subjected called forth no moroseness, no disgust to life in him; on the contrary, the richness of his humor seemed to have acquired fresh power from them. Every true poet must see in him an example of manly endurance and unfeigned modesty. Even in his lifetime his dramatic works were surpassed by those of the incredibly fertile and very witty Lope de Vega,² but he never could

¹ Among the collection of his short stories is to be found the well-known tale *La Gitanilla di Madrid*.

² Lope de Vega has produced not less than 2,200 pieces for the theatre, besides a number of smaller and larger poems; one of these, *Angelica*, he wrote on board ship, when engaged in military service in the invincible fleet Spain sent against England. When a widower, he entered into mo-

or can be surpassed as a novelist. "Don Quixote" will always remain the romance of romances ; after that work, which he dedicated to Count Lemos, followed "Persiles and Sigismunda," a work of which he himself said : "This will be either the worst or the best book written in our language." "The Journey to Parnassus" was his last poem ; it adds to the splendor of his name by its play of wit and humor. No one knows where his grave is : who of all his contemporaries would have inquired about it ? On no tombstone is his name carved, but it is engraved in the hearts of the people. Spain is proud of it ; Europe speaks with admiration and honor of Cervantes ; whilst the mighty Philip II., in whose vast domains the sun never set, and the auto da-fé's burning pile of human victims was never extinguished, is abhorred, and not pitied for that death which the Almighty seems to have appointed for tyrants — the living body to be eaten up by vermin, while spiritual terrors did not grant peace to the immortal tenant of the loathsome carcase.

The monument to Cervantes stands on that plaza in Madrid where once the great author's house stood.

The remembrance of him leads thought to wander over the whole rich field of Spanish literature, and one is astonished at the national luxuriance and freshness which, in spite of all the storms they have encountered, are shown even in our day. We are delighted with the charming romances about the Cid ; we are pleased with the religiously inclined verses of Gonzalos, and admire the satirical thistle-blossoms that grow from the pen of Prince Don Emanuel of Castile. We learn in the dramatic writings to know the lives and humor of the populace. Spain had, before France, its Molière, in the mechanic, the strolling player, Lope de Rueda.¹ We see collected into groups near each other the mighty geniuses named Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, and Moreto.² The age in which

nastic life, and sad it is to be obliged to add, that the great poet accepted an office in the Inquisition and even assisted at autos-da-fé !

¹ His literary activity was principally evinced between the years 1544 and 1567.

² Moreto's celebrated comedy, *Donna Diana*, has appeared on the Danish stage.

they flourished seems to have been that in which Spanish literature attained its highest excellence, though it has never since become quite extinct. Through all the bloody battles in which this country has been engaged, and notwithstanding the horrors of the Inquisition, with its fearful autos-da-fé, the national poetic spirit has always remained. There is a wealth of humor in the people themselves, and in our own time there is much interest growing for the national literature.¹ Most of the authors of the present day choose frequently subjects peculiar to their native country.

A little *zarzuela*, "El Loco de la Guardilla," created a great sensation while I was here; the author, Don Narciso Serra, knew how to work on the national feeling; Cervantes and Lope de Vega are both introduced into this piece. I saw it performed at one of the minor theatres at Madrid; it bore the name of Lope de Vega. The plot is shortly this:—

The sister of Cervantes is in great distress about her brother; he sits constantly in his little garret room, writing diligently, and often laughing immoderately. This makes his sister very uneasy—she fears he is deranged. She calls in two physicians; one of them goes immediately to see the supposed patient, while the sister and the other doctor, who is afterward to be introduced, stand and listen. Presently they hear loud laughter from the doctor inside, as well as from the patient. The second doctor then goes in; there is silence for a few minutes, then the quiet is broken by roars of laughter from all three as if they were mad. The next-door neighbors hear it and come to the sister, who explains things to them according to her ideas. They hasten to enter the room where are assembled the three laughing gentlemen, and in a very short time after there is such a chorus of laughter in which all the neighbors have joined—it is so loud, so obstreperous—that the servants of the Inquisition enter, headed by the poet Lope de Vega. Cervantes then hands to Lope the manuscript of "Don Quixote." He tells how, while in a gay humor he

¹ An interesting review of the more modern literature of Spain may be obtained by reading *Die Nationalliteratur der Spanier seit dem Anfange des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, von Dr. Eduard Brinckmeier. Göttingen, 1850.

was composing the story, he could not help laughing ; that he had read part of it to the two physicians, and to the neighbors, and they had all laughed with him. Lope reads quietly to himself a few pages, then breaks out suddenly into enthusiasm, and predicts that this work will render its author immortal, and will shine like a star amidst the literary annals of Spain. He crowns Cervantes, the *dramatis personæ* applaud, the audience applauds, and the curtain falls amidst shouts of approbation. The storm of plaudits continued long, a genuine outbreak of unsophisticated Spanish nature.

The exhibition entitled "La Exposicion Nacional de Bellas Artes de 1862," was to remain open for a few days longer. The large, widely extending building stands on the Prado. We drove to it, in the midst of rain and sleet ; the whole promenade was a sea of mud ; heavy, withered fruit hung from the leafless trees. It was absolutely like the beginning of a northern winter—the weather wet, raw, detestable. In the wide halls where the exhibition was held there was a very unpleasant smell ; it was such as pervades newly built damp rooms. But there was much that was interesting to be seen here ; amongst these a fine statue of the lately deceased dramatic writer, the statesman Martinez de la Rosas. He, like so many other notorieties, experienced, during his career, the caprice of popular tastes. He went to France, from whence he returned after a time to honor and renown at home. I had made his acquaintance in Paris, in 1843, and I was rejoiced at the prospect of meeting him again in Madrid ; he had promised me the kindest of receptions ; now I found him only in the inanimate clay. Here was a statue of Lope de Vega, and an interesting representation of Tragedy sitting in deep thought, with a dagger in her hand. Here also was an extremely pretty statue of the Queen, holding in her arms the young infant who is to be the future King of Spain. Several of the painters had taken their subjects from the history of Maria de Padilla. Among the national battle-pieces, the one I most admired was by the painter Navarro y Cañizares ; it was a representation of "La Defensa de Zaragoza." The young girl, who here fired off the cannon, seemed in her bold-

ness to be breathing from the canvas. The old Spanish romances had afforded many subjects for the paintings; and, only to point out one, I will name the Cid's daughters, naked, bound to a tree, and abandoned in the wild wood.

From the exhibition we proceeded to the museum. The wealth of master-works one finds here is astonishing — nay, overwhelming. Here are Raphael, Titian, Coreggio, Paul Veronese, Rubens, but before them all are Murillo and Velasquez. One should remain in this place more than a year and a day rightly to take in and appreciate all this magnificence. Here I first learned to know Velasquez, who was a contemporary of Murillo. What art and genius has he not exhibited in bringing out the milk-white, plain-looking *Infantas*, in the ridiculous costume of their time? They seem to be living and speaking, and take their place amidst the ranks of beauty, owing to the perfection with which they are painted, and the curious accessories surrounding them, such as male and female dwarfs, and ferocious-looking dogs of characteristic ugliness. The figures seem so entirely as if they were walking out of their frames, that one cannot doubt the story, that a couple of those pictures, placed upon easels in Velasquez's studio, made people in the adjoining rooms fancy that the real persons were there. Such a magic effect is particularly remarkable in one painting; it is a composition — the celebrated relater of fables, *Æsop*: after having seen the picture Velasquez has given of him, we could never think of *Æsop* under any other appearance. Philip IV., King of Spain, who was a friend and admirer of Velasquez, bestowed on him the rank of chamberlain, and adorned his breast with the most distinguished orders of the country.

There are no less than ten pictures of Raphael's here, and among them one of his most celebrated, "The Bearing of the Cross;" next to it comes "The Holy Family," that picture to which Philip IV. gave the name of "The Pearl;" but this appellation does not suit it, for it is the least admirable of all Raphael's works, or, indeed, of the masterpieces that are to be found here. Better than Raphael, better than Titian, better than all here, I like Murillo. His heavenly Madonna, surrounded by angels, is so perfect, so full of inspiration, tha'

One might fancy he had beheld her in some celestial revelation. There is such superhuman purity and innocence in the eyes of the Virgin Mary, such grace and infantine simplicity in the angels floating around her, that one feels a sensation of happiness, as if it were permitted to us to behold a glimpse of holier worlds. Another, a smaller picture, also an admirable work, is the child Jesus, with a lamb and a shepherd's crook; there is in this picture such an expression of confidence, united to such charming childish innocence, that one feels a strong desire to kiss its lips and its eyes. One more work of Murillo's I must mention, it is so charmingly conceived and so beautifully executed; it represents a little domestic scene: a young mother sits and winds yarn, her husband holds the child, who is raising a little bird high in the air, whilst a little dog shows its cleverness by sitting on his hind-legs and giving his paw.

Beyond Spain Murillo is not much known, and therefore he is not seen on the high pedestal he occupies over other great artists. Raphael takes the highest place; his representation of the Madonna is an ideality. Murillo gives reality in its most beautiful aspect—gives us the bride of the carpenter Joseph, the blossom of innocence and faith, the woman selected by God to bring us His only-begotten Son. Raphael's sixteenth Madonna at Dresden has flesh and blood like Murillo's; one cannot be quite sure to whom the picture belongs.

The museum also possesses some of Thorwaldsen's works. A design of his well-known bass-relief, "The Guardian Angel," is to be found here; in it is to be seen a serpent beneath the child's foot, which is not given in the bass-relief.

I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the learned and literary persons in Madrid. The Swedish Minister introduced me to one of Spain's most prominent politicians and most talented authors, the Duke de Rivas. As a young soldier, as the advocate for the Cortes-Constitution in 1820, when the revolution broke out; as a minister, an ambassador, and lastly as a poet, his name resounds over the Peninsula. His collected works are given in four vol-

umes.¹ His popular work, "El Moro Exposito," and not less his tragedy, "Don Alvaro," made the greatest possible impression on the public. I was received with great cordiality by the old man, who remembered our former meeting at Naples when he was the Spanish Minister there. He spoke to me about his tragedy, "Don Alvaro," which he had lately rewritten as an opera for the composer Verdi, who at that time was expected at Madrid. With another of the most distinguished poets of Spain, Don Juan Eugenio Harzenbusch, I had also the pleasure of becoming acquainted. His father was a German, his mother a Spaniard. Harzenbusch was born and brought up in Spain; his father intended him for the church, but he took a fancy to become a painter. In this profession, however, he was out of his place. Then he commenced writing poems and dramatic works, and he brought forward the old Spanish comedies. During the bloody period of 1823, his father lost his fortune, and became deranged. The young Harzenbusch had then to resort to the trade of a joiner, in order to maintain his father and himself, his literary earnings being by no means sufficient for this purpose. "Los Amantes de Ternel," written and brought out in 1836, was his first original work; it was very favorably received, and laid the foundation for a more fortunate future. Several excellent dramatic works followed; his writings in verse and prose increased rapidly, and among these was particularly celebrated his "Cuentos y Fabulas;" that, especially, is a favorite wherever Spanish is read. Some years ago he obtained a situation in the royal library at Madrid, and during my stay there he was named first librarian.

A letter to Harzenbusch from one of our mutual friends at Malaga procured me a kind reception; *that* I should have had without any introduction, he said, and expressed with much warmth his sympathy with me as a brother poet, although he knew but very few of my works. Of these, as far as I could ascertain, only two have been translated into Spanish, "DEN LILLE PIGE MED SVOVLSTIKKERNE, and "HOLGER DANSKE." German and English are not read by many in Spain; and in the French edition I am very badly translated —

¹ "Obras completas de Don Angel de Saavedra, duque de Rivas."

whole sentences misconstrued, altered, or entirely left out. Harzenbusch was born on September 6, 1806. He has a very clever countenance, but with snow-white hair : it was a pleasure to hear him speak, with all the fire of the south, about poetry and art. He was engaged in a work relating to Cervantes, and was, at the same time, superintending a new edition of "Don Quixote." Before we separated he gave me, as a souvenir, his "Cuentos y Fabulas," in which he wrote some kind and cordial lines addressed to me. He lived frugally, but surrounded by a wealth of books and pictures. Harzenbusch belongs to that rather rare class of persons to whom one feels one's self immediately attracted, and whom one seems to have known a long time.

The author, Don Sinibaldo de Mas, who for a time was the Spanish ambassador at China, arranged in one of the fondas in Madrid a grand dinner-party for me, where I became acquainted with some poets, and among them Don Rafael Garcia y Santesteban, the author of "El Ramo de Ortigas," and several zarzuelas. Most friendly agreeable people they all were, full of enthusiastic feeling, and with the amiable Spanish desire to show attention to strangers. Unwearied in this was especially one of my new young friends, Jacobo Zobel Zangroniz, from Manilla ; he seemed to have taken quite a fancy to me, and sought every opportunity to make my stay in Madrid pleasant.

It had been at one time my intention to have remained here until after Christmas and New Year's Day ; but, notwithstanding that I had by degrees made many interesting acquaintances, had met with much kindness, had the opera, the picture-gallery, and every Sunday, if I chose, a bull-fight, I could not prevail on myself to remain here longer than for three weeks. Some days out of these weeks were devoted to an excursion to Toledo. The climate of Madrid was unbearable — snow and rain by turns ; it is never worse at this time of the year even at home. And if a few days happened to be dry and clear, then the wind was so piercing, so severe, so irritating to the nerves, you had a feeling that you were going to be wind-dried into a mummy.

The visit to Toledo was quite exhilarating and refreshing. There one was again in a real Spanish town. It possessed all that was wanting in Madrid — the character of the capital of the country : picturesque and replete with poetry is the old Toledo.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOLEDO.

WE left Madrid by the morning train, and went to Aranjuez by the Valencia line, from whence a branch railway goes on to Toledo. We traversed the far-spreading campagna by daylight ; it looked better than it has the reputation of being : it is not entirely a desert, but resembles a vast tract of land belonging to some property ; many portions of it are built upon, and the rest will be in time.

Near Aranjuez the neighborhood assumes quite a Danish character : it has trees with thick foliage, and copsewood ; a park, intersected by canals, and inclosing several small lakes. When we saw it, it had a cold, northern, autumn aspect.

The well-built little town, with its palace and square in front, and park, seemed to be longing for inhabitants ; it was very charming here, but solitary and deserted, looking much like a country-house which the family has left. Beneath these ancient trees it was that Philip II. spent his "happy days." Here, on the small lake in the garden, Charles IV. had his playthings — a diminutive fleet, with which he used to amuse himself.

The appearance of the country completely changes between Aranjuez and Toledo ; you might almost fancy yourself transported to the campagna around Rome, the yellow Tagus so greatly resembled the Tiber.

We flew past solitary farms and deserted cottages ; gay groups of men and women were lounging at every stopping-place ; lively looking, black-eyed damsels nodded from the balconies. Upon this line it seemed as if the greater number of the railway servants were women ; every few minutes we saw a mother, with a tribe of children sprawling round her or holding fast to her dress, rise up, and stretch forth, in the direction that the train was rushing, a rolled-up flag.

Toward evening we reached the station at Toledo, and there got into an omnibus, which crawled along an even, excellent road between masses of naked rock, past a large ruin ; and before us lay, picturesque beyond description, the ancient lordly city — Toledo. We drove across the giddily high Alcantara Bridge ; far beneath us roared the rushing stream, that turns two or three brick water-mills which have been erected on the banks, but look as if they had been left on the ground after an inundation. In the river itself there were the ruins of buildings several stories high ; the running stream flowed through the spaces where the lower windows had been, through the roofless rooms and out again. Immediately in front of us, towering above the old yellowish-gray ruined walls rose the city itself, as if clinging to the heights, and crowned on the summit by the ruins of the Alcazar, the palace of Charles III., upon which the Spaniards themselves fired when the French occupied it during the war of independence.

Upon the other side of the Alcantara Bridge, below the walls of the city, the road took a turn, and we came upon another picturesque view, which, as we ascended higher, unfolded itself more and more. Old cloisters and ruined churches presented themselves to our gaze ; a wilderness of stones and a sun-scorched landscape covered the far-stretching campagna. The only sign of life to be seen was a drove of raven-black swine, which happened at that moment to be driven down to the Tagus to drink, or to be washed there ; but we did not see that ; the road again branched off in another direction, and we gained a wide terrace, with a brick-work balustrade, and passing through the gate *Puerta del Sol*, the architecture of which is magnificent, we found ourselves in Toledo. The streets are narrow, the Alameda small and confined. There were a few trees, some benches of brick, and one or two most miserable-looking shops ; two soldiers and a dirty little vagabond were the only human beings we saw. The street was steep to a degree ; we soon came to a stand-still, for the omnibus could go no farther. Our effects were carried through a narrow lane leading precipitously downward, and having a horrible pavement, and thus we reached the fonda that had been recommended to us. Two donkeys were standing in the lobby ; they

and a few fowls received us ; a girl put her head out of a door, but drew it in again. Soon, however, the señora made her appearance ; she had a pleasant countenance, which lighted up with pleasure when we gave her kind greetings from Jacobo Kornerup, from Denmark. Our countryman had resided a long time in this house, and was much liked by the family.

We got two cold bedrooms, adjoining an immensely large sitting-room, into which a brazero was brought, for it was so intensely cold that we could see our own breaths. The servants of the establishment hurried about to make things comfortable for us ; the oldest fowl was killed, three large onions were peeled, the oil in the little pitcher was shaken, and breakfast, the most frugal that we had ever partaken of in Spain, was brought to us ; but then it must be said everything was marvelously cheap. We were with excellent people ; and what was most important, Toledo is a city in which there is something to be seen.

We went without delay up to the Alcazar. Wamba, the king of the Goths, was the first who erected a castle here ; at later periods it was rebuilt and increased by Moorish and Castilian kings. Charles III. invested it with the grandeur which even now, notwithstanding the destruction and ruin which it has sustained, astonished us. Vaulted cellars stretch beneath the castle and the castle-yard, occupying such an enormous space that several regiments at the same time made use of them as stables. The court forms a large square, surrounded by arcades supported by tall granite pillars ; the lowest row still remains untouched, but the story above possesses merely one simple row of pillars, naked walls with open stone window-frames, and jutting out balconies without balustrades. Some goats were springing about up yonder, and gazing down upon us with much curiosity. The heavy marble steps looked as if they were going to fall down. All within presented a picture of ruin and desolation. One wing alone is still inhabitable. There were soldiers quartered in it ; we saw them in undress and in full dress, in red trousers, brown coats, and white shakos, like the uniform of the regiment Cordova ; a few of them were engaged digging the ground in the garden plot upon the large terrace in the direction of the Alcántara Bridge.

On this side the façade of the Alcazar is in better preservation ; every story is adorned with statues and decorations, but it is only a mere shell, behind which the hand of destruction has done sad havoc. From the terrace you gaze beyond the decayed and in many places fallen walls of the town, over the Tagus with its ruins of bridges and buildings. Water-mills with green mouldy walls lay upon the shore, as if they had slipped down into the stream, which threatened to carry them away in its current. Upon the opposite side of the Alcantara Bridge you see the ruins of the ancient citadel San Cervantes ; we were told that the author of " Don Quixote " had here lost an arm for his father-land, but this is false, and is quite contrary to the historical account.

Greenish-gray, bare masses of rock lie here as if flung down in wild confusion, or as if the stony ground had been forcibly torn up ; no earthquake could have so thoroughly broken it into pieces. A narrow pathway wound along the banks of the river, affording ever-changing, highly-picturesque views. You pass solitary brick water-mills ; the path narrows until it looks like a mere line overhanging the yellow torrent, which here forms one fall after another ; you ascend amidst bare blocks of stone : not a tree, not a bush is to be seen ; it is as if you wandered in a deserted quarry. Suddenly the very pathway ceases — no house, no being, is to be descried far or near ; you find yourself in a wilderness of stones ; but, on the other side of the river, rears itself proudly the picturesque, glorious Toledo — a stupendous ruin, and the higher Alcazar represents its royal crown.

The whole space between the Alcantara Bridge and the San Martin Bridge presents an appearance of uninterrupted solitude and dreariness, but at the same time a vastness that is overwhelming, and almost terrifying. Not a living soul did we behold all that long way ; not a bird sang nor flew past us. It was not until we reached the San Martin Bridge that we again saw human beings. Some armed peasants with their mules rode slowly down the public high-road, which presently degenerated into a mountain path, scarcely wide enough to hold a carriage.

Through the damp city gate near the Martin Bridge we again

entered the town ; roads and paths crossing each other in all directions, led up, over heaps of rubbish and the remains of buildings, to the church San Juan de los Reges ; its red walls are hung with heavy iron chains : from these Christian prisoners were released when the Moors were driven forth. Within the church there are many old reminiscences : high up under the vault, supported by pillars of masonry, is the pew in which Isabella and Ferdinand attended mass ; beneath this stands a wooden figure representing the prophet Elias, celebrated on account of the beauty and minuteness of the carving : it is a perfect work of art ; the folds of the drapery are astonishingly smooth and delicately executed, and the countenance of the prophet life-like in the extreme. A light was held before the mouth of the image, and we saw the teeth and tongue cut in a most artistic manner.

Close to the church was an extensive monastery court, which might indeed be called a garden, it was so full of orange-trees ; roses blossomed also here, but there was no musical water, the basins were half-filled with hard earth and withered leaves ; all around lay scattered pieces of ornamental work that had been broken off ; the open, elegant, arched galleries were scarcely passable, such masses of cornices, altar-pictures, and torsos of saints in stone were strewn about ; spiders' webs hung like crape veils over these venerable remains.

In several adjoining streets we found the same desolation and decay ; for long tracts not a gate nor a door is to be seen. Here and there, high up, is a window well barred across, in prison-like solitude ! No being was discernible ; a small path, bordered by grayish walls, inclined upward between heaps of earth and gloomy, solitarily situated houses. Before a low insignificant door, in a wall crumbling in decay, stood an old woman with a large key in her hand ; she opened the door of a building half buried in rubbish and ruins ; we entered, and found ourselves in a magnificent Moorish hall, with light, graceful bass-reliefs, and lace-like carvings on the walls ; the ceiling supported by marble columns, the floor entirely of mosaic : but no one dwelt here. Spiders spin their fine silken webs across the entrance-hall ; these we for the moment destroyed.

This was the Jewish quarter of the town, once the richest part of Toledo ; the most wealthy Israelites in Spain lived here ; it is even said that they built Toledo. So much is certain, however, that in this city they enjoyed many more privileges than they did in any other place ; here they were permitted to erect several synagogues, outwardly insignificant, but resplendent with pomp and magnificence within. Two synagogues are still preserved as Christian churches, Nuestra Señora del Transito, and Santa Maria la Blanca ; the last named is the most beautiful, a temple of God retaining all the stately costliness of the days of Solomon. Amidst the ingenious carvings upon the walls, which resemble embroidery upon lace, Scripture sentences in Hebrew are entwined ; from the gorgeous summit of the pillars rises the horseshoe-formed vault, so light that it seems suspended in the air. The temple still stands, but the people of Israel have disappeared : their well-arranged buildings lie all around in ruins, and in their stead are found miserable hovels. Bright lizards streaked with gold and colors, now sprang out of their hiding-places in this ground replete with reminiscences. Here the people of Israel lived and enjoyed their faith and customs ; these were tolerated for a time, but the days of tribulation came ; they were scoffed at, and ill-treated in the most shameful manner by the Christians ; therefore the people of Israel turned against the Christians by betraying them to the Moors, and, for many generations, the Christians revenged themselves upon the whole race for this act of perfidy. What horrors, what cries of distress, what tears this ground has not witnessed !

In the midst of the heaps of rubbish up here lay an overturned granite pillar ; upon it, in the centre of this desert, sat a solitary, old blind beggar, wrapped in his tattered mantle his features were noble ; his white hair hung over his shoulders. This figure, in such a spot, brought to my memory a picture which I had seen — the prophet Jeremiah amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. I wonder if the old man had caused himself to be guided up here to pray God to effect a miracle by sending some one past who would bestow a trifle upon him ; it truly looked as if no being ever came near this place.

A large bird of prey flew over us, as safe here as if it had been in a wilderness.

Not far from here is situated the celebrated manufactory of Toledo, in which Damascus blades, swords, daggers, and knives are forged ; it stands close to the Tagus, in the lonely campagna. There is a shorter way leading to it over the Martin Bridge, and passing more than one point full of interest. Out in the water protrude the remains of old walls ; they once inclosed the very bath-room in which Count Julian's pretty daughter, Florinda, sought to refresh herself, playing the naiad, and thus was seen by the king of the Goths, Don Rodrigo. Upon the small island near by stood his handsome castle, of which but one solitary tower still remains. It was from this he beheld the young girl bathing. He got her into his power, like Don Juan his "thousand and three ;" but her father revenged this disgrace by calling the Moors over from Africa, and expelling the Goths and their king.

I know no place more solitary than the broad carriage-road close under the ancient walls of Toledo, and the view from it was equally dreary. The campagna looked so dismal, the dark distant mountains frowned threateningly, everything inspired you with grave and melancholy thoughts ; I felt as if I were by the side of a bier upon which was stretched out the corpse of an eminent personage. The ringing of the church-bells of Toledo were the only sounds there appertaining to life.

Strangely mysterious sounded in the still night hours the tolling of one peculiar bell ; it had a singular deep tone, hoarse and gloomy : it made me think of the death bells for the *autos-da-fé* ; it seemed to me as if the silent phantoms in the procession of "the holy brotherhood" were sweeping past my window.

In the bright day-time two church bells pealed so merrily, so sweetly. They distinctly uttered names which rang into my ear ; the one bell sang "Bianca ! Bianca !" the other sang "Sancho ! Sancho !" Yes, thus, and thus only, did it sound ; of whom did the bells wish to remind one by repeating these names ? Nobody was able to tell me ; but much has taken place in the world, of which there is neither story nor record.

In the midst of my reflections upon the tones of the bells, it appeared to me as if the pavements and the street again echoed with the trampling of horses, as if noble knights dashed past upon their high-spirited chargers, with flowing manes and fine strong legs ; the heavy iron hammer sounded from the workshop of the armorer ; lovely women stepped out upon the balconies, and sang and played upon the lute.

Of all the bells of Toledo none is so large or so marvelous as that of the cathedral. Fifteen shoemakers, they say, could sit under it, and draw out their cobbler's thread without touching each other. Legend relates that the sound of this bell reached even to heaven. St. Peter fancied the tones came from his own church in Rome ; but on ascertaining that this was not the case, and that Toledo possessed the largest of all bells, he got angry, and flung down one of his keys upon it, thus causing a crack in the bell, which is still to be seen. Had I been St. Peter, and with the feelings I have now, I would rather have cast the key upon the head of him whom I knew had been the originator of this story.

Thus much is certain, the mighty bell of the cathedral is the sign of life in Toledo ; the church itself is the only place where one may hope to see one's fellow-creatures ; in the streets, upon the Alameda, none are to be found. Architects say that the cathedral is, on account of its antiquity and its style, one of the most remarkable in the country. The town hall, which lies immediately in front of the cathedral, is a low awkward building ; I do not know to what style it can be said to belong, except, perhaps, it may partake of the style of square furniture : it looks like a chest of drawers with two drawers, the lowest having been taken out. The people only make their appearance upon the plaza when they come out of church. What grandeur and magnificence within ! Arches tower to a giddy height, ornamented with cunningly carved twining leaves. The daylight streams through brightly painted window-panes. All around in the aisles stand altar after altar ; a crowd of pious people, the greater number women, wrapped in their black mantillas, are kneeling within. We saw them bending low and making the sign of the cross as they passed what appeared, to our Protestant eyes, to be an ordinary common

pavement stone, which was preserved in one of the altars behind a slight iron grating. Upon this stone the Virgin Mary had set her foot when she descended from heaven to visit the pious of Toledo, — thus runs the legend. The organ pealed forth, hymns of praise streamed through the vast space, the ringing of bells penetrated even within; silently we wandered along the aisles filled with incense, and gazed through the gilt railings into the gorgeous chapels, resplendent in beauty and wealth; the walls dazzled the eye with the brilliant colors and carved images. The light of day beamed through the gaudily painted panes down upon the marble sarcophagi.

As we left the sacred edifice, the great bell rang forth its last peals for that day's service; the echoed tones vibrated long upon the air, then succeeded a deathlike stillness, solitude brooded over town and country, life glided into repose, into that silent slumber which told of ages gone by.

With regret one leaves Toledo. It is sad to tear one's self away with the thought never to return here again, never to see this spot again, which in so strange a manner had awakened our sympathy. But I shall often see it again in fancy, and sing as now: —

Thou chivalrous Toledo — hail!
 Thou quaint old town of bygone days;
 Where the Moorish sword-blades shone,¹
 Which all the world had learned to praise.

Here naught but solitude now reigns:
 Decayed — deserted — silent all!
 While Alcazar's windows and doors
 From their old rusty hinges fall.

A lordly castle once, is now
 A common inn, in vulgar hands,
 Yet still the ancient coat of arms
 Over the open portal stands.

These naked, gray-green, gloomy rocks
 That from the banks of Tagus rise,

¹ This alludes probably to the ancient Moorish manufactory of swords at Toledo, which has since been revived. — *Trans.*

They know the buoyant, stirring past,
Where now but desolation lies.

Where once Mohammed's name was pealed,
And to Jehovah hymns were sung,
The locomotive's noise alone
Is heard these solitudes among.

It passes — all is still again !
Still as where death its dark shade flings ;
But gayly smiles the lovely vine
That round the ancient gateway clings.

And here, behind that latticed window
A lovely face looked down on me ;
Its beauteous, coal-black, speaking **eyes,**
In **fancy** oft again I'll see !

CHAPTER XVIII.

BURGOS.

BY train it is only a few hours' journey from Toledo to Madrid. Our stay in the latter place was prolonged a fortnight ; it was no easy matter to tear one's self from Murillo's and Velasquez's glorious pictures ; it was hard to say adieu to the many amiable people with whom I had become acquainted. Still, winter was approaching, and there were no fire-places in our apartments in the hotel ; moreover, the wind knew to a nicety exactly where to find each little nerve in one's head, throat, and chest ; this wind was unbearable. If the temperature were not better in Burgos, I would leave Spain at the end of the year 1862 and betake myself to the south of France, where the climate is mild and pleasant.

The Swedish Consul-general, his Excellence Bergman, was most amiable, and to the very last unremitting in his attention to us. When we were going away, old man as he was, he came to us in the waiting-room, and remained there, and among the crowd in the open street, until we started ; also Herr Zobel from Manilla and some other young authors, my friends in Spain, cried farewell after me. I had become quite attached to Madrid on account of the pleasant life I led there.

The railway to France as far as Bayonne has still many interruptions : we soon became aware of this ; for we had to get out at the *Escorial*, Spain's *Roeskilde*, the royal Spanish mausoleum. The silence of death dwelt in these halls, in these royal tombs, in the town itself, and in the country around.

Life is awakened here only when the princely vaults are opened to receive a new coffin ; then bells ring, and trumpets are sounded ; then viands are cooked in the large kitchens to strengthen the mourners, who return again to life.

Philip II. ordered the Escorial to be built as his own tomb. The glowing gridiron upon which Saint Laurentius was burned alive by the pagans, became a holy symbol. The Escorial was built in imitation of its form; its courts and edifices resemble the shape of an immense gridiron. Beneath this reposes the royal corpse, over it whistles the wind in violent gusts, from the dreary, wild Guadarama Mountains; moaning and wailing are these tones, but there are no howling spirits in the storm, nor do they murmur through the foliage of the forest; but spirits murmur through the leaves of history, and tell of the deeds of Philip II. Blood was the fountain which he made to flow in Spain, and in the Netherlands; yes, far and wide upon the earth he reigned, the sun never went down upon his vast domains; his cruel dark deeds glowed like the funeral piles of the *auto-da-fé*, while requiems were being read till the day of judgment.

Beneath the many riches of the high altar, side by side, and in black marble coffins, repose the royal bodies. Dismal and deserted are the innumerable cells of monks down in the vaults of the edifice. This vast stone-built building tells of greatness and death.

It was a dark gloomy evening when we left the Escorial; the wind howled. From the comfortable railway carriage we were packed into a confined diligence, and were condemned to endure it until dawn of day. Snow lay all around; the wind poured in upon us through cracks and crevices in the miserable conveyance. I wrapped myself in my plaid and sat there as in a sack; the searching wind was not felt quite so much by this means. A little child was in the carriage with us; it cried and screamed all night long. A snow-storm came on; it beat upon the diligence as if it would overturn it: now, to add to our misery, a window-pane broke, the glass fell out, and a gush of wind drove the snow in upon us. An old mantle was obliged to be fastened up before the window, we sat literally "in the dark valley;" and the coach swung about and jogged so dreadfully that there could be no thought of sleep or rest, but rather of broken arms and legs.

At length, at San Chidrian, we again reached the railroad

but the train did not start for some hours after our arrival. We were obliged to wait in a large cold wooden shed, where everything was in great confusion ; we got some hard stale bread, and some thin chocolate, but even that was badly made.

The signal-bell rung, we crept into the carriages, the locomotive puffed and snorted, and we flew along in the morning twilight over the flat landscape. The snow lay in all directions drifted into heaps : now we passed a vineyard, then yonder stood a solitary pine-tree ; it doubtless thought as I did : “ Am I really in Spain, in one of the warm countries ? ”

The clock struck twelve before we reached Burgos. For a long time past the two gigantic towers of the vast cathedral had been visible to us, but as we approached nearer they appeared to sink, and to be smothered among the numberless old houses of the town which surrounded them.

We proceeded to the Fonda de la Rafaela ; the snow was high in the streets. It was bitterly cold here ; the wind blew in upon us through every creak and corner ; the rooms and the passages were filled with frightful draughts. We here met some travellers from Pamplona and Saragossa ; they told us that the whole of the north of Spain was covered with snow, and go where you would it would be as cold and disagreeable. I looked down upon the street from my balcony door ; the people were wading through the deep snow ; large heavy flakes fell without intermission, just as they fall at Christmas time in our home. We were bitterly cold, but we had no fire-places ; therefore a brazero was brought in, and over the glowing coals we were obliged to warm our hands and feet.

The two poor tortoises that Collin had brought with him from Africa crept quite under the brazero, and got their shells entirely warmed through.

We wanted to visit the Cid's grave in the ancient Benedictine monastery, outside of the town : we also wished to see the cathedral, but it was no weather for going out or making excursions ; perhaps it might be better the next day.

Ah, what may not happen or have happened, when the morrow comes ! My travelling companion and myself had very nearly entered upon the great journey into eternity ; but such

an occurrence must be related in verse ; I wrote it down with frozen, death-cold hands.

Without the snow is drifting past ;
Half an ell high, at least, it lies ;
In flakes against the panes 'tis cast ;
To enter through the doors it tries.

A brazier's brought to warm me now —
Its smoke augments the cheerless gloom ;
Stove of the North ! O, would that thou
Could make a visit to my room !

There's scarcely warmth within my bed,
Although to seek it there I try.
But what is this ? how aches my head !
With beating pulses, how I lie !

Sleep steals upon me, and a dream
It brings ; to yon monastic fane
Transported suddenly I seem,
Where the Cid's ashes long have lain.

Wrapped in a winding-sheet of snow
I lie, close to the open grave :
And thither downward must I go ?
And are there none my life to save ?

Now they fit on the coffin-lid ;
And now to screw it down prepare :
Confined in it must I be hid ?
I strive, I fight for life and air.

What heavy weight is o'er me flung ?
From the brazier's embers stealing,
A form of vapor o'er me hung,
Causing a faint and deathlike feeling.

It placed one foot upon my breast —
One hand upon my mouth it laid ;
And soon to my eternal rest
Me would that spectre have conveyed.

I left my coffin at a bound,
And to the nearest window flew :
'Twas opened — and in Spanish ground
Once more my breath in peace I drew !

We were very nearly stifled by the charcoal. I awoke with a pressure on the pit of the stomach, and racking pains in the head ; I called to Collin, but he was in a worse state than myself. It was only with the greatest exertion I was able to get out of bed, and reeling about like an intoxicated person, I reached the doors of the balcony ; they were locked. I was seized with anxiety, every limb seemed paralyzed ; but I gathered all my strength together, and at last tore the doors open ; the snow drifted in.

The whole of the following day we were suffering much, and we had not even the satisfaction of enjoying better weather. In the rain and the thaw we waded to the cathedral which is buried amidst houses in a narrow street, but is large, and possesses numerous splendid monuments and chapels ; handsome and worthy of such a church is also the sepulchre of the family Velasco. The galleries and aisles of the church are crowded with marble statues and bass-reliefs, with a profusion of pictures, portraits of bishops and archbishops. Hanging up, under lock and key, there is what appears an old well-worn box, or rather trunk ; according to tradition, two such historical relics should be here.

Two Jews the Cid had called to him,
And with ceremonies great
They to his table were invited,
And treated there with courteous state.

A thousand golden pieces he
Desired to borrow, and he offers
In security for these
Two, with plate well laden, coffers.

But, as the song goes on to state, yet excusing him, adds : —

'Twas from necessity he did it —

 The heavy chests
The Cid had only filled with sand.

Scarcely an hour's journey beyond Burgos, close to the railway, is situated the monastery Cartuja de Miraflores ; and a short distance farther on, the ancient Benedictine monastery "San Pedro de Cordonna," where the hero Don Rodrigo Diaz del Cid and his high-minded wife Ximene are buried : thither we

longed to go ; still, though we remained three days in Burgos we never succeeded in seeing the Cid's tomb. There was no possibility of reaching it either on foot or by carriage ; the snow lay an ell high.

Here, in this neighborhood, this celebrated hero was born in 1026 ; he spent a portion of his days in Burgos. The remains of his house are yet pointed out to strangers, and a street in the town bears his name.

The snow kept us prisoners within ; and in my native winter element the muse of poetry and story presented herself, showed a Don Juan figure, and related the history of one of the horses killed in a bull-fight upon the arena. By my stove in the North I shall tell it.

There were a number of strangers in the hotel, — amiable Spaniards, agreeable, good-tempered young Frenchmen, and also two travellers whose nationality I could not find out.

The dearth of fire-places in the guests' rooms, and the continued bad weather, brought us all frequently together. In the saloon, in front of the large fire-place, where the logs of wood blazed cheerfully and warmed one, we gathered together ; acquaintances were soon made, and people's peculiarities also came forth.

Here there happened to be, among others, a collector of curiosities ; well, what will persons not collect, what will they not do ? There are young ladies who gather old steel pens, boys who collect seals or stamps ; they get together large books full. The author Castelli, it is well known, made a collection of snuff-boxes ; here, among the foreign guests, we had a man who gathered celebrated teeth ; he had quite an album of teeth ; among these was a tooth of a robber executed long ago, one belonging to a celebrated dancer, also a tooth of the barber of Zumalacarregui, I believe, so well assorted were his celebrities.

We also made the acquaintance of two opposite characters, persons travelling for pleasure, and yet taking no pleasure in travelling. They possessed none of the qualities which render social life agreeable ; if the one was in a good temper, the other was sulky ; if the one praised something, the other did not like it : on one point alone did they agree, we were told, and that

was to sleep till late in the day. It is true they had themselves awoke every morning, but on first being called they only growled, the second time they turned in their beds, and the third time they seized a stocking, and, with this in their hand, they fell asleep again.

Here in Burgos the same custom prevailed as in Madrid and in Toledo ; namely, if you were seated at table and any one came to pay a visit, he took a chair and seated himself behind the person he was visiting. Often two or three persons came ; there they sat engaged in long-winded conversation, coming in the way of the servants, and disturbing those who were at table near the individual they were calling upon.

We had already been three days in Burgos ; the snow fell unceasingly, and people already began to say that the railway travelling would be stopped ; to be forced to remain here was not exactly a pleasing thought.

If one wished to look about in the town, to see the large handsome gate ornamented with statues, or the ancient cathedral, one must sally forth through the deep snow in winter clothing, with galoshes on one's feet, and struggling with an enormous umbrella. It was raw and wet in the large open arcades in the streets. One soon got fatigued ; to be out-of-doors in such weather is not at all agreeable, and one hastened back home to the Fonda Rafaela, where, in one's room, one froze near the glowing brazero, or one descended to the saloon and joined the others round the fire-place.

None but maid-servants served in this hotel ; there was much less ceremony here than in most Spanish hotels. Had they begun to dance the cancan, it would not have astonished me.

At length the sun's rays broke forth, but only for a few minutes at a time ; the air became again thick and gray, and the snow fell ; if it continued thus we should have to celebrate our Christmas here in the ancient city of the Cid. Our young French friends, however, promised us mild, charming weather as soon as we were on the other side of the Pyrenees, in their beautiful father-land, and we must admit they were right. North of the mountains signs of spring had already made their appearance.

CHAPTER XIX.

OVER THE PYRENEES TO BIARRITZ.

THE clouds passed away, the sun broke forth ; the hour for our departure struck, and we set off punctually. The snow lay high on both sides of the railway, the wind had swept it from the thick ice that lay in the ditches and ponds. We saw snow, nothing but snow, all the way to Vittoria ; but inside the carriage was southern warmth and vivacity, which were shown in speech and in song. Only for a short time now should I longer hear the beautiful language of Spain, which, to my ear, seemed more sonorous and full of melody than the Italian itself ; what music !

Just like the castanets' full tones
Does the Spanish language sound ;
In graceful melody it seems
From the heart's inmost depths to bound.

Yes ! its sound was melodious to my ears, and found its way into my very heart.

We were now in the country of the Basques ; the train stopped at Vittoria, a town rich in warlike reminiscences. In the bloody battles of the civil war, the army of Queen Christina was beaten by Zumalacarreghi, the popular hero of the Carlists. The shepherd left his flock, the peasant his plough, to serve under him ; they willingly offered their lives to assist him. The soldiers called him, with jesting familiarity, "El 'Tio," "Uncle." Here, before Vittoria, he dashed forward in the assault on his white horse ; no ball struck either it or him, though he could so easily have been recognized by his red Basque hat, his fur jacket, and red trousers.

Vittoria was, at a later period, though only for a short time, the scene of an interesting scientific meeting ; on July 18,

1860, were assembled here most of the astronomers of Europe to witness the total eclipse of the sun.

We saw neither the sun nor the heavens, only heavy dark clouds ; the snow was drifting along, the wind blew a hurricane. Vittoria itself was hidden behind this white moving curtain — the falling snow. Every time the door of the carriage was opened we had an inundation of snow ; every traveller who entered shook a load of snow off of him. The railway had not long been open here, the locomotive was somewhat new ; something appertaining to the devil it appeared to be considered by sundry old señoras, every one of whom crossed herself when she entered the carriage, again as she sat down, and, lastly, as she heard the signal whistle.

It was the evening, and quite dark, before we reached the terminus at Olazagoitia, where the railroad stops. One solitary lamp, fed with train-oil, was the only light afforded to three waiting-saloons. The passages and the floors of the waiting-rooms were soiled and blackish with the snow and clayey mud : here one might have been blown through and through, if such a process were deemed advisable on the score of health. There was as much wind, and as many draughts of air here, as if one were standing before a bellows. Is this being in Spain ? I asked myself ; is this being in a warm climate ? It was no better here than at home, far up in the north, when at Christmas time one is driving out into the country, and has to stop at a little way-side inn, where all the doors are open, permitting the wind to career through them, and giving one a taste of the drifting snow.

I have no knowledge of Olazagoitia, notwithstanding that we remained here more than an hour ; not a single building was to be discerned in the darkness which reigned here ; one single light glimmered upon the heaps of snow, behind which, it was said, there was a restaurant. The other travellers waded up to their knees in snow in order to reach it. I remained behind in the hope of finding our luggage, and seeing it placed in the diligence by which we were going. Half a score of carriages were waiting here, some going to Bilboa, some to Pamplouna, and some to Bayonne. Goods, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and hat-boxes glided past me in the snow ; they were

flung upon the respective carriages in a manner that would have done credit to the art and celerity of a juggler. One might be thankful if, in the midst of all this confusion and darkness, one's effects were placed in the right carriage. I gave up all hope of this.

It was very cold here, and I was hungry ; my travelling companion kindly brought me something to eat and drink, these solid accompaniments to a long journey which cannot be dispensed with, though they are generally ignored in writing. The bread was of great respectability in point of age, the ham coarse and dry, and the wine made one long for the so often despised tepid rain-water with anisette, or some other better mixture.

We were now packed away in the diligence, but the horses did not feel inclined to move. They were flogged, they were pushed, they were led, and at last they began to go on. The evening was dark, the night became darker still ; the snow lay thick around, and the lantern to the carriage gleamed over it on the rocks, the bushes, and the deep ravines close by where we were driving upward, always upward. These hills were, during the civil war, the scene of many bloody guerrilla combats ; among these hills Don Carlos wandered about in rain and snow, almost at every moment stumbling upon the watch-fires of Christina's troops. Now all was peace and quiet ; not even the mounted *gensd'armes*, generally to be met with on the mountain roads, to watch over the safety of travellers, were to be seen here. All was security, dark as was the night. We passed through small sleeping villages, but I could not sleep ; we only met a couple of heavily laden diligences, the light from whose lanterns announced their coming long before they reached us. Lonesome, still, winter-cold it was here ; it was as if we had been travelling at Christmas time over the hilly ridge between Norway and Sweden, instead of that between Spain and France. We were in the land of the Basques, and found that its climate is severe in winter time.

At length the road began to descend ; the snow heaps diminished in size, until at last they totally disappeared. We drove into a town ; the street lamps were still burning, though

it was already morning ; the town looked extremely pretty with its well-built houses and large arcades. We were in San Sebastian. The diligence stopped before a fonda, which, with its cleanness, and I may almost say its elegance, astonished us. We looked about us both in the rooms and in the kitchen : chocolate and milk was being prepared in very clean and nicely-polished vessels ; the whole apparatus of the kitchen shone, and the young Basque girl who ruled there understood how to let her eyes shine also ; they were so dark, so pretty, what they said was easier to understand than the language of the Basques which she spoke. In the dialect of the people it is called *Escuara*, and learned folks say that it is derived from the Sanskrit ; but how few of us Europeans understand Takentala's tongue !

San Sebastian is most picturesquely situated on a creek of the Bay of Biscay ; the rocks around it rise almost perpendicularly from the deep green water. We beheld the town at sunrise, which tinted the whole skies with bright red.

Nobody had ever mentioned this town as being worthy of a long visit, and yet it was not without claims to consideration ; it had quite the character of a Spanish town, in a charming neighborhood. During the summer-time the hills are covered with wild jessamine, and the air is full of its perfume. San Sebastian is then the extent of the French people's small excursions into Spain ; here one is among the original tribes of this part of the country, the robust, hardy Iberians, in their Basque language, Escualdunac.

We were exceedingly astonished to find, on the northern side of the Pyrenees, a much milder climate than that which we had so recently left. Behind us the hills were covered with snow ; here, on the contrary, the nearer we approached the north, the greener became fields and meadows ; and when we reached Yrun, the last Spanish town, we found all the gardens blooming with flowers, and there were even oranges visible amidst the dark leaves of the orange-trees.

It had cost us much at Madrid to have our passports *viséd*, but at Yrun we had also to pay for the same thing ; however, we had to put up with some little inconvenience, that we might not consider everything in Spain quite enchanting : and

yet that was the impression left on the mind ; memory dwelt only on its charms.

Rushing on one's thoughts came all the grandeur, the beauty, the chivalry one had seen and admired there ; the much there was to love and esteem. And in bidding adieu to Spain, one could not but sing : —

Spain ! what riches dost not thou
Of Nature's varied charms possess !
Wilds of bright cacti, groves of palm,
Flowery plain, and wilderness.

Every dress is picturesque,
Forms of beauty wander round ;
And on thy shores the ocean vast
Is dashing with its ceaseless sound.

Old relics of the Moorish days,
Still grand and beautiful remain ;
While Cervantes and Murillo
In arts and literature reign.

Spain ! thy regenerated youth
Dark bigotry has chased away,
And in its new and fresh career
Gives promise of a brighter day.

A long bridge near Behobie forms the boundary ; half of the bridge belongs to Spain, the other half to France. The difficulties of travelling which I had feared to encounter in this foreign, little-visited land had glided by ; in fact, there had been none. I felt as if I had just come from a feast where I had thoroughly enjoyed myself, and were now going home where true hearts beat for me, and sympathized in all my joys and sorrows.

The map shows us that Spain is Europe's head ; I had seen its beautiful face, and it is a sight never to be forgotten. Dansk og Spansk (Danish and Spanish) make rhyme in verse ; I well remembered this from my childish years, when the Spaniards were in Denmark under Zamora. I remembered too how in another way they were united — that the hero of Danish legends, Holger Danske, at Roncesvalles, in the Spanish Pyrenees, fought against the Moors. Some future poet

may take him for a subject, and unite, in verse, Spain and Denmark.

We were in France, the sun was shining brightly ; spring was here, and we soon reached Bayonne. Ham was served up to us, a dish in favor with the gods of the pagan North. A fire in the chimney was our Christmas torch, a lighted wax taper wound round a flask of champagne added to our Christmas illumination ; the cork was drawn, and we drank a toast to Denmark, and the healths of all who are dear to us there. They seemed quite near to us, and yet we were still but a short distance from Spain, and its mountains, clad in their wintry garb, were still in sight. They would receive our last farewell from Biarritz. That fashionable bathing-place is not far from Bayonne, on the open "Spanish sea." We drove on to it. The sun beamed warmly ; the trees were in bud ; it was like spring.

There seemed to be a dead calm out on the ocean as far as the eye could reach ; yet toward the coast the waves came rolling in mountains high ; they came like a shoal of spouting whales, wetting the sands far up, and forming little lakes covered with foam.

The sea has eaten away large mouthfuls of the porous, steep, rocky coast, and created caverns into which its beating sounds like the roar of cannon. Thrown together in the most fantastic chaotic disorder, lie along the shore, out even into the sea, masses of rock pierced entirely through, looking like great strange sea monsters, like petrified animals from the antediluvian world, or like the wrecks of sunken ships. The thundering billows rose to an enormous height, while, further out, the wide expansive waters seem a smooth plain. If the wind is high, the waves of the Bay of Biscay rise with it ; then a world of waves are dashed against the shore in foaming cataracts, compared to which Niagara is but like the falls of a mill-dam. From the heights here we beheld, for the last time, the Pyrenees, those beautiful mountains of Spain.

I smile with joy on a foreign strand,
But joy has tears in one's native land.

I was now flying toward home, with the hosts of birds of

passage, to see the beech-trees putting out their leaves, to hear the cuckoos and all the singing-birds, to walk on the fresh green grass, to listen to my mother tongue and Danish melodies, to meet again my old faithful friends, while I myself brought with me a treasure of reminiscences.

Life is a charming tale, and I have learned to sing, —

Father in heaven ! how good Thou art !
I feel thy Spirit in my heart.
'Tis Thou protects, leads, gladdens all,
Consoles when tears of sorrow fall.
How beautiful the world which Thou
In Thy great love hast made ! O how
My soul rejoices that through Thee
Is hope of an eternity !
And did my life last but an hour —
It was the offspring of thy power !

A VISIT TO PORTUGAL.

1861

LIST OF THE

IN PORTUGAL.

IN the "Story of my Life" I have told of my early days in Copenhagen, of the home which I found in Admiral Wulff's house by the Marine Academy. There came to the house at that time two young Portuguese boys, José and George O'Neill, sons of the head of the mercantile house of O'Neill in Lisbon. Their father desired that his children should know the language and the people of the country whose Consul he was ; perhaps, also, the political disturbances in the at that time unhappy Portugal, determined him to this. They were commended to Admiral Wulff by our Spanish-Portuguese Minister dal Borgo ; they were received in his house, and were placed by him at Professor Neilson's school ; they soon learned our language, and became attached to our country. I saw them almost daily during the four years they lived here ; they then travelled to Sweden, in order to learn its language and customs. From that time many years elapsed in which we had no correspondence, and heard nothing of each other. A year or two since there came to me a compatriot who asked me for an introduction to some one in Lisbon, a place which he supposed I had visited. I knew of no one better to write to than the friend of my youth, — Mr. George O'Neill, who had become Danish Consul after the death of his father. I wrote to him, received his reply, and still another letter from him, containing a warm invitation to me to visit him, see his beautiful father-land, make my home with him and his brother, and have all the good that warm hearts were able to provide for me.

I have again seen these friends of my youth, lived with them and theirs, and seen a part of their beautiful country unknown to me before, and of which most of my countrymen know so little. I place together here the notes and recollections which I have hastily written down of this trip in the year 1866.

CHAPTER I.

Bordeaux. — Ristori as *Medea*. — In the Land of the Basques. — Burgos. —

Trip on the Cars to Madrid, and the stay there. — Romantic Journey with the Courier from Truxillo to Badajos. — The Blossom of Beauty.

THROUGH Germany, Holland, and Belgium, I drew near Paris, from whence after a month's delay I went to Bordeaux — the main starting-point on my journey to Portugal. On the 25th of each month there sails from Bordeaux to Rio Janeiro one of the largest and best equipped imperial ships, which touches at Lisbon. I had already announced my arrival there by this ship, which I took for granted would arrive at Lisbon by the 28th of April. The weather was stormy and unfavorable; the Spanish sea, I knew, was no pleasure trip; but then, again, a journey through Spain, where as yet no railroad was opened between Madrid and the Portuguese frontier, would be tedious and uncomfortable. I was undecided. I happened to read on a street corner, "Ristori is in Bordeaux. She appears as *Medea*, and as *Marie Stuart*." No tragic artist abroad, not even Rachel, had so pleased and filled me as Ristori. I had previously seen her in London as *Lady Macbeth*. The scene where she walks in her sleep has become indelible with me, as the most finished expression of tragic art. I resolved to remain a couple of days to see Ristori, and then take the journey overland, give up the sea where storms continually raged, and see again a part of Spain which I had visited two years before with so much profit. Now, the first thing of interest was to see Ristori as *Medea*. It was indeed grand! It was Tragedy itself in her personified. There was such a plastic beauty, such a thorough conception of and faithful devotion to the character of *Medea*, that one realized how a woman like her could kill her children, and yet, in the very act, be mother with overflowing heart. Ristori's voice is so melodious, so like music, and so in unison with the

inner soul expression, that even he who does not understand the Italian language, yet comprehends the thought she utters. I can never forget the closing scene, the look so full of love and struggle with which she regards her children ; and then the anguish, the tenderness of a mother's heart, with which she looks upon the little ones that she has killed, one's eyes fill with tears to see it ; and when their father asks her who has killed them, *Medea* lifts her head, and, fastening her look upon him, answers, "Thou !" In this single word Ristori threw such concentrated power that it sent a chill through us to hear it. Tragedy dies with Ristori ; who will be able to succeed her.

The following day I sat in the cars from Tours to Bayonne. The Pyrenees lifted themselves before us. I was again to step upon the romantic father-land of Cervantes and Murillo. Now there was no interruption with the train, as when I last travelled here between Paris and Madrid. The train rushed ahead ; the steam rose as a cloud in the air and then disappeared. I had a glimpse of the Bay of Biscay, and then it was again hidden by the heights over which one after a short wandering comes to Biarritz, whose porous rock caverns, with its rolling, thundering seas, came to me in lively recollection.

Without being asked for passports this time, we ran into Spain. At last, here also this plague and inconvenience to travellers has ceased. I have often thought, while suffering under the exactions of this wearisome, extortionate, long-maintained and stagnant system, of the story that is told about the frontier soldier, who asked a traveller, "Have you a passport?" and was answered, "No !" "That," replied he, "is very fortunate for you, else you would have much inconvenience ; now you have none," and he let him pass. So they let us, thanks be to the rapidity of the train and increased enlightenment.

When for the first time, thirty-three years ago, I was in Rome I saw in St. Peter's Church, seated upon high velvet chairs, two royal fugitives, Don Miguel of Portugal, and Queen Christina of Spain ; now I was approaching the father-land of the first, but Queen Christina herself drew up in the same train with me, to pay a visit to her daughter, the reigning Queen Isabella the Second. The royal cars were sent to meet her, and the

Basque peasants, in their red national caps, made music while she took dinner in Irun, the first town over the frontier. I desired to stay a fortnight in the adjoining romantic St. Sebastian. While on my journey from home, through the different countries, and in most of the larger cities, I had seen in the shop windows photograph pictures, copies of Kaulbach's beautiful illustration of my story, "The Angel," who bears the dead child and its flowers up toward heaven. I saw it last in Bayonne, but also here in St. Sebastian it was to be seen ; the Angel had followed me over the Pyrenees : may it be to me of good omen, I prayed. When I last travelled through the land of the Basques, all the mountains and valleys lay covered with snow ; now it was spring-time, the sun shone warm, and the earth was becoming green with its spring verdure. The train flew through the pierced mountains, tunnel followed after tunnel, long, dark, interminable, " not entirely to be depended on," said one of the travellers. Wild and lonely, so different from the well-cultivated, thickly-populated France, the landscape spread itself, with simple, half dilapidated farms, and small villages, with black plastered houses. But singers and songs, in poetical power and fullness, live and resound here ; a collection of these " people's songs," translated into French, followed me, peopled the country, and fulfilled the part of poetry in these climes. Again I saw Burgos' mighty cathedral ; again I went under its magnificent arches, and breathed the same heavy, bad-smelling air mixed with incense, as when I last was here. I thought of the Cid, who no longer, as in my younger days, when seen through the color-play of fiction, seemed to me so ideal, so chivalric ; neither as before did I feel so glad in this land so sung about. Already, on entering, I met so many dark, ill-favored faces, whether by chance or not, that it was not pleasant. At St. Sebastian, as well as here in Burgos, the people of the hotels were unaccommodating ; in the barber shop sat a circle of men with heavy beards, dirty and ragged ; all was disagreeable, up to the scented fingers of the barber ; but it might have been worse. I thought of a still more abominable situation that a countryman of mine had been in, when he on his Italian journey went in to a barber shop in Terracina. While he sat there in the chair, and the

razor passed over his face, he saw a crowd of people standing outside the street door, who made wounding signs to him. He asked the barber "what it all meant," and he answered very frankly, "I have lately been insane; they think that I have not yet my reason, and are afraid that I shall cut your throat." This was a worse situation than mine, and it is always a comfort that one does not experience the worst. The following night I wanted to leave with the train for Madrid. It was so cold yet in Burgos on the 23d of April, that the people wore large thick cloaks. I sat in my winter cloak, with a stout woolen plaid about me, and yet I froze and my teeth chattered. The night was long and severe; the strong smoke of miserable cigars filled the cars; without it poured and hailed. Passing Valladolid and Escorial, we arrived early in the morning at Madrid, where for the third time since I crossed the Spanish frontier, my trunk was opened and overhauled. A guide brought me to Fonda del Francia, which is wholly Spanish, and is on the Call del Carmen. During my preceding visit Madrid did not please; this time it spoke to me yet less. It seemed intolerable. I felt out of place and dissatisfied. Murillo's and Velasquez's peerless paintings were not able to shine into me. As at the first time, I did not find here any representative of Denmark; our Danish Consul had gone to Paris. I should have stood entirely abandoned had not the Portuguese Ambassador, to whom I was recommended, showed interest for me in the handsomest and best manner possible.

The railroad between Madrid and the Spanish frontier was finished, save a short distance. The King of Portugal had lately passed over it, but it was not yet opened to private use, and would not be, so they said, before spring, at the time of the Paris Exposition. To go in the most expeditious manner from Madrid to Lisbon, I should travel with the courier who starts every evening with letters and small packages. He uses a small carriage that has scarcely room for the coachman, the courier, and two passengers. To secure a seat, five days' notice was required, and consequently I must wait in this intolerable Madrid. With the exception of the picture gallery, the capital of Spain presents nothing original to a foreigner, — not even the aspect of a true Spanish city with

romantic reminiscences of the Moors. It was cold here ; the sun would not come to power. We well knew that the government had obtained ascendancy over the revolutionary movements. General Prim's troops were out of the land, but what especial state of mind prevailed among the people, I did not know. "We are upon a volcano," it was said, and sure enough, it broke out some weeks after I arrived at Lisbon. The telegraph reported through the newspapers of the troubles in Madrid, of bloody battles in the streets and in the lanes, how many had been killed, and later, how many had been shot down. During my stay in Madrid there had been a great national feast, in memory of those Spaniards who were shot as rebels under Napoleon the First ; now, crape and flags floated over their tombs, and music and speeches were heard ; it was a people's feast. I was under suspicion as a foreigner ; violent expressions were used against the French, and all strangers were pronounced French by the ignorant masses. "It is best that I follow you, when you go out to-morrow," said the guide ; "there are crowds in the streets, much military, great commotion." On my asking if there was anything to fear, he said, "No." I then decided to go out alone, and started without him ; but on the way to the Portuguese Ambassador's where I was to dine, I heard shouts and imprecations from ill-dressed people, which, though I did not understand the words, signified that they were not well-disposed toward foreigners. Later in the evening the Ambassador drove me to my hotel ; the night passed quietly, without disturbance. An especial joy came to me during my short stay, in the pleasure of meeting with the highly esteemed Baron Stedigk, whom I knew in my student days in Upsala, and later as Intendant at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm. He had arrived but a short time before in Madrid as Swedish Minister. I found myself at home with him, could speak my Danish language and talk of my home in the North, and with him I found the nicest time of my stay here. At last I was to leave on Thursday evening, May 3d, and I knew it would be an annoying journey ; it would be about two days, they said,—so long should I sit doubled up in a diligence ; but it stretched out yet longer, and became three whole nights and

two days. Twenty-three hours after the departure from Madrid, in almost uninterrupted course, we came to the end. The Portuguese Ambassador, Marquis de Sobrals, sent his servant to the diligence office to be of service to me. My only travelling companion was a young physician from Lisbon. He spoke a little French, and we could entertain each other ; he was highly amiable and attentive throughout the journey. At last, after lingering a long time, the coachman cracked his whip, and we went ahead through the dimly-lighted streets, out through one of the gates of the city, over old mason-work bridges. We drove madly, just as if the mule-drivers also wished as soon as possible to get away from Madrid. The lights twinkled, the country opened flat and desolate ; not a house appeared, it was still and lonely everywhere. A solitary castle ruin disclosed itself in the clear moonlight. Simple dwellings, miles apart, were raised for the sentinels, who with their wives and children here had a little patch of ground, for which, on foot, or on horseback, well-armed, they might watch the high-roads and guard the traveller against assault. Six or eight mules drew our carriage at flying speed ; it jumped and jolted against the loose stones, over the rough road. The moon shone large and round in the clear, transparent atmosphere ; there was something romantic not to be forgotten in this lonely night-ride over the Cid's and Don Quixote's land. Early in the morning, after having passed the river Tejo, whose rush-covered shores and winding course presented a picturesque appearance under flame-colored skies, we arrived at the village Talavera de la Reina. There swarmed already about the place peasants in long ragged cloaks, with broad-brimmed hats upon their heads which made them look like banditti. A troop of wretched beggars, both men and women, surrounded us before the miserable inn, in which a disgusting old woman prepared chocolate for us. The beggar troop actually laid their hands upon us, pulled us by the arms and the skirts of our coats, to get a couple of copper pence. We were surrounded by these polypi in rags ; one beggar beat another while hanging about the carriage, until at last we moved on. The road led through fine forest regions ; in the afternoon we gained the mountains, bordered

with richly blooming hedges ; the green seemed overlaid with snow, but it was white blossoms not unlike our wild roses, though every leaf was larger, and a purer white, with a coal-black point. The road ascended in a zigzag. We had a team of oxen, and could thus on foot, in even march, follow with and enjoy the wide-spread view. The descent brought us to the first large town on our route, — Truxillo, Pizarro's birthplace. In Madrid, they made me attentive to personal comfort, which proved itself necessary ; to provide myself with a good basket of food, and also wine ; for there was almost no stopping-place for the traveller with the courier, and in the inns one cannot be sure of getting anything but chocolate. My landlord in Fonda del Francia had provided me with a whole turkey, bread, cheese, and wine, my travelling companion was also provided with provisions, yet the whole day we had no regular meal, until now there was granted us a whole hour's stay in Truxillo. The arrival of the post is quite an event in such a small inland town. While we sat at table my fellow-traveller had a visit from two friends, who from the casino of the town opposite the inn had seen us arrive and recognized him. Two of the serving girls of the house waited upon us, and chatted with much volubility and good-humor. The younger asked me what country I was from, and heard for the first time the name Denmark. With Spanish liveliness, laughter, and merriment, she assured me that she would like to travel there, the name sounded so pretty, and now, with a half-serious air, she asked me, "If I would take her with me ; she was quite ready to go." The conductor came, took part in our meal, and we sat again in the carriage, to experience another night journey upon the meanest and most unmerciful road, where the carriage jolted, swinging over breaks and stones, on the point continually of upsetting ; that this did not occur, and that no arms nor legs were broken, was little short of a miracle. At four o'clock in the morning we arrived at Merida. It was yet very dark ; all houses were closed, and not a person was to be seen in the long narrow street to the place where the diligence should stop. We roused the people, and a man procured for us a sort of vehicle, a covered wagon, which could bring our lug-

gage to the depot ; for here at last began the short stretch of railroad in Spain which is finished as a continuation of the Portugal road. While our things were taken to the depot my companion took me in the daybreak through some streets and lanes to see some ruins of arches, vaults, and rows of columns preserved from the time of the Romans. I was so tired, so little disposed to see antiquities, that with a reluctant limp, and half-sleepy eyes, in the cold morning air, I looked at the old stones, feeling it far more agreeable to hear the noise of the locomotive, and see its steam rise in clouds of vapor. The country adjacent reminded me of that seen from the cars between Rome and Civita Vecchia. It was but a short distance to the Spanish frontier town Badajos, which is large and important, picturesquely situated on the Guadiana River. So far, I had engaged my place with the courier. Sure of that, my strength scarcely held out longer ; but I was stronger than I believed, and found it on the whole more comfortable and agreeable to proceed with my travelling companion, who would continue his journey to Lisbon that same day, arriving there by the next morning. Two hours' rest in Badajos would give strength for this. This was at last a city to see, — the only place of interest upon the whole journey from Madrid. A long, dirty road brought us in from the station ; moreover, no one else occupied the large, roomy omnibus but my companion and myself, except two ladies who suddenly appeared to us. They have surely, I thought, come out here to meet relatives or acquaintances whom they expect. An old, somewhat poorly dressed woman with a sharp, prying look, sat constantly whispering to the other ; this was a well-dressed, accomplished beauty, young, and charming, fresh as a rose. There was something fine in this maiden's face ; the large blue eyes, veiled by the long dark eyelashes had something so dreamy, quiet, and almost embarrassed, as she sat there. It was as if the most beautiful thing that Badajos had to show disappeared when she left us. My friend and I refreshed ourselves, and waited an hour's time in a really good hotel ; food and drink were irreproachable, and the rooms high and airy ; green painted balconies with pots and flowers faced the yard. We took a short walk through the

town, and soon our omnibus stopped at the door, we stepped in, and before us floated the young, quiet, dreamy Spanish girl. "How handsome she is" we both exclaimed. And yet "not an ideal," added my friend; "I have just been informed who she is, — the poor child of sin." When the train arrived the old woman drove constantly in the omnibus to and from the station to exhibit to strangers her beautiful merchandise — the blossom of beauty that was not an ideal. We started; but a few minutes and we lost Spanish ground and were over the Portuguese frontier. Passports were not demanded, but merely our names. I gave mine; it was pronounced in a crazy fashion, and written down assuredly worse. I felt glad and half at home when I reached the country where friends and hospitality awaited me; the whole route was now by rail. What a transition to come from Spain into Portugal. It was as if flying from the Middle Ages into modern times. All around I saw white, friendly houses, fenced groves, cultivated grounds, and at the large stations refreshments were to be had. One received as it were a breeze from England laden with modern comfort, a breath from the rest of the living world. Picturesquely beautiful, with its white houses in the midst of the green, appeared on the height before us the first Portuguese town, — Elvas. Evening soon set in, dark and rainy; toward midnight we passed by Abrantes, and arrived soon at the little town Entroncamento, whose railroad from the Spanish frontier connects with the main road between Lisbon and Coimbra. We found here a great modern railroad hotel, — at least so it appeared to me, who during the journey from Madrid became unused to all such comfort. The King of Portugal had while on his last journey from Spain passed the night here. Here was a large, beautiful hall, good restaurant and refreshments, even tea and port wine were to be had: were we not in the centre of civilization? After an excellent midnight repast, my companion and I prepared for ourselves a sleeping place as well as we could; the whole car stood at our disposal, and we were not disturbed by any new passengers. The rain poured down without, but that we soon forgot in our rest and sleep. At day-break we approached Lisbon. The Tejo River spread itself into a large

bay, and we dashed ahead along the shores ; the air became clearer and the sun broke through. About four o'clock we were in Lisbon, where my careful travelling companion procured me a carriage, and told the coachman to take me to the Hotel Durand, on the Place Ruas, by dos Flores, just opposite the house Tolades O'Neill's office building,—but it would yet be too early to knock there. The streets were still entirely deserted ; in the hotel they all slept, and when after a long pounding I got hold of a man, this person assured me that all the rooms were occupied ; in the dining hall I could however have a chair to sit upon. It was not very pleasant ; neither was it that O'Neill's house and office here in the city were not occupied by him ; he had his home half a mile out from Lisbon at the country-place "Pinieros ;" moreover it was Sunday, and no one came to the city on that day, they told me. I was thus compelled, tired as I was, to get a carriage quickly and drive out. We hurried through streets, places, squares, and narrow lanes with poor houses, out toward the gate, through the dilapidated walls toward the highway to Cintra. The great aqueduct over Alcantara Valley, and the many luxuriant gardens lent beauty to the surrounding country. The peasantry, men and women, on their donkeys, creaking, heavy-loaded wagons, and screaming beggars near the road, made the whole lively. At last we turned, between narrow walls, up toward a steep, craggy, uncomfortable road to a single villa, on one of the largest heights : it was **Pinieros**. Pinetree, it can be translated.

CHAPTER II.

PINIEROS.

My New Home. — Arcos dos Aquas Livres. — The Lonely Park. — The Villa of Marquis Fronteira. — Household Life. — A Romantic Story. — Nightly Quiet. — The Song of the Nuns. — The Church-yard of St John.

THE coachman rang the bell. Two lively, almost full-grown young men, the sons of O'Neill, received me with glad faces, and took my luggage in. Madame O'Neill met me gladly, and soon George, my friend, flew to meet me, and clasped me around the neck. He and some of my countrymen on board a Danish vessel on the Tejo, had hoisted a Danish flag in salutation when the French steamer entered, believing that I was with her ; when this was not the case, he thought I was in Badajos ; then he had telegraphed ; there would he have met me ; he had also sent letters to Madrid which I had not received. How little was he changed, and yet somewhat older. The eyes smiled with the same youthful brightness ; old times arose in our thoughts, our first meeting, our life together, in the years of our youth. It takes many words to tell what the heart contains ; one sees it in a glance, as one sees the flower with its many leaves.

The breakfast was served earlier than usual, and after it I slept four whole hours uninterruptedly, and arose strengthened and glad after all the annoyances of the journey. After a couple of days' stay here, I felt as if I had known the house, the family, and all the surroundings for years ; it was too broad to be sketched in a picture, but sufficient to give in words ; here they are as I then wrote them down.

Pinieros is the name of the height and the country-place we here inhabit ; it is an old, somewhat dilapidated two-story country-house, with rose-colored walls, green painted doors and window-casements, as in most of the older houses in Lisbon. In

the building are a great many halls and rooms ; several stand entirely empty, or have only a bedstead, an old picture, or some simple piece of furniture. Around the mansion, the view stretches itself widely over hills and valleys ; the road to Cintra runs close by through country towns, which in long stretching form a continued street that seems the suburb to Lisbon. Yet late in May are the heights green, as at home in Denmark. Small fields of maize peep forth between the many " Quintas," a name which signifies country-place. All around within sight grows the olive-tree ; the great luxuriance and freshness, the many groups of trees, seem to make the whole scene a landscape in Kent. Toward the west the horizon heights are set with small wind-mills, one close by another, forming an unbroken fortification line ; a little toward the south, Cintras Mountain lifts itself picturesquely, upon whose highest summit one can discern the old castle with its towers. Sometimes clouds sink themselves around the whole mountain land, and it disappears from view. The windows in my room overlooked a part of the Alcantara Valley, over beyond which, bold and grand, the great aqueduct raises its dizzy arches ; " Arcos dos aguas livres " — the free waters' arch. The green heights, with gardens, and the wall of the city, almost completely hide Lisbon ; yet a part of the west suburbs, and the heights lying eastward with their cloisters and barracks are to be seen. In the horizon behind the city and the river, the Palmella lifts itself, with the mountains St. Luis and Monte Arrabida. From the steep descending wall of the garden, one has a commanding view of the mighty aqueduct, which upon thirty-five arches spans the depths ; tall trees and four-story houses lie as if at its very feet. Uppermost is an arched passage, high and broad enough for the workman who must constantly clean and repair the canal ; it has small open towers through which the fresh air acts upon the running waters ; it is a sort of covered gallery, with a small open passage for people on foot. It was from this point, full twenty years ago, that a bandit who ravaged in the country, was wont to precipitate his victims into the abyss below. It is said that when this monster fell into the hands of justice and was asked if he had ever felt the prick of conscience,

he answered, No ; only once, when from the aqueduct he had pushed down a young woman, and then had taken her little child and thrown it high into the air, so that it should fall after her, the little one had believed that he played with it, and in joy spread out its arms and laughed at him. "This laugh," said he, "this smile had been disagreeable to him ; he never could forget it."

In every light — when the clouds dropped their rain-veil down toward the earth ; when the sun burned from the cloudless heavens ; toward evening, when a rainbow colored reflection gave its tint to the atmosphere, or in the brightest moonshine — was the aqueduct a mighty imposing presence which commanded the whole landscape. The distant wind-mills elevated themselves a short way from the city, and rounded its line.

The garden of Pinieros was inclosed by a wall, which before the house, however, was easy to climb over. A ferocious dog chained by the open gate, watched the entrance. A lone bull-dog leaping about, had also watch-service to render ; and before the house-door, upon his high climbing-pole, sat a funny little ape, who grinned and showed his teeth. He took great pleasure in climbing upon the wall, and peeping into the upper windows, or in jumping upon the back of the bull-dog and sitting there as rider.

In the out-buildings were stable and bath-room, beside a chapel dedicated to St. Antonius ; two cypresses stood as stiff church-wardens without. The water-basin was dilapidated, and almost dried up ; in the small pools swam gold-fish ; the Danish flag streamed out toward the road. Old, low cedars formed an impenetrable screen against the burning sunbeams, and along the wall an alley, which served as shooting-gallery and promenade.

When I arrived the garden was yet in its best flora ; here were a multitude of roses, and flame-colored geraniums ; climbing plants, not unlike our forest smallage, hung with the passion-flower as heavy drapery over walls and bushes. The white blossoms of the elder up against the pomegranate's red blossom, unitedly presented the Danish colors. The grounds round about had high cactus, vine-leaves, and dark cypresses.

but at the same time so many flowers and plants that they carried the thought to Denmark. Within view stood the red poppy, and the blue chicory-flower ; the sea-gillyflower peeped so homelike from the green grass, and the olive-tree reminded us of our willow.

In truth, I felt myself at home out here, and longed not at all for the large city that lay so near.

Very near Pinieros, in the valley, out toward the high-road, lay a villa within a considerable park, which belonged to the sons of a rich banker ; here was celebrated, not many years since, feast upon feast ; then the park stood in delightful luxuriance and beauty, and had also its theatre, decorated with richness and taste. The owner presented operettas for his aristocratic guests ; Queen Maria da Gloria herself was present. The theatre was burned later, and afterward was a long time in rebuilding ; now the work seemed stopped ; the park itself, with its hot-houses, and Chinese pagodas, which look like colossal umbrellas, are like deserted corridors, and leave a sorrowful impression of neglect. I could not help thinking of Walter Scott's description of the castle garden at Kenilworth, where the Earl of Leicester visits Amy Robsart. A wonderfully long and wide basin filled full with blooming callas attracted my attention, as also two real Danish red-stars ; here they stood, however, with withered blossoms, and contributed to augment the decay in which the whole park seemed sunk ; a lonely swan swam around in the little pool of water which yet remained under the frail hanging bridge. The castle, I heard, was occupied by its owner ; but I saw no one there, neither in the garden, with the exception of the old porter, who could surely have told stories about the lively days of the past, when one magnificent carriage after another rolled through the grand entrance-gate, when rockets rose in the air, and a thousand lamps shone. I walked around under the tall trees ; a couple of dogs with fox-like heads showed their teeth at me from a large overthrown tree in the high, freely-growing grass ; the side paths were overgrown, the hot-houses stood empty, the air without was heavy and filled with the odors of rotten plants. It put me in bad humor to be here.

A lively, and, moreover, strange impression, on the contrary,

is made upon one by another villa situated not far from here with its garden ; it is in Italian style, in old days respectable, and belongs to the Marquis of Fronteira.

A high terrace from the garden sets the main building in communication with a little chapel, and leads to an orange grove. The whole terrace is decorated with marble busts of Portuguese kings ; one can here refresh one's historical knowledge in this direction, or reflect how insignificant they were. The walls of the gallery are decorated with strangely grand and striking figures in mosaic, all representing female effigies, such as Geometry, Astronomy, Poetry, etc. Below the terrace is a large pond with boats, where one can row away under weeping-willows and pepper-trees, past small grottoes strangely ornamented with all sorts of shells. In the dining-hall are to be seen life-size portraits of the family ancestors. One represented Don Pedro de Mascarenhas, who had taken the high position of Vice King in India. His exploits in war are represented on the white and blue porcelain squares which cover the walls.

The Marquis of Fronteira, to whom George O'Neill introduced me, received us with great heartiness, told me that his house stood open to me, and that he hoped, as I lived in the nearest neighborhood, I would often visit him and the park.

I soon felt myself at home in the surroundings of Pinieiros, and within our villa especially. Madame O'Neill related interesting childhood reminiscences from Don Miguel's time. George, the eldest son, played the piano beautifully, loved reading, and interested himself in nature ; he soon attached himself to me ; the younger son, Arthur, handsome, sprightly and gallant, quick to vault into his saddle and ride away, interested me with his fresh life ; the father (my friend George O'Neill) passed the whole day, with the exception of Sunday, in his office, but toward evening we saw him, and always glad and in good spirits ; we then talked in Danish together about old times at home, and the guitar came down from the wall, or the son (George) took his place at the piano, when my friend sang with fine full voice from "Martha" and "Rigoletto." There was besides in the house a talented young lady, the teacher of the children, born and reared in Portugal, though

of German descent. A romantic hue tinged the history of her parents. The mother was, as far as I remember, from Hanover, and had when a very little child, with her parents and grandparents, left Europe ; the ship which should carry them to America lost its course ; one after the other died of starvation ; the child lay and slept upon the dead bodies. The parents and grandparents were corpses. The sailors mutinied against the captain ; they said he did not know how to command the ship ; they threw him alive into the sea, despite his prayers. The old lady could never forget this moment of her childhood's experience. The ship stranded upon the coast of Portugal ; she was saved ; it was her entrance into Portugal, where she has continued to reside and remains still as an old lady. The husband was also born in Germany, served as volunteer in the battle of Waterloo, and had since travelled on foot into Italy and became the prisoner of robbers ; but when they found in his satchel only a couple of shirts and socks, they gave him his liberty, and a little travelling money besides. He came to Portugal, became, I believe, Professor of living languages, married, and died some years since. I spoke with the old lady, her charming, beautiful daughter, and intelligent sons ; the parents' history appeared romantic to my mind, and was heightened by all the surroundings.

"It is as peaceful and as secure here as in Denmark," they said to me, — "as if you had landed in Copenhagen ; the robbers who many years since ravaged the country, are all hung. We have a ferocious watch-dog, and loaded fire-arms in the sleeping-rooms : you can have the same if you will."

The first night I awoke as the canopy of my bedstead fell down over me ; it was a sort of assault, not what I expected. The rats ran in the garret overhead in the old house ; it sounded like footsteps. I was up several times this first night, and looked out into the garden ; there stood a rose-bush, nothing more, but at the first glance, in the twilight, it looked like a lurking figure ; the wind made it nod, like the "Commandant" in "Don Juan ;" then I perceived that it was only a blossoming tree. I looked out over the ground ; down in the valley ; from the carriage road went men with gleaming torches : what did it mean ? Very likely they lighted themselves home,

along the uneven path. From a neighbor's house sounded a frightful growl. It was a lion, which was kept by the family, a lion from Africa ; but it was chained, they told me, bound as any other ferocious house animal. The wind blew violently the first night ; it roared all night as in the autumn at home. I heard it as when it told me of "Valdemar Daa," and "A Story from the Sand-hills." I thanked God that I was not on the sea.

"A couple of miles out it may be calm," they told me ; it is the Portuguese coast wind which blows, and makes Portugal's climate blessed and healthy.

The old house creaked, the trees without bent themselves to the wind ; how much it was like home, and yet I was miles away from my father-land.

The first Sunday I was here, and a couple of times afterwards, I went with Madame O'Neill and the sons, in the early morning, to Mass in the neighboring nuns' cloister ; here was beautiful music ; the little cloister-church seemed consecrated to devotion ; we were obliged to kneel on the cold stone floor ; the odor of the incense, and melody floated around us. The church music I here heard was of great effect, although it was executed by old female voices : in great tone waves rolled the song ; simple voices began feebly, swelled higher and higher again to sink : but in this sinking, this dying away in harmony, other voices lifted themselves, which more and more increased in fullness, again to die away ; it was strophe and anti-strophe. I thought upon the human race, waning away toward the Eternal.

Between the cloister and Lisbon itself, yet nearer this one, is placed upon a height, with a broad view over Tejo River, one of the city's largest burial-grounds, St. Johannes' cemetery. The centre is occupied by a chapel, in whose many niches stand figures of saints cut in marble, but poorer work I have never seen ; wry figures of saints, horrible idiot images — it is a sin against the pure marble. Out from the chapel, monument by monument, like pyramids, or formed like small heavy towers, they extended themselves in alleys ; one walks here as in the childhood of sculpture art. The large church-yard I did not see ; it bears the name "Prazeres" which means

pleasure: the Frenchman's "plaisir." One could believe that a humorist had baptized the place. Equally original is the name on the palace of the Queen: "Necessidades," — Necessity.

There is a long road around the city wall; all distances are great, and carriage fees exorbitant; this ought not to be permitted. For a ride of two hours, I had to pay each time 2,700 reis, or about five Danish thalers.

CHAPTER III.

Lisbon. — Camoens. — Castilho. — King Fernando. — Retrospect in Portugal's History. — The Corpus Domini Feast.

AFTER all the descriptions I had read of Lisbon, I knew that I had formed a certain impression of this city, but how different it appeared before me in reality, — how light, how handsome ! I was obliged to exclaim, Where are the dirty streets that I have read about, the thrown out carcases, the wild dogs, and the pitiful figures from the African settlements, who with white beards upon black skins, filled with disgusting diseases, here should roam around ? I saw nothing of all this, and when I spoke about it, they told me that it belonged to a time thirty years ago ; many remembered it full well. Now, there are broad, clean streets, friendly houses, where walls are decorated with shining squares of porcelain with drawings blue on white ; the doors and the balconies are painted green or red, which colors appear everywhere, even upon the casks of the water-carriers. The public promenade, a long narrow garden in the centre of the city, is in the evening lighted with gas ; here music is heard, and from the blossoming trees is shed a fragrance almost too strong ; it is as if one stood in a spice shop or a confectionery, just when vanilla ices were prepared and presented.

In the principal streets there is life and commotion : light cabriolets roll by ; heavy peasant wagons, of antediluvian appearance, move slowly, drawn by oxen : here one sees a milk peasant ; he is on foot, and has two or three cows with him ; they are milked in the street ; usually there follows a great calf with leather muzzle ; he only receives his allotted portion of milk. Great theatre placards parade the streets. The opera-house was closed during my stay here. Price's Circus, where small singing pieces and operettas were given, as well as the theatre Maria Secundo, were the most visited ;

the latter is not large, but is a very handsome building with rows of columns and statues, opening upon a large square, planted with trees, and with a highly ornamented mosaic pavement. A little further on is Gold Street — *Rua do ouro* ; here live all the goldsmiths ; bazaar after bazaar displays chains, decorative orders, and similar glorious things. From this street one comes to the largest square of the city, “*La Praca do Comercio* ;” it extends even to the open marble-paved shore of the Tejo River, where the ships lie. On both sides, the city rises in terraces to considerable heights. The large Hotel “*Braganza*” is so placed that one from its cellar windows looks out over the roof of a five-story house in the street below. The many lanes and streets lying higher up are connected by swinging bridges suspended over the lower parts of the city ; Lisbon thereby acquires a certain resemblance to Genoa and Edinburgh.

In the elevated and most frequented part of the city, Camoen’s monument is to be erected. The spot is already laid out with trees and flowers ; the pedestal is raised, but not yet the statue, for it was rejected ; a new one is in progress.

I inquired, Will Camoen’s slave be there also ? I imagined him sitting at the base, stretching out the hand, as in Camoen’s life-time he sat in the streets and begged for his poor forsaken master, who nearly died of starvation.

Such representation, one answered me, “would be an everlasting reproach against the nation,” who had not thought of its great poet while he lived.

What the monument will be I do not know ; his own work will always be his best monument. Through it is Portugal’s name, more than through bloody battles and the discovery of new lands, fixed in the memory among people of all lands. His life gives material to poetry, and is also used. The Portuguese Garret has gained celebrity through his “*Camoen’s*,” and of Tieck we have the beautiful novel, “*The Death of the Poet*.”

Louis de Camoens was born in 1517 ; was descended from a Spanish family ; in his earliest youth he lost his father by shipwreck. The mother was poor, but however sent the growing lad to the University of Coimbra. A love story and

some satirical poems caused him to leave the country, and in Africa he took part in the battle against the Moors ; here he began his great work, "The Lusiad," carrying, as he himself says, "in one hand the pen, in the other the sword." He came again to Lisbon, but his poetical genius was not recognized ; wherefore he again turned away, sailed to Goa, and took honorable part in the war. A satirical poem of his awoke the displeasure of the Regent, and he was exiled to Macao, on the coast of China ; here he became employed as commissioner. In the five years he remained here, he completed, or rather wrote out in its full form, "The Lusiad." Not only Vasco de Gama's seafaring, but all that is great, beautiful, and pathetic in Portuguese history, is taken up in this grand poem, which was born under the clear sunny sky of India. One is shown yet in Macao a grotto in which Camoens pursued his writing.

At last he received permission to return home, but on the voyage to Goa the ship was wrecked ; yet he succeeded in swimming with his manuscript to a sand-bank, which saved him. In Goa he was still unfortunate ; his enemies put him in the debtors' prison. Freed from that, he again returned to Portugal ; "The Lusiad" was printed, and aroused attention. Don Sebastian, Portugal's chivalric and romantic king, allowed the poet a yearly stipend, which, though small, — it was about 334 Danish thalers, — ceased entirely after the death of the king, when Portugal was conquered by the Spanish King Philip the Second. Camoens died miserably in a hospital in Lisbon. His black slave begged in the streets for his life's support. There was not found after him so much as would buy a shroud ; this was borrowed for him — the pride of Portugal ! None followed him to the grave, none know where it is. To the last moment, in sorrow and in want, in the utmost misery, he loved his father-land. In one of his latest letters he writes about it, — "Soon is my life at an end, and then all will know how dear I hold my father-land."

The Portuguese literature begins, like all other literature, with the poetry of the people, which is succeeded by the art poetry, which here became court poetry — brilliant, pastoral poems. Gil Vicente touched again the people's chords in his

comedies, but met great opposition. While what was then called the classic was received, the national poetry was near dying out, but Camoens heightened its significance and grandeur by his "*Lusiad*." It gave lustre and glory, but the darkness soon followed, — "*klung klang*," and imitation, until the poets again through the popular element heightened its significance: thus "*Gomez*," who wrote the tragedy "*Inez de Castro*;" Bocage, whose songs penetrated to the people, — his native city Setubal, where he lived in poverty, now raises a monument in his honor. In our times the poets again, as through instinct, grasp the national chords; here may especially be mentioned Carvalho and Garret. The latter has picturesquely sung of Portugal's nature, and also written the great poem "*Camoens*."

One of the most noted now living is Antonio Feliciano de Castilho, born in Lisbon at the beginning of this century. He is married to a countrywoman of ours, Miss Vidul from Helsingor.

Castilho belongs to a family in whom love for literature was earnest. In his sixth year he had small-pox, and in this sickness lost his sight entirely; but his desire to study continually increased. This burning wish, in unison with his rich talents, enabled him to master already in his fifteenth year, grammar, history, philosophy, and Greek. Through his brother's aid he learned to know the classic composers. Before the age of fourteen he had written a Latin verse which excited attention; his first poem in the mother tongue was an "*Elegy*," at the death of Queen Maria the First. He devoted himself, however, to the study of botany, history, and physics. With his brother he wandered about in the delightful surroundings of Coimbra; the brother was eyes for him — with him and through him he apprehended the whole beauty of nature so that he could sing of it in a poem, "*The Spring*." He also wrote in Coimbra the pastoral poem "*Echo e Narcisso*," which in a few years passed through several editions. He translated "*Ovid*," and developed great poetical activity.

A young lady, Maria Isabel de Buena Coimbra, was educated by the Benedictine nuns in a cloister some miles from Oporto. When her education here was completed, she re-

mained some time longer in the cloister, and read there several Classics and modern authors ; she read the poem "Echo e Narcisso," and wrote, without signing herself, these words to the author: "If there were an Echo, would it not respond to Narcisso?"

Now commenced a correspondence between Castilho and the young unknown. After a time he asked if he might know her name? She wrote it; the correspondence continued, and in the year 1834, they became engaged and married. Three years after she died. The poem he wrote to her memory is placed by his countrymen by the side of the best in literature. He afterward married Charlotte Vidul, whose father was Consul in Helsingor. With her help has Castilho translated in Portuguese, Baggesen's "There was a Time when I was very Little," Oehlenschläger's "Wonderful Evening Air," Boye's "The Church-bell in Farum," and several Danish authors' lyric and narrative poems; of all these has Boye's poem been most popular with the Portuguese.

My friend George O'Neill took me one day to Castilho, who lived in a high street out toward the Tejo, and where also, even in the strongest sun heat, a refreshing wind from the sea blows twice a day. I was received as among old acquaintances and friends; Madame Castilho, O'Neill, and I spoke Danish together. We spoke of the distant Denmark, which now through the railroad is no longer so far away; the cities, yes, the countries themselves, approach each other, and through the telegraphic thread, America itself has now become our nearest neighbor—only a few seconds from us over the world's sea.

The excellent Castilho spoke so lively, with such youthful freshness; he was at that time working upon a translation of "Virgil;" the son, who is also a poet, and very talented, helps the blind father; the daughter is the youngest and has fine eyes, filled with the southern sun. I improvised to her a little poem about the stars I had before seen at night, but now saw in the bright day.

A few days after, Castilho and his family gladdened me by a visit at my home, O'Neill's country-place. Among my treasured relics, I have from Castilho a couple of letters

dictated in French, to which he himself signed his name. My letters to him were written in Danish; he gave his in French, and says in one of these, "We speak with each other as 'Pyramus and Thisbe;' my wife is the hedge." Through Madame Castilho's aid Danish letters, or Danish poetical works, were imparted in Portuguese to the blind poet.

I had been in Pinieros but a few days, when I was informed through O'Neill, that on the Monday following I would be received by his Majesty King Fernando, in his castle in the city. This had formerly been a cloister, and was situated very beautifully, as these generally are, commanding a fine view over the Tejo River, toward where it enters the ocean.

Old-fashioned dressed yeomen of the guard, not unlike, as regards the costume, the Papal soldiers in the Vatican, paraded at the head stair. A court officer conducted me to the upper part of the castle, where Count de Foss, to whom I was commended, received me in a large apartment hung with paintings, which also presented well mounted arms and coats of mail, even a whole chivalric figure on horseback.

King Fernando, a tall, very handsome man, approached, mild and complacent, to meet me, spoke about my writings, my visit here in Portugal, and mentioned with warm expressions the family O'Neill. He himself accompanied me through his beautiful large garden, where rare creeping plants covered in rich abundance with leaves and blossoms the high walls; wonderfully handsome palm-trees gave shelter with their large leafy screens. It was exceedingly delightful. The whole old dilapidated and overgrown park had, through the King's care and taste, been changed into a fresh, charming garden, with grass plats, flowers, and large hot-houses, in which the rarest tropical plants grew.

At my departure the King reached me his hand, and added, "We will not say farewell; we meet again." There was something so hearty, frank, and yet royal in his address, that rendered this visit dear to my memory. As is well known, King Fernando is father to the now reigning King Luis. On my course homeward, toward the quay, through the streets out to Pinieros, I had time to reflect upon the history of this country, and to follow in thought the events of the past thirty-three

years in the land, which had known so many battles, but now seemed to grow in rest and blessing.

John the Sixth, King of Portugal and Brazil, was, under constitutional condition King only of Portugal. Brazil had declared itself independent under his eldest son Don Pedro ; the younger son, Don Miguel, had attempted in his youth to put the father from the throne. He did not succeed, and he was obliged to leave the land ; but after the father's death he came to be regarded by the "absolute party" as the rightful heir ; for was not Don Pedro emperor in Brazil ? He, however, had not resigned his first-born rights, but since his departure from Portugal had transferred these to his daughter Maria da Gloria, who was reared in Vienna, at her grandfather's, the Emperor of Austria. When she on her homeward journey approached the Portugal coast, Don Miguel forbade her to land ; she sought protection of England, and thence of Brazil. When Don Pedro lost power there, he came to Europe to protect the daughter's rights, and the conflict between the brothers and the parties began.

Don Miguel was young and passionate, loved animal fights and the excitement of the hunt ; he was an exquisite rider : it was a dark, unhappy time under his dominion, I am told. The prisons were filled with political prisoners ; in the prison chains by the Tejo there were men of all classes in the community. In the flood time the water penetrated into the prisons and rose high up around their bodies. Through the wet clothing and the dampness, many were torn away by sickness before they came to the place of execution. A young man confined there suffered unspeakably from a stomach disorder ; his bowels swelled, he asked for a physician, and one came ; rough and angry he compelled the prisoner to uncover the sick part, looked at it, and struck him a blow with a cane upon the stomach as he said : "Eat cucumbers, and then you will surely die." Executions took place daily on the public square. It was a time filled with agony and terror. Many people were yet able to speak of it from recollection ; it came to an end in the beginning of the year 1833, when Don Pedro became victorious. It was miraculous that he succeeded in landing with his little fleet. God was with him ; speedily was he with his

troops on the other side of the Tejo River just above Lisbon, which was yet in the hands of Don Miguel's army ; he himself was not far from there in Santarem. Yet the last day he was there several political prisoners were hung in Lisbon on the public square ; they heard the cannon boom of the deliverer on the other side of the river, but for them it was not the hour of deliverance. Several prisoners who were to suffer death the next day were brought into the chapel, where they, in company with the priests, were to spend their last night in life : dared they hope to be saved ?

The "Liberals" were for the legitimate Don Pedro and his daughter, the "Absolutes" for Don Miguel ; the result of the victory was, that this one was forced to give way. What a jubilee ! The air shook with songs and joyful acclamations. A lady, who was at that time a little child, told me what an impression she received, in her astonishment and inexperience, in seeing this passionate confusion. The dinner-table stood set ; the little one had placed herself there all alone ; no one came ; she saw her mother stand on the balcony with the liberty flag in her hand and sing the liberty hymn ; people in the streets rejoiced and sang ; others came into the house, spoke loudly, and embraced each other ; they laughed, they cried. All the prisons had been opened. Strange figures moved about in the happy throng.

In the year 1834 Maria da Gloria entered upon her reign ; she married Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who received the title of King, and with whom she became mother of two daughters and five sons. The eldest, Don Pedro the Fifth, received at the mother's death in 1853 the reign under his father's regency. The young King with two younger brothers died in one week of an epidemic in the castle ; he is spoken of with great gratitude and affection ; his monument is being raised. The fourth younger brother Luis, who married Victor Emanuel's daughter Pia, is now regent. This is the short historical sketch, which is to be read elsewhere ; but I have given it here as the train of thought which I had when returning from my visit to King Ferdinand.

The son, King Luis, I had not yet seen. I saw him for the first time at the feast of Corpus Domini, which was still cele-

brated with great magnificence in the capital. This time, however, it failed to display itself perfectly: there was a pouring rain; the Queen took no part in the festivities; only the young King showed himself. The procession streamed out from the church, but stopped immediately at a violent shower; when this had ceased, it again advanced, with the clergy at the head; after this followed on horse a representation of St. George, — a large wooden figure in armor with lance in hand, which at the horse's steps moved itself dangling back and forth. Now came the chevalier's swain, a really living man, and the chevalier's page, one of the handsomest boys that there was to be found; one saw plainly that the little one was afraid to sit alone on the big horse. After these they carried the Host under a pompous cloth of state. The King himself was one of the foremost bearers. He was a young, handsome man, very blonde, with an especially mild countenance: he was clad in velvet and silk. The whole procession was not yet out of the church, when the rain began to pour down; it had scarcely arrived before the house where I was seated on the balcony, close by the church, when it turned back again; while the clergy, and St. George's effigy with swain and page, passed through the streets which this bad weather had emptied of people, where otherwise the country folk in holiday attire would have flocked.

CHAPTER IV.

A Month in Setubal. — The Country-place Dos Bonegos. — The Cloister Brancanas. — In the Country. — St. Anthony's Feast. — The Poet Portella. — Bull-fight. — The "Jesus" Church. — Silhouette of Setubal. — Monte Arrabida. — A Sand-flight — Buried City. — Evening Moods.

IT was early morning, the sky was clear and blue, even around the Cintras Mountain were the clouds gone, when we drove from George O'Neill's villa into Lisbon, a half-hour's distance, and went immediately on board of the steamer which stood in daily communication with the railroad upon the south side of Tejo River, which here is broad as a great inland sea ; the steamer takes nearly an hour to cross it.

The vessel was filled with passengers and baggage ; the trip began, there was a wonderful stillness and earnestness on board ; the gentlemen sat and read newspapers, the ladies sheltered themselves under their parasols ; one did not get at all the impression of southern vivacity, but they all showed themselves complaisant and polite toward the stranger. Further up in the country the river broadens, the water-mirror melts into the horizon ; toward the mouth at the ocean it is limited by the coasts that jut out ; the whole shore is as if hewn, and most conspicuous are the royal castle and the old Belem.

The sun shone in the clear air, and on the still surface of the water, and before us reposed upon her bold heights the city of Lisbon as a faint photographed outline of buildings ; as we came further out all took more distinct form, like mighty billows of houses and palaces. The south shore of the river, toward which we steered, lifts itself with the cloister buildings, the ramparts, and the pine forests. Over an interminably long wooden bridge we arrived at the depot for Setubal.

Before the railroad was established, the main high-road led by the high-lying fortress Palmella, which, like an "Acrop-

olis," lifts itself above the outstretched plain; the road was then utterly unsafe, no one travelled without escort. There is little to be seen of the old mighty cork-forests; they are partly burnt down. The forest fires had here been so strong, that persons on the other side of the river, in Lisbon itself, felt the heat. The railroad takes a curve toward the east, away over a stretch of sand, with growing maize and vines; the inclosure consists of large aloes; a plantation of low cactus, with its yellow flowers, spreads like a net grasping the loose, sandy earth. Under Palmella's mountain ridges the country grows more picturesque, and soon we have before us Setubal, the Englishman's St. Ybes, where one orange grove beside another fills the valley between Palmella, St. Luis, and Monte Arrabida, out toward the ocean.

Carlos O'Neill's carriage waited at the depot, and soon we drove away through a part of the city which did not lack its green-painted balconies, out through the arches of the aqueduct, through the deep sand, and soon over the hard, naked, rocky ground; the road seems to have become of itself a natural cut, in several places so narrow that two carriages could not go abreast, and then again broad enough for four. At the first glance, I thought I saw at all the turns raised telegraph poles; but seen nearer, they proved a far more glorious sight,—flowering aloes, the one close by the other, each blossom stalk certainly over ten yards high, with about thirty branches. They were like bronze candelabras which carried on each arm a cup of yellow flowers. Before me on the height I beheld the fortress Palmella; nearer, between mighty trees filled with shadows, the now deserted monastery Brancanas; and close to this my new home, Carlos O'Neill's country-place, "Dos Bonegos," the doll-house,—a name this building received when new from those living near; the many statues, busts, and vases with which the house and the terraces are ornamented, called forth the name.

To the building's physiognomy belongs, also, the high, whizzing, swift-turning wind-mill, which raises the water from the deep wells up to the large basins, from which, through pipes, it spouts forth and refreshes the garden. A large splendid palm-tree spreads its screen before my balcony, over-

shadowing the masoned basin and fountains. The garden parted itself in several terraces ; broad stone steps descended from the highest down to a large flower-parterre. What gorgeous colors ! What a variety of flowers ! Even from the cracks in the wall shot forth pinks and cactuses, which we at home in the North would cultivate in hot-houses. The pepper-tree bent itself like a weeping-willow over the large water reservoirs where gold-fish swam and the white water-lilies grew. We again step down stone stairs, and stand in the fruit garden ; lemon and orange-trees are laden with fruit, modestly offering their fragrant white blossoms. Here are freshness, luxuriance, shade, and rippling waters. From the uppermost reservoirs, where large turtles swim about, is carried in the Moorish manner, through pipes toward the garden's wall, the fresh, clear water down to the several terraces, where it waters each separate fruit-tree. A little deeper lies the vineyard with its full, rich foliage, and heavy, juicy grapes.

In the last days on "Pinieros" the summer had just begun ; here on Bonegos one was in the midst of it. It was extremely warm ; for the greater part of the day doors and windows were closed tight, not a sunbeam could penetrate ; it became half dark in rooms that were otherwise light and airy, decorated with paintings, statues, and groups in sculpture. Here were a library, bath-rooms, and billiard hall, and above all, here were lovely people.

By day, one could barely endure it, under the closest shadow of the trees ; and were one to venture out from the shade into the sunshine, he advanced but slowly under a wide-spread umbrella. It was refreshing morning and evening, to step out into the still, pleasant air. What a paradise of delights all around ! I experienced a peace, a rest, which I could wish to all men. In the orange grove night fell soonest ; the dark closed in between the trees, every leaf became like black velvet, and through the trees glimmered the beautiful fire-flies. Lights twinkled from Setubal's white houses ; the high sand reeds could be seen out toward the dark-blue ocean, and suddenly the stars were lighted. All this magnificence cannot be painted, nor given in words. A narrow ravine overgrown with vine branches, where the clear waters of a little

rivulet trickle under blossoming pomegranate bushes, marks the limit between this estate and the old cloister Brancanas, so named after the lady who founded it, "Branca Annas." Here, as everywhere in Spain and Portugal, were all the monks driven away during the Revolution. A poor married couple now live in the cloister and take charge of the large, dilapidated building: only a wooden pin holds the door. In the church God's service is no longer performed; this is held in one of the small rooms in O'Neill's villa, and when there is not place enough within, they kneel devoutly out in the garden before the open door of the chapel.

Our neighbor "Martinez" had the keys to the cloister's church, cells, and hall. I saw these with him; were the walls taken down between the two nearest cells, these would become a large room commanding the most delightful view, partly over the orange groves in the valley, and partly of Setubal, the bay, and the open sea. High above all, there stood unchanged the cells of the novices; they were like prisons with small loop-holes. There, high up, out toward the inner cloister, is a long inclosed passage, sad and dreary, a long grave to walk in; one thinks here only on death and burial: but the gate opens out upon the balcony, whose walls and seats are ornamented with porcelain squares; there the light streams in together with the perfume of orange blossoms, and one enjoys the most delightful view; yet it is, however, more extended from the cloister's flat roof over the novices' cells. The place became to me yet more interesting when I afterward on foot, in the carriage, or on my donkey, had tumbled myself far and near, in the valley and on the mountain, until each projecting point was a known place to me, whose whole magnificence I remember. The cloister garden, with its cypresses and cork-trees, is not separated by either wall or hedge from the adjoining gardens; in these fine country-seats dwell only the gardener's family; the owner prefers generally to be in the city.

The mountain side around Brancanas has a thicket, which, throughout the whole warm summer-time, keeps wonderfully green. On the summits are many wind-mills. The garden in the valley contained its lemon and orange-trees, which alternated with vine arbors, where the branches were supported

upon masoned arches. The pomegranate stood in its splendor, with fire-red blossoms and shining green leaves ; the magnolia displayed its great white lotus blossoms.

O'Neill's son, Carlos, and I visited a little deserted cloister on the mountain side under Palmella ; we rode from there up to the main fortress. The high-road here, which was formerly the only one between Setubal and Lisbon, could not now be travelled with common light carriages ; we went on as over barricades ; large stones were loosened and thrown around. But what views opened the higher one mounted ! Deep below, the orange gardens, with Setubal, the ocean, the entire bay, and the Adolph River with its windings. It became wintry cold up here ; the wind was as piercing as on an October day in the North ; I was glad to put my thick winter cloak on. At last we were under the ruined walls of the fortress, and the view northward opened itself : before us the cork forests down toward Tejo ; upon the opposite shore Lisbon, illumined by the setting sun ; the mountains around Cintra lifted themselves against the blue sky. It was not easy to tear one's self away from this view, but the evening fell, we were obliged to turn homeward ; the horse that my young friend Carlos rode made bold leaps of the depths and chasms, while I kept the broad road, which in Denmark would be called "neck-breaking." We sang our songs ; the air resounded with Portuguese, Spanish, Danish, and Swedish melodies ; as soon as we ceased, a wonderful silence prevailed ; the darkness spread forth from the thick bushes. Here was a scene for a whole robber story, and sure enough more than one has here developed itself, for not ten years ago this region belonged to one of the most notorious. They told me of a young countryman who was known for the boldness he displayed in the bull-fights, — throwing himself between the bull's horns and letting himself be lifted ; the daring he showed in the wild boar hunt : he had one time struggled with the boar single-handed ; both fell to the ground, and he succeeded in killing the animal with his knife. A half score years since, when the robbers yet ravaged here, he rode hunting with his servant ; the man saw in the distance two human heads dart forth from the bushes ; he told his master of it. "It signifies nothing," replied he, but under his

mantle he prepared his fire-arms, and when they were near enough, he cried, "Answer me, who are you, or I fire." No response followed, and the bullet passed through a robber's breast. The other one discharged his shot and then took flight, but at the same moment a second shot from the young man entered his back. Those were unquiet times ; now it is peaceful and secure, although high up in the northern provinces one still hears about robbers and their exploits.

I made a longer journey in the warm sunshine on one of the following days up to the near-lying Mont Luis. Carlos was on foot, with gun in hand seeking for game. I sat on my donkey. From the vineyards, which were surrounded by high, thick canes, we came out on the trackless ground ; my donkey absolutely refused to take a step, Carlos was obliged to drag it forward by the reins ; unwilling it stepped up toward the mountain path, which was scarcely perceptible because of the rains which had washed over it ; soon a heather bush stood in the way, and again a great, blooming thistle of the loveliest blue color ; the higher we ascended, the richer became the vegetation ; here grew in multitudes a sort of pale-red rose without thorns, a variety of heather, and a profusion of flowers unknown to me, and strong exhaling herbs ; my track disappeared entirely, the stones rolled under the donkey's feet, which stepped with uncertainty, always guided and urged forward by Carlos, who also lost his footing several times and constantly presented his gun-barrel toward my face. "Is it loaded?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, and then it was raised, but it soon sank again ; yet all around was spread such glory that I forgot death's key-hole. The clouds lay heavily off Monte Arrabida, and threw darkness into the deep valley beneath. The higher we came, the higher the outstretched ocean lifted itself in the horizon ; all nature preserved a sternness, a stillness that was not interrupted by even a bird. It was as before the creation of the animals. Several times was I forced to turn away from the mighty view, because my donkey went so close to the steep edge of the rock, and it made me dizzy to look into the abyss.

After an hour's ride we began to descend along well marked paths ; we perceived a lonely house, we were obliged to stop

to give the donkey some water ; we left it in charge of a peasant, who tethered it by a large, blooming laurel-tree. Carlos wanted to shoot ; I followed him on foot through the vineyard, into the rich leafy forest, where a clear stream wound itself and formed small falls over the rocks. The unusually long ride, and the somewhat uncomfortable wandering over the uneven ground had made me tired. Carlos hastened irresistibly forward, and proposed to me to remain behind ; here was a beautiful moss-grown spot among the myrtles and mint ; he would come back again and find me where I sat, and he soon disappeared behind the bushes. Never can I forget the moments I here passed, far from all, entirely alone in the stillness, this wood-lonesome-ness. I thought little of robbers, or of wild boars, — the latter were here to fear, — I felt myself so filled with nature's delight, in the bright, mild, warm air. It was as a church-going in the great, foreign, God's nature.

I rested some moments, but then had the desire to venture deeper within the forest glades, thinking that if I did not find Carlos, I could nevertheless find my way back again to the spot where the donkey stood. Soon the forest grew thicker ; here was a wealth of blossoming myrtle hedges, old trees lifted their crowns, the path which I took grew narrower, presently disappeared entirely. I thought of turning back, when before me, upon a large moss-grown rock, where the running rivulet formed a clear basin, I saw my young hunter at rest ; it was a perfect living picture full of harmony, the wonderful blending of north and south which the plant world here presented, showed itself also in his whole being ; the brave, manly, sunburnt face, the coal-black hair and eyelashes, the eyes of light, pure blue, and the mournful smile about the mouth, perhaps laid there in the last months' sorrow. An only sister, but fourteen years of age, the household's treasure and loved one, had God called to Himself ; it had put out the sunshine in the parents' glad home, and extinguished the smile upon the brother's lips. I roused him from this solitude, and we soon got back together. We commenced our journey homeward ; birds showed themselves on the wing, the desire to hunt revived in my young guide, and he was again out of sight. I let the reins hang loose, the donkey knew the way better than I, and when I

once more saw the cloister Brancanas, then I knew how to direct my steps to reach home. The sun was hot, my donkey would scarcely put a foot forward, when all at once it stopped, pricked its ears, gave forth a terrible yell, threw its legs into the air, and took to running. It was a female ass with its handsome burden, a country matron, that appeared. My donkey made high springs; in vain I tried to control it. At last I was forced to dismount and lead it. Thoroughly roasted by the sun, at last, after a couple of hours' wandering, I reached Bonegos, where a warm bath refreshed my weary limbs.

After sunset I sat upon the terrace under the tall palm-tree by the fountain. The beauty of nature around me, the delight of the evening, the mood it inspired, is preserved in remembrance, but cannot be rendered in words, yet I tried to put it upon paper, in verse for myself and for friends.

It was the feast of St. Antonio. Out upon the evening flared large flambeaux, some upon the heights as far as eye could reach, and part before the country people's houses in the orange gardens; here young men and maidens danced around the fire till early morning; the whole of Setubal lay in brilliancy and glory, torch upon torch shone upon the squares, through the streets, and in the lanes. Rockets rose from the city, from the shipping, and even from the canes on the sand, where a lonely sailor or shepherd happened accidentally.

Our neighbor "Martinez" drove me and my friend's little niece into the city, that we might witness the flaming glory. It was altogether a break-neck course, along the terribly slippery and winding way, where we drove rapidly through the darkness. We came swiftly into the dazzling light of the great flaming piles before the buildings; we drove ahead until we arrived in the midst of the city; then we advanced but slowly; nearly all the people were out in the streets, great throngs filled the narrow lanes, where in one place or another was raised a figure of St. Antonio, illuminated with lamps, or an altar lighted with candles was raised to the saint's honor. A whole procession made up of the sea-faring people marched, followed by women and children, with songs and music of flutes, pipes, and drums. In several lanes which we were obliged to

take, it was nothing for them to drive through a bonfire ; little boys, half naked, amused themselves with running through the fire ; burning coals and sparks flew in all directions. Fire-works and rockets flew above us and under us ; they spurted and whizzed away over the pavement, over the carriage, and under the horse's feet ; that he did not run away is to me quite as incomprehensible as that we escaped through all this fire and all this darkness which alternated with each other. I was fully prepared to break a leg or an arm.

The city under this festive illumination became very lively and gay ; in the day-time, on the contrary, when the sun shone, it had a quiet, forsaken aspect. In the streets, or away over the squares, there walked only some solitary person under a wide umbrella, or upon his horse or his donkey a man rode alone. The largest and handsomest of the squares is undeniably the one that bears the name of the Portuguese poet, "Bocage," who was born in Setubal, and, as is usually the case, died in destitution ; but now, a monument is to be erected to him, for which contributions are received. Setubal is proud of its poet.

One of Portugal's young and promising poets, Portella, who lives here, and has published a volume of poems, encouraged by the highly esteemed poet Castilho, wrote in the city papers, upon my arrival, a poetical piece in prose, — a salutation to the Northern Poet in Bocage's city.

Setubal appears most beautiful from the river ; one sees the city in its whole expanse, with the somewhat dilapidated houses. There, in the direction of the old fortress, is situated the office and yard of the brothers Carlos and Edward O'Neill, with its hanging garden, a true old consulate building. One enters through a sort of corridor ; a broad, palace-like stairway leads up to the office ; the corridor and the stairway are emblazoned with the coats of arms of almost all countries, painted upon slabs of wood, as consulate signs. It was a whole picture-gallery, a congress of powers, — England, Russia, Prussia, France, Denmark, Norway, the Papal States, — yes, I do not believe that any European country was omitted, — the United States of America also was represented with its shield and flag.

Setubal has a military guard in the opposite building ; the old fort is the caserne ; as far as I saw they were young men, sunburnt under the scorching rays. In an enormous garden attached to the city, where a band of music played on Sunday afternoons, the people's life was exhibited, but not noisy and heated as is usual with the South ; the good burgher women sat serious and quiet upon the seats, the men moved about more lively up and down. The only noisy amusement I found was at St. Antonio's feast mentioned before, and at a great bull-fight which was held on St. Peter's Day, in an amphitheatre raised between the city and the railroad station.

All of the barbarous and bloody that a bull-fight can present in Spain is changed somewhat for the better. Under Don Pedro its worst features have disappeared. The bull's horns are bound around, that the poor horses should not be killed.

The amphitheatre is a large square building, with boxes through the three stories, all under roof ; the arena, on the contrary, eight-cornered, under open skies. It was mostly the common people, peasants, and fishermen, whom I here saw congregated ; the boxes were filled full, and presented the most motley appearance. The orchestra played the Spanish Bolero ; now appeared on horseback a gayly attired young man with hair well arranged, saluting upon all sides ; the bull was let in ; it was not long before an arrow was lodged in the neck and side. Two young countrymen, who stood for these bull-fights, appeared, and showed themselves as well exercised "Banderilleros ;" they were handsome men, dressed in velvet and gold, with well-dressed hair, as if going to a ball. Beside these were yet three older "Banderilleros," and some peasants in white trousers and many colored flowered jackets. As in Spain, so also here : after the fight the bar was raised for a drove of tame bulls with bells around their necks ; they brought the fighting bulls, which were bellowing and dripping with blood from the many arrows which had been stuck into them, away from the place of conflict. Something new, which I had not seen in Spain, was that the peasants who had brought the bulls in from the country, showed also their daring : they placed themselves immediately before the door of the stall, or laid themselves down upon the ground before it, and awaited

the attack of the bulls ; but knew just when to run, or for one to swing himself audaciously, to escape the goring, between the horns of the animal, and riding a little ways with him, to the general merriment. The other peasant now grasped firmly the bull's horns and neck, collected all his strength, and delivered his comrade. One of these brave peasants was trampled upon by the furious bull, and they were obliged to carry him away to have his leg amputated. In this kind of bull-fight, private individuals take part ; and it was said that Don Miguel was banished just because he had exhibited great audacity herein, and through it obtained the people's jubilant applause.

It was only thus at festive occasions that I saw in the city any numbers of people, which were then in the churches ; of these I will in a few words mention the "Jesus" Church, one of the most beautiful of the smaller churches that I have yet seen. It has something very airy and light in its construction : each single pillar is formed of three others, slender and graceful, which entwine together in spiral form ; the exquisite carved altar is emblazoned with gilding ; the entire lower portion of the walls are covered with porcelain squares, which have pious illustrations of a book of legends. Among the Church's collection of paintings are two works of Portugal's greatest and most famous artist, "Gran Vasco ;" they reminded me, in color and drawing, of Holbein.

In the bay lay the ships with the flags of various nations, and simple pleasure boats belonging to the citizens of Setubal. On Edward O'Neill's boat waved the Danish flag ; it was a nice little craft. Mr. Arenz, a Portuguese gentleman, had a similar one. This man became interesting to me through his talent for languages ; he spoke Danish very well, though he had never been in Denmark, — in fact never had passed the limits of his father land. The relations in which he stood with the sea-captains from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden had enabled him to appropriate the languages of these countries, and to speak with the three nations in their mother tongue.

By the quay lay large fishing boats one could enjoy a little sail, if he would visit Setubal's Pompeii, — the buried, but partially excavated fisher village "Troja ;" or the distant Monte Arrabida with its dilapidated Trappist cloister and monstrous

caverns. Upon a beautiful sunshiny day, but alas quite late, for the ebb had already commenced, I, with Carlos O'Neill and his family, stepped into one of these boats, rowed by several strong sailors. We sat under the outstretched awning; the boat steered out to the open Atlantic, and tossed not a little; the salt water splashed over us. It was a beautiful view which we had as we swung past Setubal. First came the long row of white houses, with green painted balconies, red doors and gates. The churches appeared a little above the houses. The ships displayed their flags in the harbor; there were Russian, French, and Spanish. The city was behind us; picture followed upon picture: here an old cloister, there a great ruined castle. I remarked the gigantic aloes by the road, and upon the hill-sides windmill after windmill. We saw the cloister Brancanas, our villa Bonegos, St. Luis, and Palmella.

After rowing for an hour we approached a bend of the coast, where upon a rock, highly picturesque, out toward the ocean, stands a castle with a small military garrison, which defends the entrance to Setubal. The breakers dashed against the rocks and the low walls; we were obliged to keep off; the boat turned, and beyond us and around us lay the great, open world's sea. How calm in its expanse, and yet what breakers against the coast, and away over the many sand-banks! We steered between these toward the serious front of Monte Arabida. Long waves, glistening white, lifted us, then plunged us half-way back again, before we could reach the dark rock-bound coast. The air was clear and transparent; we could see plainly on the mountain side the decayed Trappist cloister, once holy and revered, always solitary, always uncomfortable to reach. Visitors rather choose to go by sea, for on the land it is only the sure-footed pedestrian or the careful mule that can find a track and foothold. The cloister, in its abandonment and solitude, is well worth an uncomfortable journey, and yet it is visited only by an occasional stranger. More remarkable than the cloister itself is the vast stalactite cavern beneath the clear waters; its grandeur is beyond description.

Upon these rocks a ship stranded, which had on board a

painting of the Mother of God ; when the ship struck, the Virgin raised herself from the canvas, floated above, and gave a saving light from the rock, and there was the cloister built and the picture to be seen. Under the cloister itself, up from the deep rolling sea, rises the monstrous cave, a whole mountain rock church, with fantastic dome, down-tending organ pipes, columns, and altars ; away to this, in his boat, glided the fisherman, in the days of the cloister, as he returned home from his fishing ; he laid there as an offering a part of his haul, read quietly his prayer, and let his boat glide softly out from the halls of this silent church, where a lamp was always burning. We were within one and a half English miles of the grotto ; all the outlines of the mountain could be seen distinctly, but the sea rolled more heavily over the sand-banks ; the tide was rising ; I was obliged to return, give up my desire to glide into the strange cavern, and climb to the lonely cloister, where the sea-birds clustered, and where the game is not startled by the hunter.

We turned back, but not homeward, steering toward the isthmus to see the remains of the sand buried city, Troja. The Phœnicians had founded it ; since that the Romans had lived here and gathered the salt in the same manner that it is yet gathered, as the great remains bear witness. In the olden times the sea's entrance must have opened to the eastward ; the present entrance has become broken by a great inundation, which blocked it with sand. All the inhabitants were obliged to flee ; it is believed that they at first sought the mountains and founded the present Palmella, but later had moved down to the shore, and there founded Setubal, as it now exists.

Over an hour passed before we reached the sand reeds ; these grow with bushes, thistles, and blossoms worthy a place in our hot-houses. Where we stepped on land, there were great piled up heaps of stone, the remains of ballast from ships, which had taken from the bay their cargoes of salt. Thus large and small stones lay here from all the countries of the globe, — from Denmark and Sweden, from Russia as well as from China. There could have been written a long history about them. The wind rose, but gave no coolness in the burning sunshine that

poured down here between the canes. A large digging had been commenced, but stopped for lack of means. The gain had not been great, — yet one saw foundations of houses, several yards, high walls, remains of an entire garden ; in this was a partially preserved bath-room, the floor of mosaic, the walls with marble plates. Quite out in the water lay fragments and pieces of antique jars, and large wall stones also were to be found.

We spent an hour in this deserted place ; not a dwelling was to be seen ; the sand-banks stretched out into the open sea. On the home course we had a high sea ; over an hour elapsed before we had crossed the bay to Setubal ; at the landing-place were several boats loaded with rock salt, as if it were masses of ice brought there for summer keeping.

The carriage awaited us, the newspapers also : these especially we grasped, to see how it went with the world. Beautiful, unhappy Spain, how fared it there ? Germany had its own scene of war ; the railroads there were torn up, the conflict began ; but while blood flowed, and the death sigh was heard, peace reigned serenely over the remote, separated Portugal. I recognized and enjoyed this beautiful tranquillity.

The evening was lovely, so still, so dream-inviting ; the stars twinkled, flambeaux shone in the large fruit gardens, and the young danced. I visited with a couple of young friends a dancing place, and when, later in the evening, I returned home alone under the pomegranate bushes, the whole picture sunk into my soul, forever to remain.

On one of my first days here, I planted in front of our villa, near the great palm, a little northern “naaletræ.” It will grow ; the north-wind breathes therein its salutation to the south.

I must soon leave. Already had I spent a month in Setubal ; this, with the five weeks on “Pinieros,” was more than one half of the time that I had decided to remain in Portugal ; if I should visit Coimbra and Cintra before my departure, then I must either start now or decide to remain through the winter.

For an instant the home journey presented itself disagreeably ; I must either return with the diligence through the summer heat and the unquiet country, or take passage in the

steamer from Lisbon to Bordeaux. How would the journey shape itself? What dimensions would the war in Germany assume? Would France enter into the struggle? Should I be forced to try the whole sea-way from France to England, up to Norway, then to Denmark? For a moment I had half a mind to stay in Portugal, and see the times through; then the old saying occurred to me: "The welcome guest becomes tiresome, when he sits too long in the strange house." I had never proved this for myself, and the truth thereof would surely not affirm itself here, but the saying remained in my thought. I deliberated a long time over the annoyances of the sea voyage, and upon all that could befall us upon land, in the midst of war; my double nature — fearful of danger, and yet anxious to prove it — asserted itself strongly, and then, as always, the will killed the fear. I took the resolution to leave Portugal in the middle of August, and thus in the few weeks remaining thoroughly to explore this beautiful country.

It was with no light heart that I said farewell to the friends in "Dos Bonegos," — these charming people, this fine home, this beautiful nature. The last evening, I went into Brancanas' cloister garden; here was stillness, loneliness, and a refreshing fragrance from trees and shrubs; the stars twinkled, my mind was heavy, my heart full of melancholy, my mood became song.

In the early morning, Carlos O'Neill and his son accompanied me upon the railroad and steamer to Lisbon: in the evening I was in "Pinieros." From the garden wall I saw in the horizon toward the south in shadowy outlines, Palmella, St. Luis, and the whole extent of Monte Arrabida, now a home scene for me, known and beloved. Far out shone the lanterns, from a great illumination; the rumbling of carriages, the noise and shouts resounded out here through the stillness. I looked toward the city, and across the great aqueduct over the Alcantara Valley; soon should I bid it all farewell. All floats away, changes, and fades.

On "Pinieros" nature had wholly changed itself in the month I had been absent. The grass was sere, the flowers of the garden withered and gone; the passion branches bore

large seed apples, like green and orange eggs, among the dark foliage. Beyond, upon the ground, lay the grain gathered and stored in the place prepared ; it was not threshed, but tramped by oxen. The whole country presented but the naked ground ; only the cypresses, the figs, and the olives gave variety.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Aveiro and Coimbra. — Cintra's Beauty. — Farewell to "Pinieros."

I WAS to see the university building in Coimbra, and, besides, the city of Aveiro lying a little further northward. George O'Neill had some business affairs there, his brother José also desired to go with us : we used the railroad to Oporto.

With good spirits and charming weather we set out, along the Tejo River, which at Lisbon broadens into a sea extending to Salvaterra and Benavente, but then becomes more and more narrow with large sand-banks, which make the navigation difficult ; it turns all at once toward Estrella, the mountains which form the frontier of Spain ; the snow yet lay upon them.

We passed through several cork-forests : the nearest trees stood stripped of their bark ; the fresh green rice-fields reminded us of our fields of grain in the early spring. Forest glades, lonely ruins, groups of people, gave the landscape variety. Yonder, under the shade of a picturesque olive, sat a swine-herd with his flock, an excellent illustration of the Scripture parable. He sat and ate his bread and cheese, drank water with it instead of wine, — so easily content is the Portuguese peasant.

Through forest and thick woods, by the railroad from Lisbon, we reached the beautifully situated Coimbra, where one high house lifts itself above another, surrounded by gardens and woods, close by the broad Mondego River. We did not stop now ; on our return we intended to acquaint ourselves with Portugal's capital.

A little north from Coimbra the woods ceased and the country became flat. In Aveiro one finds himself in a Portuguese Holland, swampy and flat with dug canals, but Holland's luxuriance and freshness is wanting.

In old times the country was fertile and good, but little by little, as the sand choked the mouth of the river Vouga, the

whole stretch of land for miles around soon became changed into swamp and morass, thus rendering it the most unhealthy part of the country. In the year 1801 a canal was commenced, which was completed in 1808. This drained off the water ; the country again became healthy and habitable. The canal was continued up to the city, which is divided by the river Vouga in two parts.

The flat land, the many tug-boats, Aveiro itself, and the sandy shore of the river, recalled our western coasts in the North ; the gray atmosphere, and thick mists which enveloped the whole landscape, contributed to make us believe ourselves up in the North, instead of in the warm, sunny Portugal. While we entered the mists descended, raw and humid.

It was just ebb-time ; we saw a marshy river bottom, but no running water ; the long, low water-conduit showed us its wet walls. The many women we met and passed were closely wrapped up, and looked half frozen in their large cloaks ; yet, strange to say, I saw here the first beautiful faces I had seen in Portugal — the woman beauty thrown out by the dark costume as from a background. Even the young girls wore the same heavy coat as the old women ; it hung down to their naked, dirty feet. The hat was of black felt with a very broad brim ; upon this head-piece they placed the large basket wherein they deposited the traveller's trunk and valise, which they thus carried to the hotel. In spite of the heavy burden, they were merry, and chattered with both mouth and eyes.

The city Aveiro with its surroundings once belonged to the Duke Don Joseph Mascarenhas, who under Joseph Emanuel was regarded as the head of a party of leading Jesuits, of malcontents, and was at the same time with the Marquis Tavora convicted of a murderous attempt upon the king. Subsequently, this judgment was deemed too hasty ; six of those declared guilty having been pronounced innocent. It was in that beautiful romantic age, as we call it, in contrast with our present times, that the Duke of Aveiro was brought with the rope around his neck to the place of execution, placed upon the rack, and while yet alive tied to the stake. This dark historical event was the only one brought to remembrance in Aveiro.

The city has been called the Portuguese Venice ; but nothing here, save the gondola-shaped tug-boat, reminds one of the city of the Adriatic.

With my fellow-travellers I trotted about in the narrow, gay little street. The appearance of any strangers was quite an occurrence, arousing the attention of the youngest, and they stared from doors and balconies after us three foreigners. The town itself presented nothing extraordinary ; the guide mentioned, however, as a curiosity, the place of Archbishop Bolig, and brought us there to a sort of public garden, from which at our visit next day, while the sun forced its ray through the fog, we could perceive the ships out by the river's mouth.

It was not pleasant to be in Aveiro ! Fortunately O'Neill's business was soon brought to a close, and after a fortnight we left the tiresome place for the charmingly located Coimbra, Portugal's university town. A cold, damp fog yet rested over the country, but as we left the lowlands and passed by hills and forest, the sun began to show itself ; at the station of Coimbra it shone with southern fervor, and the same warmth revealed itself in the people themselves. Here was an activity, a stir, a confusion, equal to that in a Neapolitan town. The hack drivers precipitated themselves upon us and our things, to fight over a trunk : each would have it upon his carriage ; he neither heard nor regarded the owner's protestations ; they pulled and tore our baggage ; one ran with one piece, another with another ; it was like a robbery ; nothing was wanting but the glittering knife. It was a drawn battle before we succeeded in entering a carriage together ; several passengers sat here already ; there was small space left ; we sat all knotted up and squeezed together as in a Spanish diligence, and in the midst of yells and cries we drove forth along the Mondego River, whose broad bed displayed more dry sand than running water. Yet what freshness and forest charm all around ! The city rose as the loveliest flower in the whole bouquet. Coimbra rests upon the mountain side, one street higher than the other. Several houses projected with three, even four stories, one above the other. The streets are narrow, crooked, and rise continually. High stone steps lead through homely buildings from one lane up and out into another

Shops and bookstores are here in abundance. One meets students everywhere : now one alone, bareheaded, reading from a book ; now several arm in arm. Their dress is picturesque, reminding us of Faust and Theophrastus. The dress consists of a long black "Talcer," and a short mantle of the same color. They went bareheaded for the most part, through the streets, and along the bank of the river. The cap they otherwise wear is large and heavy — a sort of drooping Polish cap. I was told that in the winter season the students gave once a month a dramatic entertainment, to which they invited professors and citizens, with their wives and daughters. In the streets sounds frequently the guitar, and the song in serenade ; with the guitar or the gun over the shoulder bounds the gay youth away, upon his hired horse, out of the old city, into the fresh woods, or on the mountains, to life's joy and adventure, to treasure in the young heart remembrances for coming old days. Peaceful and free seems life in this paradise of nature. I was told, however, that in Don Miguel's time some of Coimbra's students rebelled a little, and he immediately ordered a couple to be hung on the gallows ; it was not at that time anything remarkable.

The cloister Santa Cruz, in the lower part of the city, is well worth visiting ; it is not occupied, it is desolate and lonely, but the cloister walks around the little garden are very romantic, and have light carved arches worthy of admiration. In the church, on each side of the high altar, two magnificent monuments are raised, with the likeness of the dead sculptured in marble. Here repose the kings Sancho the First, and Alphonse Henriques ; there is also kept here a portrait painted of Gran Vasco, with a sketch and coloring very different from the paintings I had seen of him in Setubal.

From the cloister and the church the streets ascend toward the university, — an extensive building which occupies the highest site in the city. Up here, through one of the city gates in the dilapidated walls of the fortress, one enters the botanical garden, which is rich in rare flowers and trees. Large palms and blooming magnolias were displayed among the abundant leaves and "naaletræs ;" here, however, not a person was to be seen, and almost equally lonely was the pleasant walk from

the garden, along the old walls of the city ; rich grass and fresh climbing plants grew all about, and to the right in the garden were orange-trees, large cypresses, and cork-trees. I met some students, all in their Mediæval garb : one went by himself, reading ; three others passed in lively conversation, with the guitar strung over the shoulder ; their wild pranks in these surroundings put me in cheerful mood ; it was as if I lived back in an earlier century ; a whole poem upon this occasion strung itself in my thought, but the burden of it came not upon the paper. The road brought me to the river, where, midway out, two jagged trees served for boat-houses. Women with skirts tucked up waded over, to save going by the longer, more roundabout way toward the old many-arched bridge which leads from the city toward the nunnery, Santa Clara, upon the other shore, — an enormous building close by, “*La Quinta dos Lagrimas*.” In the garden there still remains, half in ruins, the castle where the beautiful, unhappy Inez de Castro, with her innocent children, were murdered. It is widely known that the Portuguese “*Infant*,” Don Pedro, married the beautiful Inez, who also was of royal blood. The marriage was, however, secret ; Don Pedro dared not acknowledge it for fear of his relentless father ; and when his father was informed of what had happened, he forced him to marry another, and in the mean time caused Inez and her children to be murdered. It occurred in this building in the garden. The father died soon after, and that allowed Don Pedro, who then was king, to have the corpse of the beloved one taken from the coffin, clothed in royal magnificence and laid out on the throne, where the whole court were compelled to kneel and kiss the dead one’s hand.

In “*Quinta dos Lagrimas*,” as the garden surrounding the building is called, where she was murdered, gushes the fountain where Inez and Don Pedro so often sat under the tall cypresses ; these still cast their shadows there, except one tree, on which was written : “*En dig ombra a Inez formosa*.” The tree fell in a storm, the fountain itself will one day cease to murmur, but the verses about Inez in Camoen’s “*Lusiad*” will never die. They stand engraven on a marble tablet by the yet living fountain, and say, but in sounding words and

melodious rhythm, that which we have not power to render: "Mondego's daughter wept long, remembering the tears which here were shed; they flowed into the clear spring of the fountain, and gave the spring a name which yet remains: 'Love's felicity.' She found it here. Seest thou how fresh the spring bubbles where it bedews the flowers? The spring is tears, and its name is love's felicity."

Already, upon the afternoon of my arrival, I received a visit from the professor of literature, a born Slesvigian, of whom I heard that one of my stories, "The World's most beautiful Rose," was translated into Portuguese; and that he with a young scientific man in Coimbra had thought of translating many, not only of my writings, but of Ingemann's historical novels, as he felt assured that the Danish literature contained something which might speak to the people of Portugal. Through him I was the next morning brought to the festivities in the university, where a young man received the "Doctor's cap." The hall was filled with people, for the most part students. On each side of the hall sat the different Faculties, in their different colors, white and blue, red and yellow. The young doctor was kneeling upon an elevation near the royal throne. The balconies were filled with ladies, from the ante-rooms quite into the hall. The orchestra was placed on the floor near the entrance. I was invited to be present at the feast, and received all possible attention. I saw the magnificent chapel, the throne-hall, and the library, which is built in "rococo-style," decorated with bold arches, gildings, and frescoed ceilings. The librarian took out several different editions of the "*Lusiad*" illustrated with good engravings. I saw two written Bibles, in which, upon some pages seemed nothing but carefully traced and meaningless characters, but seen through a microscope, every page was a little masterpiece of art and perseverance; it revealed, in the vague signs, written words in Hebrew text, executed with an astonishing application and patience. This whole forenoon it was a pouring rain, something unusual here at this season. They said to me jokingly that it was I who had brought a northern summer down to them. Yes, surely, what weather! The people kept within doors, the streets were like running rivers, roads

and paths were under water. Thus it continued, when I, under my umbrella, hopping from stone to stone, stepped down from the university, and looked out over the river which now got fresh water. The rain whipped sharply with water lashes ; it fell as a veil over the gardens and the forest magnificence. The black cypresses by the "love fountain" in the garden of tears, as Camoens and the people called the "Quinta" where Inez was murdered, stood like veiled marshals before the sarcophagus of the past.

Coimbra is a place where one must stay, not only a few days but several weeks, live together with the students, be out in the free, charming nature, abandon one's self to solitude, and allow the recollection to call up images through tradition and song from its past history.

O'Neill wanted to return to Lisbon ; the railway signal sounded, the locomotive puffed, away it went over Mondego River ; yet a glance over Coimbra, which with its many colored houses resembled a large bouquet upon the green hill-side. The rain began to subside ; the wet weather, however, procured me the sight of an original costume peculiar to these people : it consists of rain cloaks of straw, of yellow or white, a sort of straw coat with long skirts, worn by the country people. When we came through the cork forests the rain was over, the sun shone red as blood between the tall trunks of the trees ; it became at once evening, the stars peeped forth one by one, the wind was fresh, almost cool. We reached Lisbon ; the lights shone, the stores were resplendent, the people sought the theatre Maria Secunda on the handsome large square. We passed by the public garden. Gas jets glittered between the fragrant trees, the music sounded, and soon we had passed the city's gate and were out at Pinieros, where dinner had been kept for us. A night or two's rest, and then off again to a new country, Cintra of the poet's song.

The railroad traced upon the map between Lisbon and Cintra is not yet in condition for travel ; a couple of depots were built, but the railroad itself postponed, — yes, if I have understood aright, altogether abandoned. One going to Lisbon must either take the omnibus that plies thither, or procure for himself a carriage, horse, or donkey.

The most charming and most celebrated part of Portugal is undoubtedly Cintra. "The new paradise," it is called, after Byron. "Here the spring has its throne," sings the Portuguese poet, Garret. There went we.

In the old castle within the city, the reigning King Don Luis spends a part of the summer. His father, Don Fernando, lives on "Penha," the mountain castle in the sky region. Diplomats and a portion of Portugal's wealthy men have their villas in the fresh, charming country; the hotels are filled up with travellers, partly foreigners and partly natives. In the early morning I left "Pinieros," and took the road that winds through the suburbs of Lisbon, out upon the open country, through the arches of the aqueduct, now on the heights, now in the valley.

The vegetation was dry and withered, but a lonely cactus still showed life. In the first country town we met a wandering musician with his young wife. He accompanied on the violin her improvised song; a young boy beat the tambourine. In flowing verse she sang to the tavern's signora about this one's red skirt and yellow neckerchief. The song flowed as a fountain, the words streamed forth in a continuous string; it was surely an old song, in which she now with a sort of skill wove in other words than before, and applied them to the signora before her.

At the other side of the town we saw at some distance a large park with places of amusement. Don Miguel, who loved the chase, had preferred this place to the enchanting "Cintra." Yet nothing showed itself but bare ground; not a picturesque spot, no bush, no tree; but one poor peasant house displayed a blooming magnolia, whose dark green leaves shone in the sunshine.

A light mist yet concealed luxuriant Cintra, although near at hand, but we soon had the first glimpse of it—a garden with great trees; here stood an imposing structure; it had been, not long since, a royal cloister, but now belonged to a private individual who had bought it for an insignificant sum. Through the grated entrance one looked in over flowers and shrubbery, at running water and large pendant branches.

Santa Maria, a little town by itself, lies above Cintra, between rocks and foliage; on its outskirts, under tall trees,

José O'Neill had his country-place, now my new home. A large garden terrace, hung with glass bells, fronted the high-road, which passed close by between the villa and a neighbor's empty house. The owner died before it was finished ; the half completed side without windows faced us, and had by moonlight especially a ghostly aspect. In the back-building with its view over the abyss, embracing Cintra and the country about, lived some people, but we did not see them. Our house, with its many rooms and halls against the rocks where a spring bubbled, had its own garden over-stocked with citrons and figs, but so small was it that a tethered hen had dominion over it. From the rocks grown with trees one saw, through interrupted vistas, King Fernando's castle, in style half Moorish, half Italian. The main garden belonging to O'Neill was at a little distance from the villa, in the deep valley on the other side of the high-road. Down there one found cool, fresh shadows and solitude. It was as if I entered into a Danish wilderness. I could but think upon the heights at Silkeborg ; I bent under heavy foliage resembling birch and pine. The water rippled cool and clear in the rich grass where bloomed the forgot-me-not. I saw the Danish white clover, the blooming elder, and the convolvulus. "Here am I in thy charming Denmark," said José, and expressed warmly his love for that country, in which he had passed his early youth. It is said that each nation finds in Cintra a portion of its father-land : I found Denmark here ; I imagined that I discovered many cherished spots from other beautiful countries ; the green swards of Kent, the Brocken's wildly tossed stone-blocks. I could here believe myself by the shore of Geneva, and in Leksand's birch forest. All was wonderfully rich and varied. Here stood the bayberry-tree with its dark red fruit ; here geraniums spread themselves into large bushes, and fuchsias grew like trees. From the chestnuts and the banana hung vines in a profusion which must remind the South American of his native forests.

Right above the garden, one looked from the road over Cintra, whose old castle has the appearance of a cloister with small patched buildings, and many small garden terraces, each with its fountain ; the steeple-like chimneys, not unlike champagne bottles, predominate in the buildings, which are

without beauty. How beautiful in comparison appears Don Fernando's summer castle. Upon this site a great wood extended formerly, part of which still exists, as also the celebrated cork cloister,—a little building whose walls are covered with the bark of the cork-tree; the cloister itself dated from the time of Vasco de Gama.

One day during Vasco's famous expedition the king pursued the chase up here, and just upon the spot where the cloister now stands he saw Vasco's flag; returning in great joy he promised to build a cloister here, and kept his word. It was erected, and constitutes the finest part of the whole. When it was afterward abolished and the monks driven forth, King Fernando bought the place and employed considerable means in rebuilding it, and laying the foundation for a park. The whole ascent is like a garden wherein nature and art beautifully sustain each other; here is the most beautiful promenade one can imagine. It begins with cactuses, "plataners," and magnolias, and ends with birch and pine among wildly scattered rocks. Geraniums of all kinds and colors bloom here in abundance; wonderfully handsome thistles cluster by the myrtle bushes, with their fragrant snow-white blossoms; lonely paths wind between ivy-clad walls and rocks, which in their fall have formed natural arches. One has a wide view from this height, away toward Lisbon, and the mountains on the other side of Tejo; one sees the broad Atlantic, and from the valley one overlooks the large plain away to the cloister Maffra. The air was so transparent, that I thought I could count the windows in the building several miles distant. The open highway from O'Neill's house crossing Cintra for a mile or more, invited to walking; there amid change and shadow was the most delightful promenade, and toward evening was particularly frequented. I took it often myself in the summer noon: the sea-breeze came up constantly; the trees grew as tall as our beech-trees and alders; the vines hung in rich profusion over the rocks and walls; the chestnuts spread their mighty branches into a leafy ceiling; weeping-willows bowed themselves over the dusty road. Near Cintra there is a villa in Moorish style belonging to a rich Brazilian; he had it built just at the time that people were reading

Dumas' "Monte Christo," and from it the villa has taken its name. From this point the road became yet narrower under the arches of the chestnuts. A dashing cascade increased the coolness; now the road broadens into an equally shady spot before a rococo building where the treaty of peace under Abrantes was signed.

One has continually the Penha forest to the left, and in the cloud heights the Moorish castle, bearing its large four-cornered tower with its small turrets. There it was beautiful as an Eden. I could but think of my childhood, when I studied from Baden's Latin Grammar: "Tempe, a delightful valley in Thessalia" Could "Tempe" possibly have offered anything more beautiful than Cintra? My friend José enjoyed solitude, remaining by preference in his nice quiet home, while I was happiest when roaming about alone. I was not wholly a stranger with those who lived there. In Cintra resided a countrywoman, Viscountess Boboredo, the daughter of Admiral Zahrtman; she had just arrived at Lisbon by the last steamer from Bordeaux under the mournful circumstances of bringing the dead body of her husband to the family grave in Portugal. Through her I was introduced in several high aristocratic houses, among others to the charming Count Almeida, who resided with his family in the Palazzo Pombal, a half Moorish structure, where a fountain splashed in the airy dining-hall, and where the garden-terrace under the vine-covered arches seemed like a magnificent gallery. Again, in Cintra, I came across Marquis Fronteira, with his daughter and son-in-law. His mother is Danish born. I met a friend from Copenhagen, the son of the poet, Bulwer Lytton, who for a time was with us in Denmark, with the English legation; he loved me for my writings, — was himself a favored poet in his father-land. In Denmark I made this amiable young writer's acquaintance; now he occupied the position of English Ambassador in Lisbon, was married, and was spending the summer with his lovely wife and their little child in the Eden-like Cintra. In my friend Lytton's house, I found the heartiest reception, and the most sympathizing friends; with him and his lady I saw a part of Cintra's unforgettable charms.

We drove one afternoon over the high-road promenade, under the mighty shadowy trees, past Monte Christo, past the

vice-king's garden where Inez de Castro is buried, out to *Monserat* which is owned by a very rich Englishman, who comes and stays there during two spring months. In the garden grow a number of tropical trees and plants. I saw a fern brake comprising all remarkable kinds, from the simplest to the most fully developed in size and strength, standing side by side with the palm-tree. Large white bell-flowers hang from one tree; pearl-shaped, rose-colored berries from another. Juicy fruits, new to me, sun-filled colored flowers, grew here; and down over the smooth velvet lawn rippled the clear spring water, which was so led as to supply the grass with irrigation. Above this fresh green, the castle rose in Moorish style, a fit subject for the *Arabian Nights* or a romantic fairy picture. The sun sank into the sea, which became rose-colored; the brightness of sea and sky was reflected magically upon the marble white walls and decorations, filling with light the large, mirror-clear window panes. The air was so warm, so still, so penetrated with the perfume of flowers, that one felt carried away from reality, fairly entranced, returning to one's self only when entering the shadowy cork woods near by. There we met and saluted the royal couple.

The weather had been fine throughout my stay in Cintra, but toward the last the wind blew strong from the northwest. The sea, a whole mile distant, which yet looked much nearer, resembled an outspread blue garment. The breakers rolled like a line of white smoke along the coast; soon should we out there, far from the beautiful *terra firma*, try the rolling sea.

The day of departure came. It was hard to part from the dear, warm-hearted José, to leave Cintra's delights. In flying speed and whistling wind we went again to Pinieros. It stormed all night; I thought the house would fall. The next day was equally stormy, but the sky was clear, the sun shone warm; "It is glorious weather for the home voyage," said George O'Neill; in a few days would the steamer arrive from Rio, and immediately set sail for Bordeaux. A few hours, perhaps half a day, had I spent in Lisbon; I would gladly be there a little longer before my departure, — see in the evening the life and stir which moved in the streets, the *cafés*, and the theatre.

CHAPTER VI.

A few Days in Lisbon. — On the Steamer *Navarro* from Lisbon to Bordeaux.

O'NEILL recommended me to a new hotel which was just opened, located near his office and the harbor. It was a friendly, elderly married couple, who here received me. I inquired the hour for the "table d'hôte." "As soon as you command," answered they. I was yet the only guest in the house ; I had, if I chose, the freedom of all the rooms and halls. But who could stir ? The curtains were down, the blinds fastened, that the warm sunshine should not enter in. It was a torture to go outside ; one crawled forth in the narrow shadow of the house ; whether I tried to lie on the bed all day, or walk about in the half dark apartments, where I did not meet a single acquaintance, either was insupportable. I therefore turned my steps toward O'Neill's office ; here I found the newspapers, which informed me how it went elsewhere. I arrived there prostrated by the heat, and returned in the same condition. Only toward evening I began to feel some degree of comfort ; it was refreshing to step out on the balcony, and feel the fresh breeze, which blew so welcome into the eyes and mouth, sending new life into one. Then could one with pleasure come out on the street, mix with the throng, and visit the places of resort. The next day was as hot as the preceding. The steamer failed to arrive at the time appointed, and instead of two days I was obliged to remain five whole days in the heated city. Every night it blew strongly, the wind subsiding at last, and toward the early morning of the sixth day I was awoke by a knocking on my door. A messenger from the house of Tolades O'Neill brought a written notice of the steamer's arrival from Rio ; she was to leave port at noon for Bordeaux. In the few hours left to me here, I had scarce time to see the friends from Pinieros and Setubal. I

met the physician, a couple of the ship's officers, and some of the passengers, in O'Neill's office ; some splendid Spanish wine came forth for salutation and farewell. Upon my inquiry if the sea was quiet, the captain answered that it no longer blew, but that the sea went high ; it had stormed for several days and nights : this had delayed them three days over their time. We went down to the water ; here lay the captain's boat ; we all took our places ; O'Neill followed me ; the strong pull of the oars by the sailors soon brought us out into Tejo River, where the steamer *Navarro* lay, and took goods and passengers on board. The boatswain's whistle sounded, the sailors with halberds stood by the stair-way, and I was soon on French territory on board the large ship. It was like a swimming hotel. From the deck one entered a magnificent saloon with broad passage and tables on either side ; buffets, book-cases, and beautiful paintings, mostly landscapes, filled the spaces between the broad windows. Outside, parallel with the saloon, extended a covered gallery, which was lighted in the evening ; here one sat, or promenaded. Beyond the saloon, toward the middle of the vessel, were the captain's and officers' quarters ; then the kitchen and store-rooms, all upon the deck ; then followed the gigantic machinery ; passing between this and the great paddle-wheels, one gained the "second class" accommodations, then the "third," then the steerage, filled with goods and passengers, and presenting the most nondescript appearance : monkeys in cages, domestic animals fastened up, parrots, — a Noah's Ark from South America. Over the whole vessel extended an upper deck, communicating by stairs and bridges. I learned that there were about five hundred passengers.

After the breakfast with the captain followed the leave-takings. George O'Neill spoke and smiled ; I was heavy-hearted ; should we ever meet again ? Never more should I visit this beautiful distant land, where I had felt myself well and at home. From the guard, I saw O'Neill row homeward, heard his cheerful "Live well !" I followed the boat with my eyes ; soon it disappeared among the anchored ships ; I sought down below for my state-room, the furthest back in the ship. I should be thoroughly rocked by the sea's motion. The sig-

nal sounded, we weighed anchor, and under full head of steam we glided out upon the swelling stream, past Lisbon's fine sites, by the palaces and barracks, the Moorish-like Belem, and were soon at the river's mouth, and out upon the open Atlantic. The vessel heaved, the billows rolled larger and larger, up toward the coast dashed the strong breakers ; the air grew colder, we steered further and further out. In the mean time the saloon had been converted into a dining hall ; there were so many passengers, that they were obliged to set two tables. I had already seated myself at the very last, as near the entrance as possible, for I knew beforehand that I should not remain very long. The floor seemed to lift itself under my feet ; through the windows I soon saw only the high clear sky. Then it seemed to me as if we plunged deep down into the billows, and these rolled over us like huge waterfalls. It was some time before the first dish was brought me. I saw them bringing the soup, and I was obliged to seek the fresh air, and sit there suffering, doubly suffering at the knowledge that it would be a yet stronger sea the further we got out, and that it was not one night, but fully three nights and four days, that I had to endure it. Yes, and this might be called a good voyage ! The more part of the passengers had already been twenty-one days and nights upon the sea ; for them it was but a short trip ahead of us, but perhaps the most disagreeable. We should cross the Spanish sea : the wind blew ; it had earlier stormed, always from the northwest ; I took our direction over the large rolling waves, and knew that the nearest coast was Greenland. Cintra's heights and woods were yet visible, but before the sun set the outlines grew fainter, and at last disappeared. The stars came forth, the air grew cold ; however, I dared not go down in the cabin, but sought for the large dining-hall, to spend the night there. Here was yet lively conversation, and going back and forth among the passengers ; as night grew they became fewer and fewer, and at last I was alone ; it was midnight, the lights were put out ; I saw one shine only, from the open door, a great lantern. I felt the rolling seas, heard the billows breaking, the motion of the machinery, the striking of the signal-bell, and the replies that followed. I thought on the power

of the sea, the power of the steam ; there was in all this a sort of regularity in the restrained shock, the heaving of the sea, the motion of the ship ; soon I was familiar with all this as well as with the signals, but every deviation or strange sound awoke my attention. I could not turn my thought from the disasters that might occur. More and more forcible in my imagination grew the recollection of my youth's friend, Jette Wulff, who experienced a terrible death on these same seas, when the steamer *Austria* that she was upon was burnt. All the fearful things I had read about of their sufferings followed in my thought, until I had again the whole death scene in vivid remembrance.

As I lay here in the night-time, suddenly the sea beat violently against the ship, it stopped as it were, for an instant. It was as if the steam held its breath, as if the machinery ceased to move, but in the next moment all was again obedience and motion. I thought of shipwreck : it pictured itself irresistibly in my mind that we had sunk, the water pressed upon the roof, and forced itself in, all the lights went out ; one felt that it was the death moment, but how long could one keep consciousness ? I experienced in this moment all the torture of the death agony ; the sweat poured forth upon my brow ; I started up, rushed out from the cabin ; a single lantern shone here ; I tore away the sail at the guard, and looked out — what splendor, what grandeur ! The whole rolling sea glittered like fire ; the large billows gleamed with phosphorescent light ; it was as if we floated upon a sea of fire. I was so overwhelmed with this sublimity that the terror of death at once left me. The danger was no more nor less than before, but I ceased to think upon it ; the fancy took a new direction, and my thought became devotion ; whether I die this night, or some years later, it is alike important for me to live ; death comes anyhow, and here it is in grandeur and magnificence. I stood long in the star light, and looked at the grandly rolling sea, and when I again sought the cabin and stretched myself upon the sofa, my mind was refreshed and glad in its devotion to God.

After some hours' restoring sleep, I awoke in the early morning ; the sea swelled high, the Portuguese coast could

yet be seen occasionally. I went out upon deck, and began to move myself about. One of the officers taught me how to take sure foot-hold, and how I might walk in motion with the ship. I did not feel sea-sickness ; I looked at the rolling sea, began to regard the life on board, and my various fellow-travellers. One had told me that it was a very mixed company, and I soon got a sort of proof of it. There came in the morning, from one of the state-rooms, an elderly lady ; she wept and complained she had had things stolen from her while on board. The lady had embarked at Rio, and had from there shared her state-room with another lady, a stranger, who gave herself out to be the wife of a consul, and was going to Lisbon ; there she had yesterday left the ship, and taken with her the other's gold, bracelets, and drafts. We could not write to Lisbon before reaching Bordeaux ; by that time the thief had probably left the city, gone out of the country, into Spain, and perhaps further.

The waves rose high, and I asked the captain if they grew still higher when we entered the Spanish sea ? "I believe so," he replied ; but as the day advanced, and we proceeded further north, the motion became less, and I could move more firmly, and looked about the ship. I have spoken of its dimensions, of the many cabins in the hold, the kitchen, the store-room, the machinery, and the swarm of passengers. Out on the veranda, on each side of the saloon, were settees and chairs, where ladies and gentlemen sat in conversation, or with a book, or needle-work, or the like. In the engine-room, where the engineer sat and the fire shone under the boilers, half-naked workmen moved about ; if one stepped in upon the "second place," it was risky walking, for there on the deck stretched groups of passengers, piles of luggage, monkeys in cages, swinging parrots, and swarms of children, — a medley, a tumult, as at a fair ground. Not yet dared I venture upon the highest deck, from which the orders and signals were given, and the large bell struck the hours. These passed swiftly, and our steamer not less rapidly, and yet it was late in the afternoon before we could see Cape Finisterre, and soon, when the sun sank, its outlines disappeared in the darkness of the night. We gathered now, almost too many

of us, in the large dining-hall, all well, all cheerful, the children altogether too lively ; it was a children's commotion, a children's noisy frolic ; for several hours a couple of little ones hammered upon the piano, and the parents were so gratified with their children's amusement, that they did not think how annoying and ear-torturing it was for us others. They let them bang away, making noise and disorder. Toward midnight it became quiet.

When I went on deck the next morning, we were in the Bay of Biscay, thus in the middle of the Spanish sea, and here it was still as the face of a mirror ; it could not be more beautiful : the surface of the water lay as a silk cloth ; it was as if we glided over an inland lake where the winds slumbered. Thus showed itself the Spanish sea, which I had so much feared. I still saw the mountain heights upon the Portuguese and Spanish coasts. Various objects floated on the waves ; they had been thrown overboard in storms ; here floated fragments of wrecks ; I saw a large red chest which came in our direction.

To-day, at last, I went upon the upper deck, crossed the hanging bridges, and enjoyed thoroughly the view of the boundless ocean, saw large fishes lift themselves above the surface of the water, and the sea-birds skimming low. Toward the evening clouds appeared in the west, the waves displayed white crests : it commenced to rain, and I withdrew with others into the cabin. I felt quite used to the sea, ventured down into my state-room, for the first time while on board. The motion of the ship in the strong swell sent me over several times toward the berth. All became still above ; I thought I heard the whistle of the wind, but it was the wheel of the ship that worked.

In the early morning — it was the fourth day on board — I hurried on deck ; here were great preparations and washing. We approached the French coast, but we could not see it as yet. After breakfast we passed the light-house, which by the Gironde River is raised upon a rock in the sea ; at this point the coast appeared sandy and flat. The Gironde flowed as a great broad sea out into the ocean, entirely yellow ; the water of the sea was colored by it a full mile out. It was reported

in Lisbon that the cholera was in Bordeaux, but it was doubtful. The pilot who came on board assured us that the health conditions were good ; it was the first pleasant greeting.

Once in the river, we dropped anchor ; two small steamers were awaiting us, the one took the luggage, the other the passengers. We were so many that the steamer was overloaded, scarcely half were able to find seats. The Gironde River here keeps the same width, up to the junction of the two rivers, Garonne and Dordogne. Upon either side we saw delightful green shores with vineyards, cities, villas, groups of poplars, a richly varied garland. An old military man was all attention to point out and explain to me all that we passed.

Evening approached, however. . It was seven o'clock before we reached Bordeaux ; the vessel anchored at the quay, high up in the city. I stepped on land, but did not see a familiar face in the crowd, until the guide from the hotel where I had previously stopped came to meet me ; the carriage waited, and as a dear old acquaintance was I greeted by all the people of the house. I soon saw old friends ; the voyage was ended, Portugal and Spain were far behind me. I was in France, and in a few days in Denmark !









University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

APR 01 2000

APR 18 REC'D :00 AM

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 190 145 3

U